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### OF THE EARLIER ENGLISH MORAL SONGS AND POEMS.

#### No. I.

We regard it as a sacred and sublime truth, that among the various forms in which human energy can influence the minds of others, the poetical faculty contains in itself the best security that it will be nobly and beneficently employed. Bestowed, doubtless, like every similar gift, not as a plaything or ornament, not as a snare or seduction, but as an instrument for purifying and exalting our spiritual being, it seems distinguished from other powers by a peculiar incapability of being diverted from its proper end, or degraded to an unworthy use. Genius or talent in other shapes may but imperfectly reach the deeper-seated sensibilities of the heart and conscience, or may, with comparative indifference, be exerted for good or evil, for happiness or misery. Music, sculpture, painting—powerful always to confer exterior polish—may fail to affect the internal structure of the mind, and even though not terminating in the outward senses, may yet linger in a superficial region of taste and enjoyment, not directly leading to the inner sanctuaries of the soul. Courage and conduct, whether military or political, oral or written eloquence, philosophical subtilty, all of them agents of mighty force to control the destinies and change the character of mankind, have been severally displayed in their brightest excellence, in subserviency to designs of cruelty, corruption, or falsehood. But the power of poetry in its essence implies a combination of moral and intellectual qualities that cannot co-exist in perfection with depravity of heart or perversity of purpose. A facility for uniting melodious numbers to pointed diction or dazzling fancies may be compatible with insensibility to virtue or enslavement to vice: and poets, even of a high order, may be allured to dally too fondly with those affections which, though

laudable within their limits, are vicious in excess. But the higher a poet rises in the scale of his art, the more closely must his tendencies and conceptions conform to that standard of human excellence in which the purer and more heavenly faculties attain a rightful ascendancy. Virtue and poetry are in this indeed identified, that they both involve the predominance of spirit over sense, of the sympathetic over the selfish emotions. It will not follow that the life of the poet is as moral as his lay, or that his works are unstained by error or blemish: for the man and the writer will still be subject to the law of humanity. But the poet, so far as he is a poet, and in those creations in which he chiefly appears a poet, will, in direct proportion to his genius, display the truest susceptibility for those feelings and convictions by which the soul of man is distinguished as a moral spirit.

In obeying the high vocation to which the poet is impelled, it is not necessary that he should prominently put forward the moral purposes which inseparably attend him. In seeking, no doubt, to excite devout or religious feelings, the very nature of his task, the noblest and most arduous that poetry can attempt, implies that its object should openly appear. But it is otherwise in the general prosecution of that scheme of moral amelioration which is next in importance. The poet here has leave to deal with all the feelings of our frame, provided he can so move them as to advance his great design of rendering the hearts of his hearers more obedient to the sway of sympathy and imagination. It is his duty to enlarge and strengthen his influence by choosing a field of interest the most wide and attractive that will permit him to labour for the final objects of his art. The largest combination of literary pleasure and moral culture seems an unfailing characteristic of poetry in its most influential form, and therefore, in its highest perfection, as a means of human improvement. The poet, as a pleasing and potent teacher of truth and goodness, will not in this view convey his lessons best by assuming the rod of

the schoolmaster, or the gown of the sage. His secret will be to preserve a seeming community of thoughts and passions with the rest of his race: to borrow his themes and topics from objects and events the most alluring to their minds: and in so doing to lead them insensibly to new perceptions and higher emotions, the result of that wonder-working skill which, by an endless variety and succession of golden links, can connect the meanest things of earth and human life with the sublimest essences of heaven and immortality. The Father of poetry was justly described by a poet and moralist as one,

"Qui, quid sit rectum, quid turpe, quid utile, quid non,  
Planius et melius Chrysippo et Crantore dicit."

"Whose pictured page, with living forms impressed,  
In warm imagination's colours dressed,  
The right, and fair, and good, will better teach  
Than all that Crantor and Chrysippus preach."

The great narrative and dramatic poems which genius has produced, seem to tell the world of nothing but its own business and interests, and yet under every image and incident there lurks an unsuspected lesson in moral advancement more clear and cogent than any that the porch or the cloister could inculcate.

The Muse is permitted even to assume a garb the most dissimilar to that of the professed instructress, and in the disguise of gaiety and merriment, may still discharge her appointed duties. Not inconsiderable is her praise, when, in exercising a mastery over the light and sportive emotions, she moulds them imperceptibly into forms of purity and loveliness. As a religious messenger, intent on conveying peace and truth to a rude people, may outwardly conform to their language and customs, the better to win and change them to his wishes, so may moral wisdom adopt the mask of mirth, and teach the gay to diversify their levities within permitted bounds, and to temper in all things their hilarity with innocence.

Yet an honourable and appropriate purpose is also served by poetry of a cast more directly moral and reflective. The danger is, that a formally didactic poem may repel the disciple by continued calls on his attention, and in general it seems true that poems, avowedly moral, must, in order to please, be either confined within a short compass, or blended with a large mixture of incident or description.

In no country, better than in England, has poetry performed her allotted function as a teacher of virtue and wisdom. The names of Chaucer and Spenser, Shakespeare and Milton, Pope and Goldsmith, Thomson and Cowper, Crabbe and Wordsworth, afford a proud and instantaneous proof of the assertion. In different forms and degrees, and with reference to various modes of society and character, these mighty masters have delivered the precepts of moral government with a truth and energy expressive of that na-

tional spirit which they have helped to form, and their noble poems, as the faithful record of what nature is and ought to be, will for ever exert a beneficial sway over the minds of men, even when the language in which they sung may have been numbered with the dead.

It were an infinite task to traverse the wide range of usefulness and beauty which would be opened up by a consideration of our great poets in this aspect of their character. But we propose at present to gather from the field of English poetry, and to weave into a very humble wreath, some flowerets of a lowlier kind, which may delight by their hues and fragrance, while they help to reveal the virtues of the generous soil and kindly sky to which they owe their birth.

Scattered through our miscellaneous English poetry, especially of an earlier date, there are a number of smaller and chiefly irregular moral poems, of varying merit and popularity, which deserve consideration as a distinct class. We rather think that they have no precise parallel in the literature of other countries, and they eminently reflect some peculiarities of the English mind. They spring from that serious and sober character, that self-dependent and contemplative disposition, which turns the eye inwards as often as without, and which claims kindred with noble qualities, the love of rural nature and of domestic quiet. The compositions we refer to are often bedewed with sweet sprinklings of fancy, and have almost always a purity of diction which time and change have failed to render obsolete. They are not always distinguished by poetical merit, but they generally present some characteristic feature that gives them an interest. Sometimes they are the effusions of simple minds, grateful for the slender talent of poetry which has been lent them, and pleased to dedicate it to the expression of those earnest thoughts in which they find their sweetest employment. Sometimes they have afforded an occasional refuge to men, who, flying from the weariness of business and publicity, prove the purity of their heart and taste by the retired worship of those ideal graces for which in practical life they have longed in vain. Sometimes they speak the language of those who, having wandered from the path of duty, have forgot the practice though not the love of virtue, but who now in the intervals of passion, or in the returning of the prodigal to his father's house, lift up an humble and mournful hymn to proclaim from sad experience the blessings of that rectitude from which they have too easily departed.

The topics on which these compositions chiefly touch are confined within a limited and uniform sphere. Life and its vanities, death and its certainty; affliction and its uses, prosperity and its dangers; the emptiness of outward advantages, the felicity of a calm and contemplative spirit; the cares of the court and city, the



pleasures of solitude and the country. There is much sameness in these subjects, and when feebly handled they are senseless and insipid. But when they flow sincerely from a sensitive heart, they affect us readily as their authors would have wished, and they tend to preserve in literature a sound and solemn spirit. When tainted by affectation, or defaced by the tame diction and obscure imagery of a more modern mediocrity, they entirely cease to please.

We exclude from this examination poems of more considerable dimensions, and those belonging to a more formal class, such as that of the regular sonnet, otherwise so near akin to the moral compositions we have in view. We shall likewise abstain from referring to those lyrics of a mixed character in which moral reflections are engrafted on the theme of love, or revelry, or some other predominating subject. We shall also pass over those poems which are properly of a sacred and devotional tone, and of which we may hereafter attempt a separate examination. But in drawing these distinctions, we feel that it is neither easy nor necessary to observe the line of division with scrupulous accuracy.

In the task which we now undertake we beg leave to disclaim in ourselves, though by no means to depreciate in others, any pretensions to black-letter precision or minute literary information. We propose to stand in a middle and connecting position between the antiquary and the popular reader, divested if possible of the natural prepossessions and prejudices of both, and endeavouring to promote what is surely an important object, a friendly but discriminating acquaintance with the less familiar literature of our country.

We give, as our earliest example of this kind of composition, two stanzas of "a ditty upon the uncertainty of this life," preserved in a manuscript of the British Museum, and published in Ritson's *Ancient Songs*. It appears to have been written about the middle or rather the end of the thirteenth century, and is worth something as a curiosity, if not as a poem.

"Winter wakeneth all my care,  
Now these leavis waxeth bare:  
Oft I sigh and mourne sare,  
When it cometh in my thought,  
Of this world's joy, how it go'th all to nought.

"Now it is, and now it n' is,  
All so it ne'er n' were, I wis:  
That many man saith, sooth it is,  
All goeth, but Godis will:  
All we shall die, tho' us like ill."\*

Passing over a century, we notice two little pieces, which have been ascribed, though perhaps groundlessly, to the father of English poetry, to whose great work we owe a debt both of delight and instruction too large in amount to be sensibly affected by the addition or deduction of such trifles. Of the "Good Counsel of

Chaucer," which contains some germs of beauty imperfectly expanded, the first and last stanza may be inserted.

"Fly from the press,\* and dwell with soothfastness:  
Suffice unto thy good, tho' it be small:  
For hoard hath hate, and climbing tickleness,  
Praise hath envy, and weal is blent o'er all.  
Savour† no more than thee behove shall.  
Read‡ well thyself that other folk canst read,  
And truth thee shall deliver, it is no dread.

\* That thee is sent receive in buxomness:‡  
The wrestling of this world asketh a fall;  
Here is no home, here is but wilderness,  
Forth, pilgrim, forth, beast, out of thy stall;  
Look up on high and thanke God for all.  
Wave thy lusts, and let thy ghost¶ thee lead,  
And truth shall thee deliver, it is no dread."

The other verses attributed to Chaucer contain a simple and wholesome list of advices for all conditions.

"Go forth, king, rule thee by sapience;  
Bishop, be able to minister doctrine;  
Lord, to true counsel give audience;  
Womanhood, to chastity ever incline;  
Knight, let thy deeds worship\*\* determine;  
Be righteous, judge, in saving thy name;  
Rich, do almous, lest thou lose bliss with shame.

"People, obey your king and the law;  
Age, be ruled by good religion;  
True servant, be dreadfull† and keep thee under awe;  
And thou, poor, fie on presumption.  
Inobedience to youth is utter destruction.  
Remember you, how God hath set you low,  
And do your part as ye be ordained to."

No comparison could be more illustrative and more pleasing than that which has been drawn by Warton, himself a poet as well as the historian of poets, between the premature and solitary rise of Chaucer's genius and the bright and brittle promises of a genial day in an English spring! The truth of the picture cannot be apparent in the limited enquiry which we are now pursuing: but even here we are struck by the dreary barrenness that ensues. Our respect for royalty cannot constrain us to admit as an exception the dull verses attributed to Henry VI., of which the following stanza is much the most tolerable, and, if genuine, is at least remarkable for being perfectly modern in its language and cadence.

"Kingdoms are but cares,  
State is devoid of stay;  
Riches are ready snares,  
And hasten to decay."

Towards the middle of the 16th century there was a rapid and profitable advance in poetical composition. There then sprung up, as Puttenham tells us,†† "a new company of courtly makers, of whom Sir Thomas

\* The crowd.

† Counsel.

‡ Soul.

¶ Respectful.

† Indulge thy taste.

‡ Yieldingness.

\*\* Honour.

†† Art of English poesy. Hazlewood's edition. P. 48.

\* Ritson's *Ancient Songs*, 65.

Wyatt the elder, and Henry, Earl of Surrey, were the two chieftains.' With these eminent names may be associated that of Thomas Lord Vaux, who, at the same period, and probably earlier than Surrey, though in a more simple and vernacular style, contributed something to the refinement of taste and versification in England. The works of this cluster of poets were first published in 1557 in Tottel's Collection, the earliest printed miscellany of poetry in the language, where the poems of Surrey and Wyatt are followed by a number of others of "Uncertain authors," among which are at least two by Lord Vaux. Those poems in this collection, of which the parentage is unknown, seem to extend back somewhat indefinitely in date, for among them is included the "Good Counsel of Chaucer," though under this new title, "To lead a virtuous and honest life."

Wyat's strength seems to lie in his ethical or satirical epistles, which exceed the compass of our present plan. We borrow from him, however, the following irregular sonnet:

THAT PLEASURE IS MIXED WITH EVERY PAIN.

"Venomous thorns, that are so sharp and keen,  
Bear flowers, we see, full fresh and fair of hue;  
Poison is also put in medicine,  
And unto man his health doth oft renew.  
The fire that all things else consumeth clean  
May hurt and heal; then if that this be true,  
I trust some time my harm may be my health,  
Since every wo is joined with some wealth."

To Surrey our poetry owes much, independently of his having first used in England, in his translation of Virgil, that noble form of versification in which Shakespeare and Milton found free and fit scope for their genius, and which at once stimulates and tests the true poet by the high standard of thought and language, which its simple grandeur requires to sustain it. Love, though it may be doubted if it had much share in Surrey's life, is the prevailing theme of his original compositions. But we extract from them the beginning of a little moral poem which suits our purpose. It is written in a pleasing and favourite metre of that day. The title, as in the other cases likewise, seems to be Mr. Tottel's.

HOW NO AGE IS CONTENT WITH HIS OWN ESTATE, AND HOW THE AGE OF CHILDREN IS THE HAPPIEST IF THEY HAD SKILL TO UNDERSTAND IT.

"Laid in my quiet bed, in study as I were,  
I saw within my troubled head a heap of thoughts appear,  
And every thought did show so lovely in mine eyes,  
That now I sigh'd, and then I smiled as cause of thoughts  
did rise.  
I saw the little boy, in thought how oft that he  
Did wish of God, to scape the rod, a tall young man to be.  
The young man eke that feels his bones with pains oppress'd,  
How he would be a rich old man, to live and lie at rest.  
The rich old man that sees his end draw on so sore,  
How he would be a boy again to live so much the more.

Whereat full oft I smiled to see how all these three,  
From boy to man, from man to boy, would chop and  
change degree.

And musing thus, I think the case is very strange,  
That man from wealth to live in wo doth ever seek to  
change."

The compositions attributed to Lord Vaux are of unequal character, but he aimed often at a right mark, though not a high one, and he sometimes hit it. His songs are not unfrequently fortunate in their ideas, neat and natural in their expression, and smooth in their numbers. He seems to have excited the simple wonder of his time by the art of counterfeiting imaginary situations and feelings. His best and most popular piece is entitled by Tottel, "The Aged Lover renounceth Love," a name too limited for its subject, which embraces the more general contemplation of declining years and approaching death. Its dismal imagery supplied Shakespeare with some appropriate fragments of melancholy mirth for his sexton in Hamlet, while engaged in labouring for the dead. The poem has considerable merit. The following verses contain a not unexpressive picture of the encroaching torpor of old age.

"My lusts they do me leave,  
My fancies all be fled,  
And tract of time begins to weave  
Grey hairs upon my head.

\* \* \* \*

"My muse doth not delight  
Me as she did before;  
My hand and pen are not in plight  
As they have been of yore.

"For reason me denies  
This youthly idle rhyme;  
And day by day to me she cries,  
Leave off these toys in time.

"The wrinkles in my brow,  
The furrows in my face,  
Say limping age will lodge him now  
Where youth must give him place."

In what immediately follows, a more striking figure is somewhat roughly delineated. We add, also, such of the concluding verses as best deserve quotation.

"The harbinger of death  
To me I see him ride:  
The cough, the cold, the gasping breath  
Doth bid me to provide

"A pick-axe and a spade,  
Eke and a winding sheet,  
A house of clay, for to be made  
For such a guest most meet.

"Methinks I hear the clerk  
That knolls the careful knell,  
And bids me leave my woful work  
Ere nature me compel.

\* \* \* \*

"Thus must I youth give up,  
Whose badge I long did wear;  
To them I yield the wanton cup  
That better may it bear.

\* \* \* \* \*

"And ye that bide behind,  
Have ye none other trust;  
As ye of clay were cast by kind,  
So shall ye waste to dust."

Without further comment we insert some other extracts from Lord Vaux's moral compositions, taken from the *Paradise of Dainty Devices*, a Miscellany of which we shall afterwards more particularly speak.

BEING ASKED THE OCCASION OF HIS WHITE HEAD, HE ANSWERETH THUS.

\* \* \* \* \*

"These hairs, of age are messengers,  
Which bid me fast repent, and pray:  
They be of death the harbingers  
That do prepare and dress the way.  
Wherefore I joy that you may see  
Upon my head such hairs to be."

\* \* \* \* \*

OF THE MEAN ESTATE.

"The higher that the cedar tree under the heavens does grow,  
The more in danger is the top when sturdy winds 'gin blow:  
Who judges then the princely throne to be devoid of hate,  
Doth not yet know what heaps of ill lye hid in such estate.  
Such dangers great, such gripes of mind, such toil do they sustain,  
That oftentimes of God they wish to be unkinged again."

\* \* \* \* \*

OF A CONTENTED MIND.

"When all is done and said, in the end thus shall you find,  
He most of all doth bathe in bliss, that hath a quiet mind:  
And clear from worldly cares, to deem can be content,  
The sweetest time in all his life in thinking to be spent.

"The body subject is to fickle Fortune's power,  
And to a million of mishaps is casual every hour:  
And death in time doth change it to a clod of clay,  
Whenas the mind, which is divine, runs never to decay.

"Companion none is like unto the mind alone,  
For many have been harmed by speech, through thinking few or none.  
Fear oftentimes restraineth words, but makes not thoughts to cease,  
And he speaks best that hath the skill when for to hold his peace.

"Our wealth leaves us at death, our kinsmen at the grave,  
But virtues of the mind unto the heavens with us we have,  
Wherefore for virtue's sake I can be well content,  
The sweetest time of all my life to deem in thinking spent."

BETHINKING HIMSELF OF HIS END, WRITETH THUS.

"When I behold my bier, my last and posting horse,  
That bear shall to the grave my vile and carrion corse,  
Then say I, silly wretch, why dost thou put thy trust  
In things each made of clay, that soon will turn to dust.

"Dost thou not see the young, the hardy, and the fair,  
That now are past and gone as tho' they never were!  
Dost thou not see thyself draw hourly to thy last,  
As shaft which that is shot at bird that flyeth fast?

"Dost thou not see how death through-smitheth with his lance,  
Some by war, some by plague, and some by worldly chance?  
What thing is there on earth, for pleasure that was made,  
But go'th more swift away than doth the summer shade?

"Lo! here the summer flower, that sprung this other day,  
But winter weareth it as fast, and bloweth clean away:  
Even so shalt thou consume, from youth to loathsome age,  
For death he doth not spare the prince more than the page.

"Thy house shall be of clay, a clod under thy head;  
Until the latter day, the grave shall be thy bed:  
Until the blowing trump doth say to all and some,  
'Rise up out of your grave, for now the Judge is come.'"

If Lord Vaux's life was a gay one, it must be owned that his lines have, with wonderful success, shown "the counterfeit action" of the lugubrious, though we should hardly say with Puttenham, that he has done it "very lively and pleasantly." If his conversation was like his poetry, he must have played at Court the part of the Consul's Companion in the Roman triumph, and both Henry and his courtiers might have better profited by such lessons.

We return to Tottel's Collection, from which we shall take a few further specimens, believing that the importance of this period, in giving a direction to the sentiments and a shape to the language of poetry among us, may excite interest even where it is difficult to bestow much praise.

THEY OF THE MEAN ESTATE ARE HAPPIEST.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Among good things I prove and find  
The quiet life doth most abound,  
And sure to\* the contented mind  
There is no riches to be found.

\* \* \* \* \*

"I heard a herdsman once compare  
That quiet nights he had mo slept,  
And had mo merry days to spare  
Than he which ought the beasts he kept."

\* \* \* \* \*

COMPARISON OF LIFE AND DEATH.

\* \* \* \* \*

"The pleasant years that seem so swift to run,  
The merry days to end so fast that fleet,  
The joyful nights on which it daw'th so soon,  
The happy hours which mo do miss than meet,  
Do all consume as snow against the sun,  
And death makes end of all that life begun.

\* \* \* \* \*

"If man would mind what burdens life doth bring,  
What grievous crimes to God he doth commit:  
What plagues, what pangs, what perils thereby spring,

\* Compared to.

† Owned.

With no sure hour in all his days to sit;  
He would sure think, as with great cause I do,  
The day of death were better of the two."

THAT EACH THING IS HURT OF ITSELF.

"Why fearest thou the outward foe,  
Where thou thyself thy harm doth feed?  
Of grief or hurt, of pain or woe,  
Within each thing is sown the seed.

"So fine was never yet the cloth,  
No smith so hard his iron beat;  
But th' one consumed was with moth,  
T'other with canker all to-fret.

"The knotty oak and wainscot old  
Within doth eat the silly worm;  
Even so a mind in envy rolled,  
Always within itself doth burn.

"Thus every thing that nature wrought,  
Within itself his hurt doth bear;  
No outward harm need to be sought  
Where enemies be within so near."

ON THE VANITY OF MAN'S LIFE.

"Vain is the fleeting wealth  
Whereon the world stays,  
Since stalking time by privy stealth,  
Enacroacheth on our days.

"And eld which creepeth fast  
To taint us with her wound,  
Will turn each bliss into a blast  
Which lasteth but a stound.\*

"Of youth the lusty flower,  
Which whilom stood in price,  
Shall vanish quite within an hour,  
As fire consumes the ice.

"Where is become that wight,  
For whose sake Troy town  
Withstood the Greeks, till ten years fight  
Had rased their walls adown?

"Did not the worms consume  
Her carrion to the dust?  
Did dreadful death forbear his fume  
For beauty, pride, or lust?"

We find ourselves here again in the death's-head school of poetry, of which the last verse may have too rank an odour for the polite nostrils of modern days. We learn that among Tottel's contributors we should include the poet *Churchyard*, to whom, as far as the name goes, the most doleful of these ditties might be fittingly ascribed. Their funereal solemnity comes oddly from that courtly company to whom they are attributed. What a different collection would have proceeded from the courtly makers of other reigns!

In compliment to the second writer of English blank verse we shall include among our extracts from Tottel, before closing them, some lines of Nicholas Grimoald, in commendation of Friendship.

"Of all the heavenly gifts that mortal men commend,  
What trusty treasure in the world can countervail a friend;

\* An hour.

Our health is soon decayed; goods, casual, light and vain;  
Broke have we seen the force of power, and honour suffer stain.

When fickle fortune fails, this knot endureth still;  
Thy kin out of their kind may swerve, when friends owe thee good-will.

What sweeter solace shall befall, than one to find,  
Upon whose breast thou may'st repose the secrets of thy mind?

He waileth at thy woe; his tears with thine be shed;  
With thee doth all he joys enjoy, so lief a life is led.  
Behold thy friend, and of thyself the pattern see,  
One soul, a wonder shall it seem, in bodies twain to be:  
In absence, present; rich in want; in sickness sound:  
Yea, after death, alive mayst thou by thy sure friend be found."

It seems to have been quite gratuitous in Grimoald, who was an ecclesiastic, and could scarcely be a married man, to insert in another of his couplets on this subject an unhandsome reflection on the matrons of the age, which might be used, however, to raise a laugh against the husbands.

"Down Theseus went to hell, Pirith his friend to find;  
O that the wives in these our days were to their mates so kind."

The *Paradise of Dainty Devices*, "aptly furnished with sundry pithy and learned inventions, devised and written for the most part by M. Edwards, sometime of Her Majesty's Chapel; the rest by sundry learned gentlemen both of honour and worship," was published in 1576. It contains, as may already have been inferred, rather too much of the cypress and yew to be a very delicious Eden; and its ivies and myrtles are not of a much livelier cast. We should say, indeed, that the love-songs in it are rather duller than the dirges. We select a part of one piece, already printed by Percy and by Ellis, which seems to us to be well versified, and in the last verse to possess considerable stateliness both of style and sentiment. The author, whose initials are M. T., is not certainly known.

"Man's flitting life finds surest stay  
Where sacred virtue beareth sway.

"The sturdy rock for all his strength,  
By raging seas is rent in twain;  
The marble stone is pierced at length  
With little drops of drizzling rain.  
The ox doth yield unto the yoke,  
The steel obey'th the hammer stroke.

"Yea, man himself, unto whose will  
All things are bounden to obey,  
For all his wit and worthy skill  
Doth fade at length, and fall away.  
There is no thing but time doth waste:  
The heavens, the earth consume at last.

"But virtue sits triumphing still  
Upon the throne of glorious Fame;  
Though spiteful Death man's body kill,  
Yet hurts he not his virtuous name.  
By life or death, whatso betides,  
The state of virtue never slides."

It deserves our approving notice that the poetical collections, of which we have now spoken, contain scarcely a word or thought which could bring a blush into the purest cheek either of those times or of our own.

It would be difficult to find two compositions with any similarity of name and purpose, so amusingly contrasted with each other as the *Georgics* of Virgil and the *Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry* of Thomas Tusser, Gentleman. In the one we see poetry in all its power and beauty employed to adorn and elevate the art which it professes to teach; harmony of numbers, dignity of diction, fertility of invention, tenderness of sentiment, sublimity of thought. In the other we see nothing of the Poet's skill except the simple device of easy rhythm and homely rhyme, intended rather to aid the memory than to delight the ear, every thing else being left on the level of the most pedestrian prose. Yet Tusser's verses were not without use in the formation of the English mind; and it may be said in his praise, that "sure the Eternal Master found the single talent well employed." The qualities of good sense, good morals, simplicity and sincerity, should never be without their reward. The mixed lessons which he inculcates of hospitality and thrift, sobriety and cheerfulness, attention to this world and care for the next, were well calculated to please the taste and confirm the virtues of the honest yeoman for whom they were designed, and might help, in humble minds, to prepare the way for higher sentiments and better poetry on similar themes. We shall venture to extract a few moral verses from one of the unconnected chapters of which his work is composed. We may remark in passing that, in the scansion of his lines, Tusser is considered to be remarkably correct according to the pronunciation of his day. His poem was originally published in 1557, but was considerably expanded in subsequent editions. He died a very old man in 1580.

#### A DESCRIPTION OF LIFE AND RICHES.

"The lands and the riches that here we possess  
Be none of our own, if a God we profess;  
But lent us of him as his talent of gold,  
Which being demanded, who can it withhold?

"God maketh no writing that justly doth say  
How long we shall have it—a year or a day;  
But leave it we must, (howsoever we leave),  
When Atrop shall pluck us from hence by the sleeve.

"To death we must stoop, be we high, be we low,  
But how and how suddenly few be that know;  
What carry we then but a sheet to the grave,  
To cover this carcass of all that we have?"

From George Gascoigne, once so warmly admired, and then so thoroughly forgotten, whose unthrifty youth was redeemed by a sober manhood, and, as an eyewitness tells us, by "a godly and charitable end,"

we could borrow several things which deserve praise, and might afford pleasure. His minor poems, all smoothly and easily written, have something of fancy, and much of good feeling. They show a gradual advance in taste and polish, as applied to popular poetry, on which those qualities seem better bestowed than on the cold raptures and forced fictions of Petrarcan love. Gascoigne's lullaby to his youthful passions is ingeniously conceived, though unequally executed. It flows with a somewhat sweet and slumberous melody. Take, for example, the first verse:—

"Sing lullaby, as women do,  
(Wherewith they bring their babies to rest);  
And lullaby can I sing too,  
As womanly as can the best.  
With lullaby they still the child,  
And if I be not much beguiled,  
Full many wanton babes have I,  
Which must be stilled with lullaby."

His *Good-Morrow* and *Good-Night* are both of them meritorious compositions, infected, indeed, with the vulgar disease of running an analogy for ever on all fours, whether it will or no; but probably not on that account the less popular with the million. Though averse to separate what their author intended for companions, we must, from considerations of space, confine ourselves to the quotation of one of these pieces, and shall give the preference to the "*Good-Night*," as encroaching least on the department of psalmody. Gascoigne, we may observe, died in the prime of life, in 1577.

#### GASCOIGNE'S GOOD-NIGHT.

"When thou hast spent the lingering day  
In pleasure and delight;  
Or after toil and weary way  
Dost seek to rest at night;  
Unto thy pains or pleasures past  
Add this one labour yet;  
Ere sleep close up thine eye too fast,  
Do not thy God forget.

"But search within thy secret thought  
What deeds did thee befall;  
And if thou find amiss in aught,  
To God for mercy call.  
Yea, tho' thou find no thing amiss  
Which thou canst call to mind,  
Yet ever more remember this,  
There is the more behind.

And think how well soe'er it be  
That thou hast spent the day,  
It came of God, and not of thee,  
So to direct thy way.  
Thus, if thou try thy daily deeds,  
And pleasure in this pain,  
Thy life shall cleanse thy corn from weeds,  
And thine shall be the gain.

"But if thy sinful sluggish eye  
Will venture for to wink  
Before thy wading will may try  
How far thy soul may sink:  
Beware and wake, for else thy bed,  
Which soft and smooth is made,



May heap more harm upon thy head  
 Than blows of enemies' blade.  
 Thus if this pain procure thine ease  
 In bed as thou dost lie,  
 Perhaps it shall not God displease  
 To sing thus soberly.

I see that sleep is lent me here  
 To ease my weary bones,  
 As death at last shall eke appear  
 To ease my grievous groans.  
 My daily sports, my paunch full fed,  
 Have caused my drowsy eye;  
 As careless life, in quiet bed,  
 Might cause my soul to die.

"The stretching arms, the yawning breath  
 Which I to bedward use,  
 Are patterns of the pangs of death  
 When life will me refuse.  
 And of my bed each sundry part  
 In shadows doth resemble  
 The sundry shapes of death whose dart  
 Shall make my flesh to tremble.

"My bed itself is like the grave,  
 My sheets the winding-sheet,  
 My clothes the mould which I must have  
 To cover me most meet.  
*The hungry fleas which frisk so fresh,*  
 To worms I can compare,  
 Which greedily shall gnaw my flesh,  
 And leave the bones full bare.

"The waking cock that early crows  
 To wear the night away,  
 Puts in my mind the trump that blows  
 Before the latter day.  
 And as I rise up lustily  
 When sluggish sleep is past,  
 So hope I to rise joyfully  
 To judgment at the last.

"Thus will I wake, thus will I sleep,  
 Thus will I hope to rise,  
 Thus will I neither wail nor weep,  
 But sing in goodly wise.  
 My bones shall in this bed remain,  
 My soul in God shall trust,  
 By whom I hope to rise again  
 From death and earthly dust."

We may be excused for here adding, as another specimen of Gascoigne's poetry, a part of a dramatic chorus, in his *Glass of Government*, a "Tragical Comedy," intended, it is said, to expose the prevailing errors of education. These lines are probably the first example in the language of this species of composition.

"When God ordain'd the restless state of man,  
 And made him thrall to sundry grievous cares,  
 The first-born grief or sorrow that began  
 To show itself was this: to save from snares  
 The pleasant pledge which God for us prepares:  
 I mean the seed and offspring that he gives  
 To any wight which in the world here lives.

"Few see themselves, but each man seeth his child,  
 Such care for them, as care not for themselves;  
 We care for them in youth when wit is wild;  
 We care for them in age to gather pelf.  
 We care for them to keep them from the shelf  
 Of such quick-sands, as we ourselves first found  
 When heady will did set our ships on ground."

Our next quotation shall be from Robert Green, best known as a dramatic writer, who was born about 1550, and died in 1592. He is said to have been the first English poet that wrote for bread, and it has been observed, that his life thus forms "a melancholy epocha in the history of our literature." But is this justly said? Is that a melancholy era at which poetical talent came to be employed as the means of supporting its possessor? Such a change seems rather to cast a gloomy hue upon the times that preceded it; as implying either that the public had previously been unwilling to give bread for poetry, or that poetry had never arisen where there was a want of bread. On either supposition, when properly followed out, we must infer a striking deficiency in social culture. Who would desire to see in this respect a retrograde movement, or to confine poetical composition to "courtly makers" or men of fortune? Who is it that longs for the time when poets shall cease to write, and to write better than they would otherwise do, either simply for bread, or for better bread than they would otherwise eat? Poor Green, however, diminished by his vices and follies both the honour and advantage of his laudable exertions for a livelihood. Yet he seems, in the midst of dissipation, to have preserved some purity of taste, and tenderness of feeling. The following lines are not without smoothness and elegance.

"Sweet are the thoughts that savour of content;  
 The quiet mind is richer than a crown;  
 Sweet are the nights in careless slumber spent;  
 The poor estate scorns Fortune's angry frown.  
 Such sweet content, such minds, such sleep, such bliss  
 Beggars enjoy, when princes oft do miss.

"The homely house that harbours quiet rest,  
 The cottage that affords no pride nor care,  
 The mean that 'grees with country music best,  
 The sweet consort of mirth and music's fare.  
 Obscured life sets down a type of bliss;  
 A mind content both crown and kingdom is."

The last line of these verses suggests a well known popular poem, of which the composition seems referable to this or to an earlier period. "My mind to me a kingdom is," the song to which we now refer, appears to have been printed and familiarly known some years prior to 1590. Its author is undiscovered, and is apparently beyond the reach of conjecture. It was a favourite subject of imitation in its own day, and has been often since inserted in poetical collections with a high degree of praise. It is certainly in its own department a remarkable composition, and reflects credit on the infancy or adolescence of English popular poetry. The commencement, if now deprived of the charm of novelty, is strong and impressive; and several of the lines or stanzas throughout are neatly expressed, smoothly constructed, and diversified by some variety of point and metaphor. Yet the leading idea of the poem, such as it is, is not expanded with much fertility

of thought, or skilfulness of management. The same things are repeated with needless iteration, and the brief and sententious phrases employed, while they interrupt the flow of melody and feeling, are often strung together without any natural tie of connexion or congruity. The prevalence of this fault may be apparent from the circumstance that different editors have differently arranged a good number of the stanzas, without its being easy to tell that the true order has been materially violated. We insert such verses of it as we think best deserving of attention.

"My mind to me a kingdom is,  
Such perfect joy therein I find,  
As far exceeds all earthly bliss  
That God or nature hath assigned;  
Tho' much I want that most would have,  
Yet still my mind forbids to crave.

"Content I live, this is my stay;  
I seek no more than may suffice:  
I press to bear no haughty away:  
Look, what I lack, my mind supplies.  
Lo! thus I triumph like a king,  
Content with what my mind doth bring.

"I see how plenty surfeits oft,  
And hasty climbers soonest fall:  
I see that such as sit aloft  
Mishap doth threaten most of all:  
These get with toil and keep with fear:  
Such cares my mind could never bear.

"Some have too much, yet still they crave;  
I little have, yet seek no more:  
They are but poor, tho' much they have,  
And I am rich with little store:  
They poor, I rich; they beg, I give;  
They lack, I lend; they pine, I live.

"I laugh not at another's loss,  
I grudge not at another's gain:  
No worldly wave my mind can toss,  
I brook that is another's bane:  
I fear no foe, nor fawn on friend;  
I loath not life, nor dread mine end.

"I wish but what I have at will,  
I wander not to seek for more:  
I like the plain, I climb no hill,  
In greatest storms I sit on shore,  
And laugh at them that toil in vain,  
To get what must be lost again.

"My wealth is health and perfect ease,  
My conscience clear my chief defence;  
I never seek by bribes to please,  
Nor by desert to give offence;  
Thus do I live, thus will I die,  
Would all did so as well as I."

If it were fair to subject a composition of this popular kind to very serious criticism, or if it deserved such a tribute to its importance, a graver objection to this piece, as to others of a similar character, might be found in the general coldness of its temperature, connected with the fallaciousness of the sentiments involved in it.

"My mind to me a kingdom is,  
Such perfect joy therein I find,"

has a lofty and imposing sound, and seems the prelude to a proud display of the noblest enjoyments and richest resources of mental perfection, scarcely agreeable, indeed, to that humility which best becomes a human creature. But the progress of the poem is not suitable to its outset. The regal entrance, by which we at first approach, proves, after all, to be the porch to a cottage. It is found that the only particulars in which the mind resembles a kingdom, or is enabled to afford its possessor such perfect joy, are the subjugation of troublesome appetites, and the absence of external objects of interest to ruffle its serenity. No reference is made to the enjoyment of any positive pleasure, to the indulgence of any social emotion, or the discharge of any active duty. This is surely a poor view of that noble domain, the mind of man, and it is not a poetical one. Indifference to human affections implies a low tone, both of poetry and morality, as there can be neither praise nor sympathy without virtuous exertion or strong emotion. It must be confessed that several poems of the class we are now considering are pitched upon this under key, and seem merely to represent virtue as implying the negation of vice, and to place the only security from criminal indulgence in the retrenchment of natural passion. Some minds may find their best refuge in this retreat from active life, but they ought to announce their preference with the humility of those who have been forced to fly where it was their duty to fight. In a world of creatures of kindred origin and constitution with ourselves, a proud exultation in a state of mere quiescence, unaffected by the innumerable variations of fortune and feeling occurring around us to demand our sympathy, is nothing else than a refined selfishness, unattainable, indeed, in our actual condition, and not desirable if it could be attained. Such voluntary separatists from the natural union of the human family might be addressed in lines, somewhat resembling, in homely plainness, the productions of the school which we are now considering:—

"'My mind to me a kingdom is'—  
No longer urge that swelling strain,  
For who can hope the praise is his,  
A monarch o'er himself to reign?"

"Nor boast that thus in cold content  
Thou bear'st a calm and careless mind;  
Nor deign'st to laugh or to lament  
For joys or sorrows of thy kind.

"Such lonely life may lurk apart,  
Unreached by tainting passion's stain;  
And what was once a human heart  
May lose the touch of human pain.

"But heavy is the blame he bears  
Who, flying vice, flies virtue too:  
Whose fields, devoid of corn or tares,  
Lie barren in his Maker's view.

"And greater bliss it were to groan,  
With all whose sufferings ask a sigh,  
Than, thus congealed to conscious stone,  
Unwept, unweeping, live and die."

Our next object of selection, "The Soul's Errand, or the Lie," has had its due share of controversy and perhaps of commendation. It has often been ascribed to Raleigh, and was at one time supposed to have been written by him the night before his execution. What authentic instances there are of poetical composition in so awful a situation we shall not pause to enquire; but we should be in general disposed to ascribe them less to magnanimity than to desperation, or the love of effect. Certain we are that, in such moments, a man should be more intent on examining himself than on condemning his fellow-creatures, and should be too much occupied with the mysterious scene on which he is entering, to rail at the world from which he is taking his departure. But all speculation as to the probability or propriety of such a poem being composed by this great man, in such circumstances, is here excluded by the facts. Raleigh perished in 1618, and Mr. Ellis observed that the poem appeared in "Davison's Poetical Rhapsody" ten years before. Recent critics, however, have somewhat pertinaciously clung to a similar idea, with the modified suggestion, that the poem might possibly have been written by Raleigh "the night before he *expected* to have been executed" in 1603. But it appears that the poem can be traced, if not to print, at least to paper, ten years even before that date, so that this new possibility becomes again impossible. We must, therefore, be content to abandon entirely this romantic account of its origin, and either betake ourselves to some other theory, or submit to leave the matter in obscurity. Mr. Ellis has rather rashly assigned the composition to the silver-tongued Sylvester, on no better ground than that his editor has kidnapped and disfigured it by including it with some wretched additional stanzas in the collection of his poems in 1641. Ritson attributes it to Francis Davison, in whose "Rhapsody" the earliest printed copy of it is found. But in the "Rhapsody" are collected the compositions of various authors, some by name and some anonymously, and there is no special reason for ascribing this poem to Davison, whose signature is not affixed to it as it is to other pieces of his acknowledged composition. Mr. Campbell enquires whether the "Soul's Errand" is not the same poem with the Soul's Knell or "Soul Knell" of Richard Edwards, which Gascoigne mentions in one of his prefaces, and which he ridicules simple readers for supposing to have been written "in extremity of sickness." This theory would remove its date to a period prior to 1567, the year of Edwards's death, which seems scarcely admissible. If it were so, it is singular that so remarkable a poem should not be found in print long before the publication of the Rhapsody in 1601, while, on the other hand, it is equally singular if the "Soul Knell," which is mentioned by more than one early writer as well known and as having been "commended

for a good piece," should not now be at all extant. Were we to indulge in a very diffident conjecture as to this last question, we should suggest that Edwards's "Soul Knell" might be found in the pleasing little piece beginning

"Oh death, rock me on sleep,  
Bring me on quiet rest,  
Let pass my very guiltless ghost  
Out of my careful breast."

The burden of this song is certainly favourable to the supposition.

"Toll on the passing bell,  
Ring out the doleful knell,  
Let the sound my death tell,  
For I must die.  
There is no remedy,  
For now I die."

The manuscript of this dirge is said to bear the appearance of having been written about the time of Henry VIII., and it has been thought to have been composed either by, or in the person of, Anne Boleyn; while Mr. Ritson, with little apparent reason, has ascribed it to George, Lord Rochford, the brother of that unhappy princess. It seems possible that it may have been composed by Edwards, who, in 1561, was appointed master of the singing-boys in Queen Elizabeth's Chapel, and may, in compliment to his mistress, have written it in the person of her mother. Its composition has eminently the appearance of having proceeded from a practical vocalist, while it corresponds, more nearly than any other piece we remember, with the now unattached title of Edwards's once celebrated "Soul Knell." The "Soul's Errand" appears to us to indicate a considerably later date as well as a different style.

Dismissing these unsatisfactory speculations, let us return to an examination of the poetical merits of the composition which has given rise to them. The "Soul's Errand" has received a very high commendation from a very high authority. "The 'Soul's Errand,'" Mr. Campbell has said, "by whomsoever it was written, is a burst of genuine poetry. I know not how that short production has ever affected other readers, but it carries to my imagination an appeal which I cannot easily account for from a few simple rhymes. It places the last and inexpressibly awful hour of existence before my view, and sounds like a sentence of vanity on the things of this world, pronounced by a dying man, whose eye glares upon eternity, and whose voice is raised by strength from another world."

This is noble criticism if it were justly bestowed. But we confess that we greatly question its soundness. The critic seems to have been doped by his own poetical genius conspiring with an indulgent taste, and to have discovered in this composition that sublime tone and those solemn features which are the appropriate

characters of the subject, but which, we fear, are but feebly and defectively expressed in the attempted representation of them. Here it is, perhaps, that a poet is found to be most fallible as a judge, if, at any time, by accidental associations or relaxed attention, the spirit of sound and searching criticism is biassed in its decisions, or its vigilance laid asleep. The suggestion to a poet's mind of a poetical situation or sentiment has in itself the effect of poetry, and gross deficiencies in taste and execution may escape his observation, if his excited feelings and conceptions overpower his faculties of judgment and comparison. He sees, then, in the subject of his criticism, not what the work truly is, but what it might be. He clothes the dead and dull skeleton that is presented to him with the vigour and warmth of life, and mistakes the images of his own fancy for the creations of the performance before him, which has merely roused them from their sleeping-places in his soul. This result is most likely to occur in the case of unpretending and sketch-like productions, which disarm the severities of censure by not appearing to challenge a high place in poetical reputation. It will be further facilitated as to those compositions which have the charm of antiquity on their side, and are likely to have been first presented to the mind while its susceptibilities of pleasure were greater than its experience or penetration. We readily admit that the first stanza of the "Soul's Errand" is elevated and striking; whether we conceive it to be the poet's idea that he was then infusing his spirit into this dying address to the world, or adopt the bolder view that he was delivering a command to his soul itself to visit men after its separation from the body, and denounce their deceptions. The last verse also, or at least the last couplet, has some vigour and dignity, but these are associated with mean expressions, and a feeble conceit. The intermediate verses, might, some of them, make tolerable prose, but can scarcely be said to contain much poetry, while many of them are not merely commonplace, but stupid. No calm or unprejudiced critic, we think, would be startled either by the glaring eye, or by the supernatural voice of a dying man, in reading the following very middling stanzas.

"Tell potentates they live,  
Acting by others' actions,  
Not loved unless they give,  
Not strong but by their factions.  
If potentates reply,  
Give potentates the lie.

"Tell men of high condition  
That rule affairs of state,  
Their purpose is ambition,  
Their practice only hate:  
And if they once reply,  
Then give them all the lie.

"Tell them that brave it most,  
They beg for more by spending,  
Who in their greatest cost  
Seek nothing but commending;

And if they make reply,  
Then give them all the lie.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Tell arts they have no soundness,  
But vary by esteeming;  
Tell schools they want profoundness,  
And stand too much on seeming;  
If arts and schools reply,  
Give arts and schools the lie.

"Tell faith it's fled the city;  
Tell how the country erreth:  
Tell manhood shakes off pity;  
Tell virtue least preferreth;  
And if they do reply,  
Spare not to give the lie."

It seems to need no ghost, nor any man about to become one, to tell us most of these things; and they are often so tamely expressed, that we might suspect they were not all the production of the same author who conceived the idea, and composed the first stanza of the poem. But, in truth, the writers of that time seem to have been incapable of retrenching the weak and unequal things which most poets must sometimes write. They had not learned "the last great art of all, the art to blot." They had no idea, that in the poetical litter, it was generally best to destroy a large proportion of the progeny; but seem to have looked with a parent's partiality on even the most rickety of the productions to which they had once given birth. The poem now before us, like many others, would be greatly improved by abridgement; and, familiar as it must be to our readers, we take the liberty of inserting it in the curtailed shape in which a maturer judgment might perhaps have originally presented it to the public.

"Go, soul, the body's guest,  
Upon a thankless errand;  
Fear not to touch the best,  
The truth shall be thy warrant.  
Go, since I needs must die,  
And give the world the lie.

"Go, tell the court, it glows  
And shines like rotten wood;  
Go, tell the church it shows  
What's good, and doth no good.  
If church and court reply,  
Then give them both the lie.

\* \* \*

"Tell zeal it lacks devotion,  
Tell love, it is but lust,  
Tell time, it is but motion,  
Tell flesh, it is but dust,  
And wish them not reply,  
For thou must give the lie.

\* \* \*

"Tell wit, how much it wrangles  
In tickle points of niceness;  
Tell wisdom, she entangles  
Herself, in overwiseness.  
And if they do reply,  
Straight give them both the lie.

\* \* \*

"Tell fortune of her blindness,  
 Tell nature of decay;  
 Tell friendship of unkindness;  
 Tell justice of delay.  
 And if they dare reply,  
 Then give them all the lie.

\* \* \*

"So when thou hast, as I  
 Commanded thee, done blabbing,  
 Altho' to give the lie  
 Deserves no less than stabbing,  
 Yet stab at thee who will,  
 No stab the soul can kill."

We believe that we have now reached the point at which, for the present, we should pause. The extracts we have given exhaust, according to the objects of our plan, the period previous to 1590, the most important era in the history of English poetry. In that year appeared the "Fairy Queen," the brightest effulgence of moral poetry that ever rose on the world, and at whose light the meaner beauties of the sky must have paled their ineffectual fires. The "Fairy Queen" will be for ever felt and admired by all who can feel or admire poetical truth and beauty; but the genius of its author cannot be fully appreciated except by comparing his work with those of his predecessors, and ascertaining its immeasurable superiority over every thing that his country had yet produced. The only type of Spencer's spirit is to be found in "Sackville's Induction to the Mirror of Magistrates;" but highly as we must estimate that composition, it yet detracts little from the infinite praise of Spencer's varied and sustained powers. Whether as a repository of the richest poetical language, or as a monument of the noblest faculties of intellect and imagination, the Fairy Queen equally demands our wonder and our love, in a degree which can only be surpassed by our reverence for the solemn and sublime purposes which were to its author as the muse of his inspiration. Let us be forgiven, however, if we intercede for the poets who preceded Spencer to obtain a milder judgment than if Spencer had already written; and let us not be thought too bold in behalf of the humbler class of whom we have now been treating, if we claim for them the praise of being the harbingers of the great moral poet, to announce his possible approach, and to prepare for him in the breasts of his countrymen a wider and a warmer welcome. We can scarcely regard it here as an indifferent consideration, that for nearly half a century the popular poetry of England had shown a character so earnest and serious, and so faithful to the laws of our spiritual nature. We shall not ask whether, in any circumstances, Spencer could have descended to the levities of Ariosto; but we may be allowed to doubt whether he would have been encouraged to string his pure and virtuous lyre at all, except in a country where the hearts of men were already attuned to better strains than those of luxury or love. The importance of po-

ular poetry in connexion with political feeling has often been noticed: its influence in fostering and diffusing poetical compositions of a higher class than itself is at least equally conspicuous. The floating songs and simple stanzas that are in the mouths of children and uneducated persons, are as the elements of poetical thought and feeling that lead them gradually on to higher attainments than they could otherwise reach. They are often the seeds from which the poetical faculty itself springs up, in lonely and neglected minds, with as much luxuriance, and nearly as much beauty, as in those which have been visited by regular cultivation. The remarks we have now made apply with the same force to the appearance of Shakspeare's poetry as to that of Spencer's. He, too, perhaps, needed the assurance of being extensively loved and understood before he could be excited to pour forth with such boundless profusion those maxims and sentiments of moral wisdom and beauty which exalt his dramas above even the sublime oracles of the Greek Chorus. The appearance of Spencer and Shakspeare within a year or two of each other bears the strongest testimony to the advance that had been made in the materials of literary taste, and to the solid character, and lofty spirit of that country which produced them with such powers, and inspired them to use those powers with so true a reference to the duties and destinies of mankind.

We shall take another opportunity of following out the subject of this essay, by collecting some of the most pleasing compositions of the minor moralists who appeared subsequently to the era with which we have now concluded.

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#### THE CABINET AND THE COUNTRY.

Three years ago Lord Brougham sent the Melbourne Cabinet into the world with the brand of "The Incapables" on its forehead. Among all changes of principle and practice, they have been true to their title. They intended nothing; they were capable of nothing; and they have fulfilled both their intention and their capacity. The country has gone on without them. They are no more responsible for its movements than the barnacles on the ship's bottom are responsible for the ship's course. The business of the barnacles is to cling where they have been once stuck on, and their instinct is to repel any force that would scrape them off. The Cabinet have the same business, and the same instinct, and no more. They would perhaps, like the barnacles, have some sense of inconvenience, if the ship were to be bulged against the rocks, or broken up by utter rottenness; but, like them, they will only follow their



natural impulse in clinging to it, while there is a plank together, and in sucking that plank while they live.

That this is wholly a new condition of a British Government we perfectly acknowledge; that the individuals composing this Government are utterly helpless, trifling and ridiculous, we suppose no man of any kind of observation in the country doubts in the slightest degree; and that this state of public matters has been suffered to go on merely through the patience of the public, and the singular leniency of the national protectors in Parliament, is, we take it for granted, wholly undeniable by any man who knows his right hand from his left. Another point is equally to be taken into consideration. The Cabinet is not more frivolous as a body, than impotent in its members. The broadest glance cast over British history can absolutely find nothing so destitute of all the qualifications for the government of empire. A brilliant and bold ambition has sometimes dazzled the nation into the endurance of bad men and bad measures; superior eloquence, and the art of persuading great assemblies, has often bewildered the nation; a character for honest public intentions, sanctioned by private decency of life, has raised and kept many a man of mediocrity in high station; even the habit of being known as the client of a popular and generous line of politics has had its effect. Thus the Walpoles, Chathams, Foxes, hazardous as they were, and even the Liverpools, simple and stagnant as they showed themselves in the midst of the most glowing impulses of the most glowing times, and, last and not least, the slipperiness of Canning, were more than tolerated; nay, in some instances, exact the same retrospective homage from the national memory, with which we look upon the sword and armour of some great champion, hung above his tomb; or fix our eyes on the fiery line in the horizon, which tells us that there the sun has set. But the Melbourne Cabinet have discovered another source of distinction which, if few may desire to rival, none can hope to exceed. *They are contemptible.* Their feebleness is so completely beyond all controversy, that they have the double advantage of being supposed incapable of mischief, and of exciting commiseration, in every instance where they are attacked. Sir Robert Peel against Lord John Russell! Why every sense of common humanity enlists itself on the side of the little victim querulously writhing in the grasp of the powerful Opposition leader. Lord Melbourne against Lord Lyndhurst! Was there ever such painful inequality. When the great Law Lord rises to inflict the lash upon his nerveless and frightened opponent, however justice may command severity, every feeling of compassion longs to save the startled culprit from the scourge, which, like the knout, may extinguish his public existence at a blow. We have, of course,

no wish to touch upon the mysteries of high men and things. But if those scenes occurred in China, caricature might amuse itself richly with the burlesque of the Chief Mandarin. Not the possession of the "blue button, and the peacock's feather,"—not bowing Mandarins, and Tartars kissing his feet—not even the exclusive ear of the sitter on the imperial cushion could save him from being consummately laughed at. Of the multitude of trifling, unpurposed, and shallow speakers who figure so disastrously before the people of England, the Premier with all his accomplishments, probably ranks among the worst; he is certainly the worst who ever attempted the part of a leader of the Cabinet. After his first half-dozen sentences, he becomes wholly confused, evidently loses all sequence of thought, blunders from one folly to another, and after a helpless discharge of the most unhappy verbiage, either drops into silence, from mere powerlessness of saying any thing, or attempts to cover his retreat by falling into a ridiculous passion. On the other hand, Lord Lyndhurst's force, combined with his calmness, his full and palpable knowledge of every subject on which he treats, his easy mastery of language, and that language often enriched by allusions of classic elegance, render him one of the most accomplished of living speakers. But he can cut deep. His castigation of O'Connell, when that truculent bully ventured to come into the House of Peers, probably with the hope of overawing him, the resistless contempt with which he lashed the fellow, and the summary justice with which he actually forced him to take flight, are still remembered by the House as among the public services of the noble Lord, and have sunk into the memory of O'Connell as among the bitterest debts of that sweeping vengeance which cankers his heart. In the hands of such a man imbecility can only fret and foam. But it is when Lord Brougham makes the assault that the condition of the Premier becomes utterly pitiable. Brougham pays no attention to those etiquettes which restrain execution in the hands of Lord Lyndhurst. His style is trenchant, fierce, and desperate. He darts upon his prey like a vulture, and is not content with striking it down; he tears and gnaws; he turns it over in every direction, and strikes again wherever a vestige of life or vuln ability remains. Even the noble Lord's eccentricity gives him additional power in this species of conflict; like the bird of the churchyard, he fights better on his back than on foot or wing, and plies the beak and the claw to the last with remorseless fury, and never finishes while there is a wound to be given, or a feather to be torn away.

But leaving the Cabinet *en masse* to the scorn which its impotence deserves; if we enquire what has been done by its individual members, we only descend from its general usefulness to personal inanity. If we ask what has that man of the red ribbon and "all the loves,"

the Foreign Secretary, done, since his unhappy fixture on the public purse, we can find nothing but a list of public failures, resulting from a policy in direct contradiction to all the old established maxims of England, and that contradiction resulting from the new-fangled deference of an English ministry for the power of the rabble leaders at home. We thus have as the *memorabilia* of the noble lord the blockade of Holland; the Anglo-Spanish expedition; the Turkish diplomacy; the Greek instalments; the American boundary negotiation; the negotiation with France on the infamous seizure of Algiers; the negotiation with Spain and Portugal for the suppression of the slave trade. If all these were not failures, we demand the evidence of success in any one of them.

From the Foreign Secretary we turn to the Colonial. There the single word "Canada" is more than enough. The infinite dulness that could not see rebellion preparing year after year; the infinite tardiness that so long pondered about sending out the force which was so imperiously necessary; the infinite foolery which suffered such a personage as Lord Durham to go out as "the *peacemaker*," attended with such guardians of public interests, and such examples of personal conduct, as the Turtons, Wakefields, and Duncombes. Such are a few features of the Secretary's achievements in a single branch of his office. But we leave the Morpheus of the Cabinet to his poppies.

What exhibition has the Home Secretary made of his fitness for power? Has there been a single bill of the session which has not been either given over to the Opposition to correct into the capability of public use, or been trampled under foot by them? Has he had a will of his own for an hour together? Has he been able to bring a single measure of Government into action but by the sufferance of Sir Robert Peel; and is he not at this moment a puppet, pulled alternately by the strings of the Irish faction at his back, and the Opposition in his front. As for the remainder of his coadjutors they are fit to draw on the Treasury once a quarter, and that is the sum total of their capacities.

But how long is this system of *negations* to go on? How long can England endure to see eleven five thousands a-year given to the necessities of eleven luminaries of this order? How long are those men to be suffered to sow the seed of their Whig-Radicalism in every spot of office at home, in every colony, in every regiment, in every ship; to turn all public employment into a Whig retaining fee, and fasten upon the nation, in the form of well paid pauperism, the dregs of worthless partisanship? Will Europe give us time for the quiet process of this experiment? Will America give us time? No. What says Russia? Follow your worthless policy, for it is my profit; but interfere with my projects in the east or the west, and

then look to the consequences if you dare. Is it not notorious, that while our Ministry are thus doing nothing at home, and England is looking on with a mixture of contempt and amazement, Russia is arming on every frontier, building vast fleets, and in the midst of the most profound peace, and without a rival to fear, is calculating on the conquest of countries, of which fifty years ago she had scarcely heard the name? Is it not notorious that France is openly calculating on the possession of the whole northern coast of Africa before our face, a possession which would seal up the Mediterranean from us, as Russia has sealed up the Euxine? Is it not notorious that America is making an iniquitous demand for the surrender of that vast territory which, lying between New Brunswick and the St. Lawrence, seals up the mouth of that great communication between our Canadian empire and the ocean?

But all this is done because the attention of the Cabinet is employed on Ireland. So say the defenders of the Premier and his colleagues. Ireland must first be pacified; you must first let us soothe the Agitator, and satisfy the Irish Papist, and then—The Greek Calends will be an early date for the arrival of that day. We say unhesitatingly that this hope of settlement is an absurdity. Or, that if the Cabinet believe that any arrangement for the peace of Ireland will be valid with Popery for a moment beyond its own convenience in breaking through that arrangement, we must hold the Ministerial intellect in still more condign scorn.

We ask, what have the Ministry ever been able to fix, or the nation to gain, in the negotiations with the Agitator and his tribe? To talk of the utter vileness of Papist politics is wholly superfluous. But while he remains the acknowledged regulator of our public measures, the master of our public men, the lord of British council, those things invest his opinions with an importance which makes their perfidy an object of public peril. It will be found that, in all the great points in dispute between Irish faction and national safety, the Papist has contradicted himself in the most unhesitating manner; that the most solemn pledge of to-day has not prevented the most contemptuous denial to-morrow; that to-day, on his knees, swearing to one opinion before the legislature, he feels himself fully at liberty to harangue a mob against that opinion within the next twenty-four hours, and that, for the pledge and for the denial, he has but "one discoverable motive."

We shall give only a few examples, but they are wholly unanswerable. The Agitator is now furious against the Irish Poor-Law. He was once its equally furious advocate. In 1831 he thus addressed Dr. Doyle, the Popish Bishop. "My lord, you have convinced me. Your pamphlet on the necessity of making a legal provision for the poor of Ireland has com-

pletely convinced me. \* \* \* I readily acknowledge that you have done more. You have alarmed me, lest in the indulgence of my own selfishness as a landholder, I should continue the opponent of him who would feed the hungry and enable the naked to clothe themselves." The approach of a Poor-Law subsequently startled the Irish Papists, and O'Connell backed out for two years. Another convenient turn comes; his Cabinet think proper to throw out a tub to the whale, and he shifts about again; assembles his 'Trades' Union, and moves "for the appointment of a committee to wait on Lord Morpeth, in order to ascertain the views of Government on the subject of the Poor-Laws, and to aid in the arrangement of that question in a manner most likely to avoid all mischief," &c. &c.

Against the provision for the Romish Clergy Mr. O'Connell is now as furious as he is against the Poor Law. In 1837, at the meeting of his Dublin Association, he thus declared his *sic volo, sic jubeo*. "I speak here in the presence of many revered Catholic Clergymen, and I think I only speak their sentiments when I say that we will *never* consent to the payment of the Roman Catholic Clergy by the State." A Popish priest, here echoing the cry, and declaring that he and his brethren would rather beg than be pensioners of the State, Mr. O'Connell proceeded to say, "that he felt he was not mistaken in the sentiments of the Romish Clergy," and pointing to a Romish Bishop, declared that "his venerable friend, the Bishop, would rather lay down his head on the scaffold than consent to the Catholic Clergy receiving a salary out of the taxes of the country." The Bishop nodded assent. Mr. O'Connell proceeded, "the whole Catholic priesthood are against the measure, and what is more, if they were for it, the Catholic body would not allow them to accept it." (Cheers.)

Yet what was this man's language in 1825?—"Daniel O'Connell, called in and examined before the Committee of the House of Commons—(March 1.) "I think it would be unwise in Government, if emancipation were carried, and until it was carried they would not accept of a provision, to leave them unprovided. And I think it would be extremely wrong to give them any part of the revenues of the present Church Establishment, and that they would not accept of it. But I think a wise Government would preserve the fidelity and attachment of the Catholic Clergy by what I call the golden link, the pecuniary provision."

In the Committee of the Lords, March 11, in answer to the question, "Would the Popish Clergy accept of the provision?" Mr. Daniel O'Connell's answer was distinctly, "I have no doubt whatever that they would accept the provision as accompanying emancipation."

It is only to be remarked that his pledges were given before emancipation, and that the denials came *after it!* But this is the case with the whole of the pledges and

denials of Popery. Promises cost it nothing to make, because they cost it nothing to break. All is for "the good of the church," and the more solemn the pledge the more merit in the infraction!

But the grand object is spoil. The language of insulted rights and injured sensibilities is merely for the multitude, whose ears require to be tickled by metaphors. The tithes, the acres, the easy transmission of the clerical property into the pockets of indigent patriotism, are the true prize, the grievance that presses into their Hibernian recollections, the fond tribute which robbery and rebellion in all lands long to collect, in honour of liberty, and for the comfort of their own empty purses. To a call of this order what highway will not return a congenial echo? What hovel, where villany festers and riots throughout the day, to burn and murder through the night, will refuse the soft vibration? What most brutish and criminal portion of a savage populace will not give its sacred pledge, knife in hand? The system is now in the act of being propagated round the whole wild circumference of Ireland. The cliffs and caverns of Innishowen, well known as the most lawless district of the country, the virtuous and enlightened district of Innishowen, notorious for the haunt of smugglers and the manufactory of contraband whiskey, is the spot from which the latest martyr has raised his voice in the great cause. A meeting of the whiskey distilling rabble was held in the beginning of the month, to proclaim "the national horror of the new Tithe Bill." That bill is now law. But the enlightened patriots of Innishowen are not to be dictated to on such subjects, and they have been too long accustomed to settling the law in their own way, to be taught it now by the legislature. The immediate object of rabble sympathy was an individual who, having been a soldier, and from a soldier having become a Popish priest, is now desirous of figuring as an agitator. At a dinner, held after the meeting, this man's grievances were made the theme, in a health "to the soldier, the patriot, the scholar, the gentleman, and now the *Tithe Victim*," followed by the tune of the "Minstrel Boy." The Minstrel Boy accordingly rose, overflowing with sensibility, indignant for his injured country, proud of his incarcerated self, and avowing his "determination" against tithes, with his advice to the landlords to follow his example. All men can perfectly comprehend the advantage of keeping money in their pockets, which they have promised to pay to others, and we have no doubt that the whole body of the Popish peasantry will fully coincide in the conscientious propriety of refusing to pay any body, including the landlords as well as the church.

But a graver example remains; the soldier and priest may be left to the confusion of ideas generated by his double profession and his dinner, but what are we to say of the formal and voluntary declaration of his ec-

clesiastical superior? This person, whom the journal in question calls the Right Reverend Dr. McLaughlin, Roman Catholic Bishop of the diocese (Donegal), after the usual tirade,—“congratulated the meeting on uniting to proclaim their *eternal hatred to tithes*, and their fixed determination *never* to desist from legal and constitutional agitation, until in name and substance they have done away with that bloodstained impost!” (Cheers.) “He rose,” he said, “for the purpose of proposing as a toast the sentiment given by that immortal Prelate, Dr. Doyle, *now no more*. ‘May their hatred of tithes be as lasting as their love of justice.’”

What can be more abominable than all this? The whole body of the Romish clergy have, a dozen times over, declared, in the most solemn, public, and spontaneous manner, that they would conscientiously obey the law for the protection of the Establishment; their bishops especially had pledged themselves to avoid all public excitement on the subject; and this was the bargain made at the time of the emancipation. The oath of every Papist in Parliament, whether Peer or Commoner, since 1829, is,—“I do swear that I will defend, to the utmost of my power, the settlement of property within this realm, as established by law; and I do hereby disclaim, disavow, and solemnly *abjure any intention to subvert the present Church Establishment*, as settled by law within this realm. And I do solemnly swear that I never *will exercise any privilege* to which I am, or may become entitled, to *disturb or weaken the Protestant religion*, or Protestant Government in this kingdom; and I do solemnly, in the presence of God, profess, testify, and declare, that I do make this declaration, and every part thereof, in the plain and ordinary sense of the words of this oath, without any *evasion*, equivocation, or mental reservation whatever.

“Now, after this oath, and the speeches of such men as we have just given, what can be done with the Papist? Prelate, priest, and layman have bound themselves by the oath of their parliamentary representatives; for it was on that condition only that emancipation was given. No remonstrance was made against the oath on the Papist part at the time, and it was, in fact, the chief “security” which they themselves had offered some years before. If there is meaning in words, the Papists are bound, both in and out of Parliament, *never* to disturb or weaken, much less to rob the Establishment. The refusal to pay their tithes is palpably the intent to destroy the Church, for unless its ministers can live by it, the Establishment can never see another generation. What is the necessary conclusion, but that such men are not to be bound by oaths. And what is the next conclusion, but that they must be stripped of all means of doing public mischief by exclusion from all public power.

On those points all disguise is at an end. In the de-

bate on Mr. Ward’s radical motion, for “appropriation (July 2,) Mr. O’Connell spoke out, and gave the answer which we have been giving for him since the first mention of the subject. He daringly declared that the total abolition of tithes in Ireland, was the *only* measure which Popery would accept; that the “appropriation” of a surplus to induce an acquiescence in the payment of tithe was a price which the Irish people would no longer suffer. “For his part he never knew Ireland *in such danger*. If something were not done to satisfy the people, collision, he *feared* (!), would take place. The insurgents might indeed be defeated, but blood and misery would follow still.” He further declared that the people were *now* meeting in tens and twenties of thousands, going straight to the point, demanding the entire abolition of tithes. “I vote against the motion,” said the Agitator, “that I may carry out its principle of appropriation, not partially, but fully. In England and in Scotland the tithe is paid to the clergy by the people; in Ireland by a small part of the people. The Catholics outnumber the Protestants by more than five millions and a half.

And this is the man who solemnly swore at the table of Parliament that he would not in any way whatever injure or disturb the Established Church. Yet here we have him the unblushing advocate of its utter robbery, and, by consequence, of its inevitable ruin. And those Roman Catholics who meet to threaten England by the suggestion of their factious priests and other villains, are the men who have pledged themselves a hundred times to abstain religiously from the slightest injury to the Protestant Church. As to their feeling the tithe a grievance, this is but another of the lies that faction and Popery perpetually spread. It is not known to every Papist in Ireland that *he is not* the payer of the tithe? Is it not notorious, that even so late as the beginning of the present century, nineteenth-twentieths of the land of Ireland were Protestant property; that there was scarcely an instance of a Roman Catholic in possession of land, almost the whole gentry of Ireland being Protestant, while the peasantry alone were Papist? Who of them virtually pays the tithe? not the Papist peasant who has no land, but the Protestant gentleman who has. If, since the last twenty years, Roman Catholics have begun to purchase land, they have purchased it liable to tithe, and have got it so much the cheaper for the liability. The Papist peasant rents his acres so much the cheaper for the tithe. He perfectly well knows that he has to pay it when he takes these acres, and he is even so far from feeling any reluctance to taking them thus, on the score of his religion, that he notoriously prefers them to land tithe-free, and this from the equally notorious fact, that while he must pay the landlord more for the latter, and the landlord will make him pay to the last shilling, he can in most instances harass the clergyman or excite his

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compassion into remitting a large part of his just demand. Yet we hear continually the same fraudulent fallacy repeated, that the Papist is the payer of what not one Papist in ten thousand ever has paid, and "that his conscience is hurt by supporting a Church which he does not support." When do we find him shrinking with a righteous sensibility from the taking of tithe lands? Never; he actually takes them in preference to all others. And this gross falsehood and virulent folly is poured into the national ear, night by night, and it is upon the testimonies of men capable of using statements at once so mischievous and so shallow, that the nation is called on to abolish Protestantism in Ireland.

We next have Mr. Shiel proclaiming the "peril of Ireland." How long is it since this man and his abettors proclaimed its tranquillity? "Lord Mulgrave had conciliated, smoothed down, and softened every thing." Never had the wheels of the state machine run on such level ground before. The magnanimous mercy of the noble Lord, guided by the legislative wisdom of the general "pacificator," had gone forth establishing a new era in the land.

"Major sæculorum volvitur ordo."

The hills and valleys of Irish turbulence had been taught to smile, the voice of discord had subsided into a whisper, and all was the promise of one great political jubilee; and, upon the strength of those tidings, Lord Mulgrave comes over and is made a Marquis! Mr. O'Connell takes the draft of the Queen's speech from the hand of his Cabinet of menials and indorses it with "tranquillity," and the whole tribe, in the new fervor of loyalty, bring the offering of "a people's heart" to the coronation!

And what now is declared to be the truth? Why, that every syllable of this paradisaic description was false—that, while they pronounced Ireland to be calmness itself, it was boiling with rage—that, when the word "tranquillity" was written, it ought to have been written, not with ink, but with blood—and that, instead of the subsidence of the troubled waters in that soil of insurrection, a catastrophe more sweeping than any of its old inflictions was hurrying on by the hour—that, not merely the horizon was clouded, or the tide swollen; but that the fountains of the great deep were broken up, and the land on the point of being submerged. Let us hear Mr. Shiel, one of those orators at whose lips the silver trumpet was once most lively. "I think," he exclaims, "that you are now speaking of Ireland as in a state of perfect tranquillity. You should remember that, for the last six years, Ireland has been agitated." (Loud ironical cheers from the Opposition.) . . . "Ireland is in a state of extreme confusion! And, if the Right Honourable

Baronet (Peel) in 1835 admitted that it would be impossible to collect the arrears of tithe, and offered a million of English money to pay the arrears, has the evil since sunk into such insignificant dimensions? No. I call on you to legislate with a view to the actual state of the country. You have said you are giving a great bonus to the landlords. I contend that you are charging them 75 per cent, for *not one fraction* will they be able to recover from their tenants in various parts of Ireland."

And this rabble disdain of the legislature, this insult to the law, and this rebellious determination to pay neither clergyman nor landlord, is the work of conciliation on the holy five millions and a half of the sons of Papistry! And these are the men whose representatives we are to receive as our law-makers—whose pledges we are to admit whenever it suits their purposes to give them—and whose promises we are to see broken on the most essential points of national existence—and have no other remedy than in shrugging up our shoulders and begging of them to make more.

And is England come to this? Proud, powerful, honest England!

But the malignity of the faction is not left to surmises. In the late meeting at the Royal Exchange in Dublin, Mr. O'Connell pronounced that Lord Howick, "whose name, he further declared, ought to be written in letters of gold, had declared the most liberal and comprehensive views on the question of the Irish Church." He further pronounced that "the Tithe bill had passed with no good feature but the 25 per cent—a mere bite out of the cherry, and the buying off of the arrears. The bill was most unsatisfactory, and he took it as a mere instalment." He then came to language which we are persuaded that no man but Mr. O'Connell would use, or could use with impunity:—

"The minority in the Commons was too large against us, and the House of Lords was too dishonest to afford us any hope of justice. The course against Ireland was decided at Apsley House, with the odious Duke of Wellington in the chair—that man without a single virtue—that most ludicrous of mankind."

Having thus bemired the man who made such sacrifices to bring him and his fellows into parliament; that fatal concession, without which we should have seen those abominable ruffians either sunk in the obscurity suited to their talents, or suffering the punishment due to their crimes; this man pours out his whole gall in an appeal to the rabble:—

"There is now," says he, "no chance of amelioration for Ireland. The Ministry are unable to obtain reform; and the Tories are determined to go backwards, and take from the Irish much of what they possessed. Under such circumstances, to whom should they appeal? What could the Throne, the Ministry,

and the Lord-Lieutenant do to right them! No! they had no extrinsic aid. *They should rely on themselves!*" Concluding with the old watchword:—

"Hereditary bondsmen, know ye not,  
Who would be free, themselves must strike the blow!"

It happens, by a curious coincidence, that we are furnished with a running commentary on the Agitator's style, by a brother agitator. On the principle of the old proverb, Mr. Roebuck is precisely the man "to catch" Mr. O'Connell. We thus leave the hired agent of the *Liberals* of Canada to translate for the British public the true meaning of the hired agent of the Irish priests. Mr. O'Connell, especially sensitive to the charge of poltroonery, having attempted, in one of his speeches, to throw the failure of the Canadian rebels on their embarking in open hostilities, the little Canadian Agent thus tears the disguise off the Man of the Rent. "Papineau and the rest were guilty of holding seditious meetings, and forming military companies, spite of the executive." So says the instrument of Father M'Hale. "Now pray," replies Roebuck, "who set them the example of holding meetings in spite of the executive? 'Ah but,' you answer, 'I never called together military companies?' This, Sir, allow me to say, is *miserable skulking*. Have not the meetings held by you been deemed so dangerous that they were put down by act of Parliament? Why were they dangerous? Do you suppose that it was the mere Irish rhetoric that overflowed at these meetings that created alarm? You and your brother orators might have harangued till doomsday had you not got together multitudes, and excited passions that portended actual outbreak—*rebellion*, or, if it please you more—*revolution*! Have I not heard you, times beyond number, say, 'We are seven millions?' Have I not heard significant allusions made to those Scottish broadswords 'which won a national church for Scotland?' Did all those sayings mean nothing but peace? Was there no threat lurking beneath? Did not every man who heard you know that you threatened violence? Again, your ready answer is—'Ay, but I never was guilty of it?' But if actual outbreak be a crime the threat is a crime also; and although you may fortunately have eluded the fulfilment of your threat you are *no less a criminal*."

Mr. Roebuck then quotes one of the debates on the Coercion Bill. The cry of 'Order, order,' having risen on some outrageous expressions from O'Connell, he exclaims, 'We are seven millions,' &c., 'are we tamely to submit? No, sir. We will not submit—we will resist this atrocious, this Algerine enactment. (Cries of order, order.) Sir, I am not out of order. I am speaking on behalf of my country—of Ireland, upon which you have trampled for seven centuries, but upon which you shall trample no longer.' Here a member rose to order: 'The hon. and learned Member for Dublin is threatening the House, and is, I submit,

out of order, and violating the rules of this House.' Mr. O'Connell (with a sudden lowering of his voice and affected humility of manner), *'threats I have used none. I should never dream of using threats to Englishmen.'* (Roars of laughter from all parts of the House, and cries of oh! oh!) "Is not this a faithful picture of what has often occurred in the House of Commons, to say nothing of your Irish effusions?"

The conclusion of the letter settles the question at once of the Irish Agitator and the English Cabinet. "In 1833 your language to the Canadians would have been different. At that period you did not rule over Ireland; *an obsequious Cabinet did not gratify your personal vanity at the expense of your country and ours.* \* \* \* But now times are changed. Ireland, indeed, has not better laws now than then; but Mr. O'Connell and Mr. O'Connell's friends are favoured by the existing Ministry. The burning patriots have tasted of the good things which patronage offers, and the fever of their indignation has cooled. Their country still suffers, but *they* are prosperous gentlemen. England complains, but Mr. O'Connell and his friends are *comfortable*. \* \* \* In short, *the price of your support has been discovered; it is being duly paid by the Government, and you are daily earning your very honourable Ministerial wages.* I am, sir, your obedient servant,

"J. A. ROEBUCK.

"August 4."

If we wanted fuller evidence of the fallacy of the Mulgrave tranquilizers, we have the evidence of irresistible facts. Thus we have Lord Brougham, in his speech on the Irish Poor-Law Bill (July 9), stating, that it is wholly impossible to believe those protestations. "He had been led to believe," said he, "that there never had been a condition of the country so complete, prosperity so unbroken—such undisturbed peacefulness as reigned over the kingdom of Ireland under the Government of my noble friend (Mulgrave.) But what was his astonishment to receive such letters as those which he would read to their Lordships, and which came from a strong supporter of the Government. In one of these the writer said, 'I am quite disheartened and disgusted with the state of the people of Ireland. I am astonished at the change which has taken place among them during the few years that I have been absent; for now the whole country is disturbed by dangerous and desperate assassins, against whose outrages the law is completely powerless.' (Hear, hear.) What hope, then, had the Government of pacifying them by a Poor-Law Bill? Why, if they gave them in addition a *Municipal Bill*, and another for *the total abolition of tithe*, it would not have the smallest effect upon them. I have had also another letter," said Lord Brougham, "in which it is stated,

"You can scarcely conceive the desperate state of this country. The fact is, that no man's life is worth an hour's purchase, and a reign of terror is established which every one feels, and is alarmed at." And yet if rewards of L.1000 were offered," observed his Lordship, "they would be of no avail, for the parties were afraid to prosecute. Within the last ten days, contrary to the general testimony presented to their Lordships about the tranquillity of Ireland, Mr. O'Connell, who had extraordinary influence in that country, and who would not admit the fact—who would not feel inclined, from his political and personal feelings, to express it, were it not wrung from him by truths too palpable not to be generally admitted—Mr. O'Connell declared Ireland to be in a state of the greatest excitement, nearly bordering on insurrection. He said that Ireland was in a most dangerous state, and that he was not sure but that the holding up of a finger would cause a revolt, in which 10,000 men would join. We believe that the 10,000 was a mere mistake of the reporter; for ten times the number would be the more probable amount, and it will be ten times that too if we leave Ireland in the hands of Popish faction for a twelvemonth longer." So much for his Lordship's facts. But we must beg leave to decline adopting his remedy. What is that remedy? Having gained nothing but disturbance by concession, let us go on conceding. Having only inflamed the insolence of faction by submitting to its demands, we must now try to subdue it by submitting still more abjectly to still more exorbitant demands. Having given Popery the power of attacking the Church, let us lower its hostility by giving it the power of trampling on that Church. But this eccentric peace-maker pushes his discovery still farther, and exhibits his grand politico-theologico-statistico panacea, in the shape of—what? A salary, from the public purse, for the Romish priesthood. "Let your Lordships," said the noble and learned Lord, "pass the Tithe Bill, the Irish Corporation Bill. But there is one thing more, without which all will be fruitless. There must be a provision for the Roman Catholic clergy. I would say to them, 'One priest shall have L.100 a-year, another L.150, a bishop L.300, an archbishop L.450, or some such amounts! I would say, here is the money. Will you take it? You have opposed this provision, you have not forfeited your *consistency*, you still retain the confidence of your flocks, but here is the money, a grant from Parliament, and after this, though not in the habit of indulging in predictions, he felt satisfied that all the priesthood would immediately come into terms." We are rather less than his lordship in the habit of indulging in predictions, but we are perfectly safe in predicting to him that his panacea would be received by the whole Popish clergy as a direct insult; that it would be thrown in the noble

legislator's teeth without delay, and that he would have reason to rejoice that the Pope was not paramount, nor the priest the minister of the scaffold. He himself seems to have some qualms as to the reception of his offer. "Such a step," says he, "might at first be disagreeable to the priests; they might be annoyed at it; agitate, address their lordships, by petition, deprecate any provision from the Government, and declare that they would not receive a penny; but he would not mind that."

Happy as this conception of their sincerity is, his lordship would find himself totally mistaken in the results. That neither he nor any man of common experience could rely on the most solemn protestations of the Papists is perfectly allowed. That every preacher and teacher among themselves would feel the due appreciation of their character in the careless contempt which his lordship's words convey is equally plain; but that any conceivable concession could mitigate the native venom of Popery against Protestantism is only to be regarded as one of those fancies which have so long marked Lord Brougham as one of the most fanciful politicians under the moon. Supposing for the moment that it were justifiable in a Protestant nation to contribute to the support of a religion which it distinctly believes to be a gross error, that it were meritorious in a nation believing the Scriptures as the sole law of Christianity to assist the progress of a creed which absolutely shuts up the Scriptures from the people, what man but a visionary could persuade himself that the Popish priest would be content with an offer whose declared object was to take popular power out of his hands, and to do this by giving him but a fraction of his present income. The artifice with which Popery manages all her concerns renders it difficult to know her finance. But it seems certain that very few, if any, of her parish priesthood have less than L.300 a-year, and very many much more; and this paid, not in the bitter, fraudulent, and evasive style of the tithe, but solidly, promptly, and to the uttermost farthing; for we be to the man who hesitates about paying his Reverence for each and any of the numerous frivolities that make up the ceremonies of the religion and the revenue of the priesthood. Yet this man is to be content to give up his L.300 a-year paid duly and truly, and take in its place L.100 a-year from the Treasury, liable to an act of Parliament, liable to the fluctuations of party, and, after all, turning him into a pensioner on his good behaviour! What are our comic writers doing? They complain of the dearth of subjects. But what more capital material could they ask, than Lord Morpeth going to Dr. M'Hale, with those preliminaries of peace in his hand! "I know that you are an agitator by trade, that your power is in agitation, that your prospect of more power is in more agitation; yet I come to propose that you



shall give up your trade;" and well might the titular archbishop stare at such a request, and from such a quarter. But the Irish Secretary has still to state his terms. "I know, my dear archbishop, that the sacrifice of power is painful to any man, and you know that your Church looks upon popular combustion as her sure path to supremacy. But I am commissioned to compensate you for any injuries to your ambition. I shall plead to your avarice. You now receive from L.1000 to L.1500 a-year. I have authority to offer you in lieu of that sum an order on the Treasury for exactly L.450 per annum." Whether the soi-disant Archbishop would turn on his heel, or use that heel in a different application to the proposer; whether he would laugh in his official face, or anathematize him with bell book and candle, *more solito*; whether he would recommend the shrinking Secretary to a strait waistcoat and the care of Dr. Haslam, or plunge him into that purgatorial flame where sinners bleach like linen; nothing can be more certain than that Lord Morpeth would meet with a reception quite sufficient to disqualify him from ever performing the part of peacemaker again.

Such is the state of the Empire, abortive, feeble, and perplexed. Such is the result of twelve months of anxious deliberation, and such is the conduct of the most worthless Cabinet in the annals of England.

*From the Edinburgh Review.*

#### REIGNS OF GEORGE THE THIRD AND FOURTH.

*Remarks on an Article in the Edinburgh Review, No. 135, on the Times of George the Third and George the Fourth. By Lieutenant-General Sir Herbert Taylor, G. C. B. 8vo. London: 1838.*

The author of this well-meant and interesting pamphlet is one of the most able as well as the most respectable persons who have ever appeared at the Court of this country. Although we may differ in opinion with him upon general subjects, and although we cannot at all agree in the estimate which he has formed of those characters whom it is the object of his publication to defend against our strictures, we yet are bound to admit his claims to a respectful and even a favourable hearing, in defence of persons whom he enjoyed singular opportunities of knowing, and to whose merits, after their death, he bears his disinterested testimony.

We must begin by admitting to a certain extent the truth of an observation which closes his Tract, that the person who holds an office at Court, or the confidential servant of a King or a Prince, is not necessarily, as the common opinion goes, 'a sycophant, and habitually a flatterer, or ready to do dirty work.' If any proof were wanting that the general impression on

this point is far too sweeping, it would only be necessary to name Sir Herbert Taylor, who for above thirty years held the most important and confidential situation about Court that any subject could fill; and whose nature is as utterly incapable of sycophancy as it is of dishonesty—as far above deceiving a master as above maltreating an inferior; and one whom no Prince would ever have seen again near his person had he dared propose to him the performance of any degrading office. We are very far from believing that all, or the greater number of men in those stations, resemble Sir Herbert in this particular. We are satisfied that the inferior characters which generally surround thrones seldom exhibit any independence of principle; and not unfrequently lend themselves to the performance of unworthy tasks by mean compliances. The whole history of Courts, the unvaried annals of Royal and of ordinary human nature, bear testimony to the truth of our opinion. But that the rule is not universal, and that there are sometimes found splendid exceptions, we admit. Nay, we will go further in agreeing with our author, and allow that much more truth is spoken privately at Courts by dependents, even by the inferior order of dependents, than is generally supposed; probably much more than is pleasing to Royal ears, and certainly much more than Royal minds ever profit by. It has been our lot to know instances of this fact, which left no room for doubting that towards those exalted individuals the duty,—the painful and even perilous duty, of speaking the unpleasing truth, was discharged by persons who gained very little credit for so doing with the world at large. It is also to be considered that there oftentimes subsists a greater degree of familiarity between Princes, and their immediate attendants, than between private individuals and their friends. This naturally leads to advice and hints and warnings rarely given by the most intimate of other men's associates; not to mention that the Prince's friend has a direct interest in his master's welfare, which a private gentleman's comrade really cannot have. But then we must add, that the practice, if often repeated, has never failed, according to our observation, to beget an impatience and even dislike in the Illustrious bosom; consequently the connexion either ceased in a short time, or was continued upon a 'reformed footing'—that is, upon greater caution and abstinence in tendering warning or advice. But we must repeat, that we firmly believe the whole course of Sir Herbert Taylor's exercise of such a delicate office, and such an important one as never before fell into the hands of any courtier, was throughout marked by the most unsullied honour towards all parties with whom he came in contact—whether Monarchs or their families, or their Ministers, or private individuals. Nor have we any doubt whatever, that upon all occasions his best advice



was offered according to the dictates of a scrupulous conscience, and a judgment hardly to be surpassed in clearness and calmness, although certainly biased by what we should call some very erroneous opinions—the result of early prejudices not yet thrown off. It is a very inferior praise to add, that in the exercise of a most difficult and laborious duty he was one of the ablest, indeed the most masterly men of business who ever filled any public employment. In stating these things we give the result of a testimony, uniform and concurrent, borne to the merits of this distinguished individual by all parties with whom he ever was brought in contact.

We now proceed to this pamphlet, and we shall shortly state why we still differ with Sir Herbert Taylor on most of his points; but where we think he has proved anything favourable to the personages in question we shall give him and them the full benefit of the proofs by recording the facts in our own pages. The interests of truth and justice require this, and we cannot possibly have any other to serve.

It is highly characteristic of his manly and honest nature that he begins with expressing those feelings of scorn and disgust with which he, as well as all other right thinking persons, were filled by a perusal of the book that called forth our observations, and gave occasion to our Sketches of Character. But enough of a work now, it is to be hoped, consigned to oblivion as well as contempt. Let us, before we proceed further, only protest against Sir Herbert Taylor's assumption that our portraits were influenced by either 'rancorous' feelings of a personal kind, or motives of 'party hostility' towards any of the Royal persons of whom we were called to treat. There really was not, nor could there be, the least intermixture of such sentiments. Party had nothing at all to do with the matter; the connexion of either George the father or George the son with party is now only matter of history; and they who support the present Ministry are supporting some of those who were the Ministers of both Princes, and others who were, at least, the son's most cherished personal friends. We sought the truth, and the truth only; if we coloured highly, it was because the facts appeared to be darkened by deep shades; if we spoke strongly, it was because our indignation was roused; if we still refuse to lower our tone of reprobation, it is because we think—calmly and deliberately think—that Sir Herbert Taylor has, after his well meant attempt, left the case against them where he found it; and that he himself, if natural feelings of personal friendship did not blind him, would agree with us in viewing their misdeeds as we formerly did, and as, at this hour, we still regard them. The word 'libel,' is repeatedly employed by our author in referring to our pages—and about a word we will not quarrel. But let him be pleased to observe that,

according to this phraseology, many pages in all histories must change their name; that some sound and zealous royalist historians, not excepting Lord Clarendon, must change their names; and that in future we must quote the 'libels,' and not the annals of Tacitus, or even the Decades of Livy. The pain which the historian may give to many friends was never yet reckoned any reason either for not recording recent events, or for suppressing discreditable truths; and our author has not quite shown his accustomed candour when he passes over those passages in our pages which betokened a disposition to commend, where the truth allowed of praise, and even to soften the harsher features of character, by casting the blame rather upon the station than the man. His most cherished friend in the Royal Family was the Duke of York. What writer on the liberal side of the question ever defended that amiable Prince before ourselves? Sir Herbert Taylor should have reflected on this, as well as other parts of our paper, before he pronounced the whole a libel, and ascribed its rancour to the violence of party animosity.

To begin with George the Third.—We stated that his understanding was narrow, and that no culture had enlarged it. Our author cannot deny the latter part of this proposition; and he says that the King admitted and regretted his want of education. But he says that his Majesty afterwards read the history of his own country, which we will venture to say every Prince knows almost by heart; just as the most ignorant country gentlemen are found to know the pedigrees of their own families and even of their neighbours: he added to this, according to our author, the study of the laws and constitution of England; but as it was not till 1805, on his blindness, that their intercourse began, we may be allowed to doubt whether George III. knew more of these subjects than every king must, who attends to the business of his high office; and there is no doubt that his attention to his own business was most unremitting. This ought to have been stated by us, if, indeed, we did not admit it by implication. Sir Herbert Taylor adds, which we believe to be in a sense true, that he possessed 'a knowledge of business in every department, and in all its details, such as perhaps no one man ever possessed.' Possibly he might, if by this is meant the common public departments. This knowledge is not so rare among sovereigns as to make it a great marvel. They come in contact with most departments; and they can always tell very accurately what particular matter belongs to each particular office. They are exceedingly nice in this knowledge; they are very peremptory in exacting attention to it; the kind of knowledge itself, like heraldry and etiquette, in which all Princes are adepts, suits their taste, and appertains to their station; besides, they find protection in requiring an observance

of all the rules that divide power, and keep their Ministers to their several departments. That George III. had any enlarged knowledge of parliamentary learning—that he was at all versed in the constitution or jurisdiction of courts of justice—that he understood the details of banking or of commerce, much less their principles—that he knew any thing of Colonial, and still less of East Indian affairs—or that he had any but the most vague and personal knowledge of the interests of Foreign Courts—we will not believe, unless we see proofs far more exact than our author's general assertion; which, indeed, can only apply to the very limited branch of information first mentioned.

As for the extent of the King's understanding, our author deals in generals, and has really little to say. That he had strong prejudices, to which he obstinately adhered to 'the last,' is admitted; but these related, it seems, 'chiefly to matters of inferior importance, matters of taste and opinion.' There is much in this same word 'chiefly,' however; and, accordingly, it turns out, that our author appears to allow that his prejudices on the trifling subjects of America and Ireland, were unfortunately strong; though he unaccountably would cast some of the former errors upon his Ministers, when it is notorious to all mankind that they were his own. Then, as for his notions of prerogative, and his determination to support it, our author approves of this, as according to his principles he must: we, of course, disapprove.

But then comes the pinch of the question, as regards the amiable or unamiable nature of the man. We distinctly stated that where his prerogative did not interfere, he was amiable and exemplary,—as a husband, and a father, and a friend. We placed him above almost all Princes in this respect. But we added, that where his personal feelings about his prerogative were concerned, all was darkened, and became the reverse of kindly or humane. Among other instances, we gave his dislike of his eldest son. How is this charge met? A general defiance is first given to produce 'any circumstances which can justify our colouring.' We at once accept the challenge thus very fairly given; and as it will not be deemed enough if we refer only to the sanguinary feelings which he perseveringly displayed towards his American subjects, and the violence with which he repeatedly, in letters to his Ministers, which we have now under our eyes, threatened to leave this kingdom, and go to revel in absolute power upon the despotic and paltry throne of his German ancestors, we shall refer to more precise proofs drawn from individual cases. Mr. Fox, during the last year of his life, was this King's Minister, and was only too much disposed to humour his Hanoverian and warlike propensities. Nothing had he ever done to thwart his wishes. The delicate personal subject of the Duke of York's uncontrolled command of the army; the equally

tender point of the Catholic question, had been carefully avoided; and the King had admitted that no Minister, in his own department of foreign affairs, ever gave him more entire satisfaction, both by his capacity, his business-like habits, and the courtesy of his personal intercourse. Yet when he learnt the much-wished for news that this great man had a dropsy, and was incurably stricken with the malady, his exultation was couched in language grounded upon his own personal observation, and such language as we do not care to repeat. But if it be said that hearsay might exaggerate all this, we assert that his own handwriting respecting Lord Chatham remains to convict him of feelings not other than inhuman, where his prejudices, and, above all, his tyrannical propensities, were thwarted. We allude to his contemplating the death, and still more the 'decrepitude' of that illustrious person with manifest satisfaction;—himself having once suffered in early life, under the visitation of Divine Providence, which laid his own faculties, such as they were, prostrate. Let us add, that some friends of the family, and of the monarchy, quite as firmly attached to both as Sir Herbert Taylor, have pronounced the opinion, that a publication of the private correspondence of this revered Monarch, with his Ministers, during the American war, would put the very existence of the Constitution in jeopardy;—so full is it of proofs of a fierce, tyrannical disposition. That correspondence now lies before us.

But as to his hatred of his eldest son, who ever doubted it? Does Sir Herbert Taylor not know the thousand and one anecdotes of this inexhaustible subject, which every one of his courtiers knew by rote? He has defied us to cite these. The defiance is injudicious. What said his Majesty to the lord in waiting, when his Royal Highness made some frivolous excuse for some trivial omission—but which in a tyrannical parent's eye was of course inexpiable? Again we say the defiance is more frank than wise. Our author truly says that we had less access to George III. than himself and many others. Is he quite sure that we have not had access, all but direct, to George IV., and that we could not, without the slightest breach of confidence, give samples, which were indeed meant to be made known, of the treatment received by him from his tender parents? We use the plural, in order to answer by anticipation some also of the remarks upon Queen Charlotte's treatment of her son, whilst he was yet unendowed with power. With that illustrious Princess, too, our author may truly say our intercourse was not like his own. But is he quite sure that we never had access to another Queen's society, the niece and daughter-in-law of that royal pair whom he so well knew, and whom he not always judiciously, though always honestly defends? Is it quite safe in him to fling out his general defiance, without being well as-

sured that we have never seen the letters of both to the late Queen—and that those of George III. betoken, at the least, all we have ever recorded of his affectionate nature towards the heir-apparent of his crown? Here we pause; for he has himself coupled his indiscreet defiance with a very prudent admission, which, in truth, seems to render our further defence superfluous. 'His disapprobation of the Prince's politics, and of many things in the course pursued by his Royal Highness, amounted to dislike.' This is a large admission, regard being had to the party making it; but far ampler if connected with the subject-matter. What signifies the denial which faintly and feebly follows. 'I do not admit that it ever amounted to implacable aversion,' &c. Does Sir Herbert Taylor really know so little of human nature as to believe that a father can dislike a son by halves? Why, the nearer the relation, the more natural the tie, violated or torn asunder, the more impossible is it that either the disruption can be partial, or the pain gentle, or the rankling wound which it leaves only skin deep. So it would be in any case of parent and child. Who ever saw a mother gently hate a daughter, or a father hold in moderate aversion his son? But a king and his son—and his eldest son—his heir-apparent, who treads on his heels living, and must replace him dead—and that son in the hands of the Foxes and Sheridans, set up in opposition to his father King—and that father and King George III.! Really we waste words in showing that, after our author's admitting the existence of marked dislike, all the rest followed of course; unless human nature, and kingly nature, and the nature of King George III. had suffered a change in the one individual passage of his life which related to his son.

Our author takes some pains to refute—what he is wrong if he supposes we meant to assert as a fact—that George III.'s mind was never at any time sound. We only meant to state our very decided opinion, that ever since his first illness in 1788, possibly earlier, there was some mental imperfection, not unconnected with the obscuration of reason, and displayed in an extraordinarily astute and suspicious nature, very unreasonable prejudices, very strong dislikes.

He gives a curious anecdote of the change of Ministry in 1807, which we here quote:—

'When the change of Administration took place in 1807, his Majesty took counsel from himself only in the communications with those with whom he differed; and I am warranted in saying, that there existed not the slightest foundation for the reports which were then spread of advice secretly conveyed, or of influence behind the throne, or of communication, direct or indirect, with his previous Ministers, pending the discussion with "the Talents," or before their removal from the Administration had been established. Nay, on that occasion, he placed in my hands, unopened, a letter addressed to him, before that event was positively fixed,

by one of the leaders of the opposite party, and I have it to this day, with a minute to that effect.

'The loss of sight was borne with exemplary patience and resignation; and neither this nor other trials produced, while his Majesty continued in a sound state of mind, any ebullition of temper or harshness of manner or expression, which could occasion pain or uneasiness to his family and attendants. I declare, that during the whole period of my attendance upon King George III., not one sharp word, not one expression of unkindness or impatience escaped his Majesty; and the change of deportment in this respect conveyed to me, at least, the first intimations of the approach of that calamity, of which I had the misfortune to witness the distressing progress and the melancholy effects.'

We have cheerfully extended this quotation to the part which adds amiable and respectable proof of his good qualities. Let not Sir Herbert Taylor be offended if we remark that he bears no such testimony to the patient, or manly and kindly demeanour of his immediate successor under far lesser calamities. All who attended both him and the good King William, indulged in comparisons very unfavourable to the former, and nothing in these pages negatives this.

Our author is chivalrous in defence of Queen Charlotte. First, as to her understanding, which we had only described as 'of the most ordinary kind;' he says she had 'excellent sense, but not improved by any education.' We are not aware that the two accounts are at all incompatible. 'Her intercourse with many persons of information and talents enabled her to take a fair share in general conversation.' This is very possible, and it is very moderate praise. The 'persons of talents and information' who frequented her or her husband's society are not named, and we believe were not much known to the world. 'Nor did she ever commit herself by what she said. She came to England with many German prejudices, which she does not appear to have entirely shaken off.' In all this we can discover no kind of contradiction to our description of her Majesty, as a person whose society was dull, whose demeanour was stiff, and whose soul was narrow. The rather we seem to stand confirmed by the defence. But he denies her to have been unamiable; first because she was courteous, and obliging to those who attended her, and 'who often expressed surprise that her manners were so good as to cause one to forget that her figure was otherwise than graceful.' We said nothing against her being courteous in demeanour; but a person may be very courteous, and very disagreeable, and very unamiable. He denies the stiffness of her demeanour, but says she adhered strictly to etiquette, and 'checked the approach to any thing like familiarity of manners, or too great freedom of conversation.' She was kind and considerate to her attendants and her servants; and in this excellent quality we venture to say she resembled the whole of the Royal Family. They are all exemplary in this particular, without any

exception. That the Court was quite as dull as we had painted it, our author seems very frankly to admit; and he adds, that though some relaxation of the uniform routine would 'have been agreeable and reasonable, this uniformity had become habitually imperative, a sort of second nature.'

He now comes to more essential matter; and he peremptorily denies that she was spiteful, or unforgiving, or designing, or prone to mingle in intrigue, or of boundless pride; and will only allow her to have been 'of a suspicious nature, not readily giving her confidence, or recalling it when once, after due experience, she had conferred it.' Now this is not sufficiently specific by a very great deal. When we alluded to her conduct, it was with reference to well-known passages of her own, and her son's history. She took his father's part against him till he became Regent; and then she took his part against his wife. That she was a person 'who abstained from all political intrigue and from all interference with the public measures,' our author mentions as 'a circumstance to her Majesty's credit, and which on that account we omitted.' Now, will he permit us to give one other reason? We omitted it as we did the statement that she never ordered her carriage and went down to command the troops, or to make royal speeches to both Houses of Parliament. What! The wife of George III., who being in love with a most beautiful woman, was, against his will, hustled into doing the only act of his life he ever did against that will,—namely, marrying her at an hour's notice,—this wife, or any wife of George III., intrigue and interfere with public measures or in any official arrangements! Why George III. took good care of that. Had he caught her at any such tricks, he would probably have sent her off to Hanover, if he did not treat her as his great-grandfather had done his Queen, for intrigues of another description.\* But there was, it seems, one exception. When? As might be expected, when George III. could not interfere. Our author admits that in 1789 'she departed from her rule'—of not intriguing and meddling with official arrangements. Why to be sure she did; and it was precisely that very departure, or rather that act of intriguing, on the only occasion when she had the power to intrigue, which we had in our eye. Mark the expression we cautiously used. 'She *could* mingle in the intrigues of a Court as well as feel its malignities.' Our author's defence of her conduct in 1788-9 is, that she had a personal interest in the matter: 'but,' says he, 'she may be said to have been personally concerned and deeply interested in the issue.' Who ever does 'mingle in the intrigues of a Court' for any other reason?

\* That is, he built her into the wall, where her body was afterwards found in the form of a skeleton; but probably she was put to death before being immured.

Nothing, however, can be more unsatisfactory than the defence made against our principal charge,—that of joining her son in the disgraceful persecution of his wife, her niece and daughter-in-law, whom her husband had ever as fondly cherished as he had sternly frowned upon her oppressor. When the facts are notorious, and when they were plainly and precisely stated by us, what is the use of such vague defences as this? 'The Queen never was the tool or the slave of the Prince, nor was it in her nature to become that of any one, under any circumstances.' He had in the very same paragraph told us, that on the King's account she had 'been led to cling to him in the differences between his Majesty and the Prince, though she was partial to His Royal Highness;' and that 'his visits to her at Windsor Castle were embarrassing to her on account of the King's disinclination to encourage them.' Here, by the way, we have, perhaps inadvertently, certainly candidly, a distinct enough admission of the King's hatred of his son,—for this is the very picture of a tyrannical husband and unnatural father, refusing a fond mother the solace of her son's company even for an occasional visit. But at least it negatives the notion of the Queen's nature precluding all subserviency 'to any one.' That, however, is not all. We again refer our author back to the fact as we stated it in plain terms, in the Paper\* which he has undertaken to answer; and we ask, has he the means of contradicting what every man who was alive in 1814 knows to be true? If true, all we said against this Queen, and more, is proved. She knew the tender love of her husband for their daughter-in-law; and further, she knew that were he in his senses, she durst no more have held a Court and excluded the Princess of Wales, than she durst have ordered the Channel Fleet to sail into Brest harbour; she knew that the King, her husband, who had ever treated her with the fondest affection, and whose whole married life was a pattern of conjugal fidelity, abhorred nothing in his son's private conduct so much as his maltreatment of the Princess; she knew that this aged monarch was suffering under a severe visitation of Providence, likely to terminate only with his days; and she therefore takes the opportunity of joining the son against father, husband, and wife; having always before joined the King against the son, when the son was weak and the King strong; and she gratified this son's unnatural hatred of the wife whom he had so scandalously ill-used, by refusing to receive her at a Court which she held upon a great public occasion, that rendered the outrage a thousand times the more galling.† We think the mob itself, of whose intellectual qualities our author has so poor an opinion, formed a far more ac-

\* See Museum, Page 323, Vol. V. new series.

† The foreign sovereigns, being in London after the termination of the war.



curate estimate of her Majesty than he has himself done. Their indignation broke through all bounds of decorum; and in this, especially towards an elderly lady, we are as far from vindicating them as our author; but we heartily partake in the feelings which prompted them, although we reprobate the outrage in which these feelings ended.

One charge adverted to by us, but very commonly brought against this Princess, is positively denied by our author; and much more specifically, and therefore more successfully than any of the other matters of which he treats;—we allude to parsimony and avarice. We had supposed the universally circulated statements of presents and contributions, diamonds and ornaments, and refusals to pay writing-masters' accounts, and defending actions and pleading the statute of limitations, till the matter was referred to arbitration, had been substantially well founded. It is very possible that they may not; and in that case injustice has been done to Queen Charlotte's memory; but it has been done by the world at large full as much as by us. He positively states that no charge can be more groundless; admitting candidly that it does not originate with us. 'I speak,' he says, 'from knowledge of fact, her Majesty's receipts and disbursements having, for some years, passed through my hands. Avarice and parsimony, combined with a large income enjoyed during many years, would naturally produce hoards of treasure and accumulation of property; but it was shown by her Majesty's executors, Lord Arden and myself, that there had been scarcely any saving. It was also stated that her Majesty's private bounties and charities had been extensive; care was taken by us that justice should be done to her Majesty's memory in this respect, and that the public should be undeceived.' We never had heard of the vindication; and of the charities, here affirmed to be so numerous, we also never had heard. But it is just that the important testimony of our author should be here recorded in refutation of the charge. It is to be observed that the existence of the charities is matter of supposition only. But the fact of no money having been accumulated is very material. We assume also, though it is not stated, that none was ever sent over to Germany.

We now have little more to do; for the main attack in our Paper was directed against George IV., all the remarks on his parents being compressed within the limits of less than two pages out of eighty. Our author finds an extenuation of the son's conduct somewhat harder work than the defence of the parents. Accordingly, there is not even an attempt at denial,—even the most faint denial,—of the charges which we had preferred, and which, indeed, stand recorded in the recent pages of our history.

We must remark, however, that our author is not justified in saying that we did not allow 'him so much

as the shade of one redeeming feature.\* Now, on the contrary, we deliberately think that our defence, or rather palliation, is far more effectual than Sir Herbert Taylor's. We said in terms that George IV. was originally not deficient in any of the good, nor in almost any of the great qualities of human character,—that his 'temper was naturally neither sour nor revengeful,'—'that his abilities were far above mediocrity,'—'that he was quick, lively, gifted with a retentive memory, and even a ready wit.' Why, how much allowance would our author have of 'redeeming qualities' for any prince? Yet that was not all: 'he was endowed with an exquisite ear for music, and a justness of eye that fitted him to attain refined taste in the arts; possessed of a nice sense of the ludicrous,' and much more, ending in a fine person, and manners suited to his exalted station—two praises which we knew him well enough to be quite sure he would himself have most highly valued. Then all, or nearly all, his faults are ascribed to his station, and the corrupting influence which it exerts upon its royal victims. We must cite the passage, because it at once relieves us from all suspicion of partiality, and is in fact a much better defence than Sir H. Taylor has made for his client.

'Let it not be supposed, that in sketching the characters of George IV. and his Queen, we have yielded to the feelings of party violence, and while we excused the errors of the injured party, exaggerated the offences of the wrongdoer. The portrait which we have painted of him is undoubtedly one of the darkest shade, and most repulsive form. But the faults which gross injustice alone could pass over without severe reprobation, we have ascribed to their true cause,—the corrupting influence of a courtly education, and habits of unbounded self-indulgence upon a nature originally good; and although the sacred rules of morality forbid us to exonerate from censure even the admitted victim of circumstances so unfriendly to virtue, charity, as well as candour, permit us to add, that those circumstances should bear a far larger share of the reprehension than the individual, who may well claim our pity, while he incurs our censure.'

We do not of course repeat our catalogue in detail of the defects which blacken this character. But what has our author, who vainly complains of our severity, to urge against our statement? He enters into a long and really unnecessary vindication of the Prince for his alarm at the dangers to which the French Revolution exposed his order; and gives his own opinion that

\* So he says, in p. 27, though he afterwards refers to us as allowing a good many of the things we here cite. How does he get rid of this? By saying that we seem to concede them in order to add to the deformity of the character! Be it so; still it is a complete refutation of his former assertion, that *no redeeming quality* was allowed by us. Sir H. Taylor mentions a circumstance wholly new to us, and which we think must be erroneously given. He says, [p. 30.] that George IV.'s 'mind was usefully applied to the cultivation of literature and science at late periods of his life.' Really he should have fortified this somewhat novel statement by mentioning what branches of either he cultivated. Why not state the books of science which he read?



France has gained but little by that great event—an opinion which no man can hold for a moment, who reads such works as Paul Courier's, or Mirabeau's *Memoirs*,—the one showing the manners of the peasantry, the other the manners and slavery of the upper ranks under the old régime. All this, however, is really beside the question. Our author admits 'much useless and extravagant expenditure;' but it was coupled, he says, with 'munificent patronage of literature, science, and the arts.' If so, he has only to show what order the Prince of Wales ever gave for a marble, or a picture, or for the aid of a man of science or letters, during the whole period of his extravagance, and while his debts were accumulating for the people to pay. That he gave many sums in relief of persons applying to him, our author asserts from his own knowledge; and that his charities had no reference to party connexion, is an addition which does the Prince credit. We presume this statement refers to his Regency. 'With all his failings, he was,' it seems, 'kind-hearted; disposed to do justice to faithful servants, and had the gift beyond most men of attaching them to his person.' Now, this is literally all. No other defence or palliation whatever is urged for a prince against whom such heavy charges had been brought. All that we alleged respecting his seduction of Mrs. Fitzherbert with the false semblance of a marriage which he knew to be illegal and void—of his running the imminent risk of forfeiting his crown by that act; nay, of his having actually incurred the forfeiture, according to some of the soundest lawyers in the country—all that we stated of his denying, through his political friends in Parliament, the existence of any marriage—of his afterwards marrying his cousin in order to have his debts paid and his income increased—of his living in open adultery with others in the same house in which his bride lived—of his joining with those persons in every insult that could be put upon a woman—of his turning her soon after out of doors—of his keeping spies on her conduct—of his tormenting her with a secret trial behind her back—of his depriving her of her only child's society, and so treating her as to drive her abroad—of his then again hiring spies to blast her character—forcing his Ministers to bring forward a bill of Pains and Penalties—compelling them to persist in it till the foul mass of perjured evidence fermented and exploded, and the conspiracy perished in the rankness of the soil it was hatched in—of his afterwards refusing the common benefits of acquittal to her whom he had vainly tried to destroy by a trial—of his unmanly treatment of this persecuted woman, continued till it terminated her days—and of his finally holding his rejoicings in Ireland whilst her insulted corpse was hurried, at the speed of four horses, through England, towards the grave of her native country, where alone she was fated ever to

know rest since she had been drawn from thence, a victim to the conspiracy of princely avarice and profligacy—all this we stated distinctly, and all this our author, in his capacity of Defender of the Royal Family, passes over without one word of remark, or denial, or extenuation. Then, we have a right to ask why he thinks himself entitled to charge us with having shown 'party hostility and soreness' in our description of a character which he must himself be taken to admit was marked by such shades as these? When such outrages upon all honourable principle, all manly feeling, all the maxims of common fairness and justice, are to be recorded by the historian, surely it is strange to suppose that party or personal feeling can be the cause of any degree of indignant reprobation which he may express. It is the eternal and immutable principles of truth and right which alone are required to stigmatize such detestable and such despicable conduct as it deserves. We have recurred to the charges here, and not unnecessarily. We do so to remind our author, and our readers, that they are all unanswered, nay, all undenied. We hold them up once more in the face of the country, that no courtly parasite may presume to go about whispering that Sir Herbert Taylor has refuted the Edinburgh Review; and to prove, that he has only attempted to answer some of the things said by us of the two Parents; without even a formal denial, or mere plea of not guilty, to any one of the far heavier accusations explicitly brought against the Son. We also hold up this deformed portrait as a warning to Princes and Princesses how they venture either to violate the public duty of their station, or those private duties which the pre-eminence of their rank, far from dispensing them from discharging, only imposes tenfold obligations to perform—and in order to remind them that the day must come to them all when the tongue of the flatterer is still, and the ear of the world can no longer be abused by courtly defences, and the voice of the people in scorn of princely baseness can no more be stifled—the day of stern justice to all who betray the imperative duties of their exalted station.

We shall now continue our sketches of the Statesmen and Orators that flourished in the times of the last two Georges, upon whose characters we have been commenting.

Of Mr. Burke's genius as a writer and an orator, we have on a former occasion spoken at great, though not needless length;\* and it would not have been necessary again to take up the subject, but for a sketch of a very different kind lately drawn by another hand, from which a more accurate resemblance

\* See No. XCH. for October, 1827. [Museum, February, 1828.]

might have been expected. That Mr. Burke, with extraordinary powers of mind, cultivated to a wonderful degree, was a person of eccentric nature; that he was one mixture of incongruous extremes; that his opinions were always found to be on the outermost verge of those which could be held upon any question; that he was wholly wild and impracticable in his views; that he knew not what moderation or modification was in any doctrine which he advanced; but was utterly extravagant in whatever judgment he formed, and whatever sentiment he expressed;—such was the representation to which we have alluded, and which, considering the distinguished quarter from which it proceeded, seems to justify some farther remark. We are no followers of Mr. Burke's political principles, and are no indiscriminate admirers of his course as a statesman;—the capacity in which he the least shone, especially during the few latter and broken years of his illustrious, checkered, and care-worn life. But with the exception of his writings upon the French Revolution—an exception itself to be qualified and restricted—it would be difficult to find any statesman of any age, whose opinions were more habitually marked by moderation; by a constant regard to the results of actual experience, as well as the dictates of an enlarged reason; by a fixed determination always to be practical, at the time he was giving scope to the most extensive general views; by a cautious and prudent abstinence from all extremes, and especially from those towards which the general complexion of his political principles tending, he felt the more necessity for being on his guard against the seduction. This was the distinguishing feature of his policy through life. A brilliant fancy and rich learning did not more characterize his discourse, than this moderation did his counsels. Imagination did not more inspire, or deep reflection inform his eloquence, than a wise spirit of compromise between theory and practice,—between all opposing extremes,—governed his choice of measures. This was by the extremes of both parties, but more especially of his own, greatly complained of; they could not always comprehend it, and they could never relish it; because their own understanding and information reached it not; and the selfish views of their meaner nature were thwarted by it. In his speeches, by the length at which he dwelt on topics, and the vehemence of his expressions, he was often deficient in judgment. But in the formation of his opinions, no such defect could be perceived; he well and warily propounded all practical considerations; and although he viewed many subjects in different lights at the earlier and the latter periods of his time, and is thus often quoted for opposite purposes by reasoners on different sides of the great political controversy, he himself never indulged in wild or thoughtless extremes. He brought this spirit of moderation into public affairs with him; and if

we except the very end of his life, when he had ceased to live much in public, it stuck by him to the last. 'I pitched my Whiggism low,' said he, 'that I might keep by it.' With his own followers his influence was supreme; and over such men as Dr. Lawrence, Mr. W. Elliott, and the late Lord Minto, to say nothing of the Ellises, the Freres, and the Cannings, no man of immoderate and extreme opinions ever could have retained this sway. Mr. Wilberforce compares their deference for him with the treatment of Ahitophel. 'It was as if one meant to enquire of the oracle of the Lord.\*' Hear again the words of one who knew him well, for he had studied him much, and had been engaged in strenuous controversy against him. Speaking of the effects produced by his strong opinions respecting French affairs, Sir James Mackintosh, as justly as profoundly observed to Mr. Horner—'So great is the effect of a single inconsistency with the whole course of a long and wise political life, that the greatest philosopher in practice whom the world ever saw, passes with the superficial vulgar for a hot 'brained enthusiast.' Sir James Mackintosh never dreamt that all the temperate wisdom of the orations upon American affairs—all the profound and practical discretion which breathes over each page of the discussion upon 'Public Discontents'—all the truly enlarged principles of retrenchment, but tempered with the soundest and most rational views of each proposition's bearing upon the whole frame of our complicated constitution, which has made the celebrated speech upon 'Economic Reform' the manual of every moderate and constitutional reformer—all the careful regard for facts, as well as abstract principles, the nice weighing of opposite arguments, the acute perception of practical consequences, which presided over his whole opinions upon commercial policy, especially on the questions connected with Scarcity and the Corn Laws—all the mingled firmness, humanity, soundness of practical judgment, and enlargement of speculative views, which governed his opinions upon the execution of the Criminal Law—all the spirit of reform and toleration, tempered with cautious circumspection of surrounding connexions, and provident foresight of possible consequences which marked and moved his wise and liberal advice upon the affairs of the Irish Hierarchy—that all would have been forgotten in the perusal of a few violent invectives, or exaggerated sentiments, called forth by the horrors of the French Revolution;—which as his unrivalled sagacity had foreseen them, when the rest of his party, intoxicated with the victory over despotism, could not even look towards any consequences at all; so he not very unnaturally regarded as the end and consummation of that mighty event,—mistaking the turbulence by which the tem-

\* Life of Wilberforce, vol. ii. p. 211.

pest and the flood were to clear the stream, for the perennial defilement of its waters.

Nor must it after all be set down to the account of a heated imagination, and an unsound judgment, that even upon the French Revolution he betrayed so much violence in his language, and carried his opinions to a length which all men now deem extravagant; or that he at one time was so misled by the appearances of the hour as to dread the effacing of France from the map of Europe. We are now filling the safe and easy chair of him who judges after the event, and appeals to things as certainly known, which the veil of futurity concealed from them that went before. Every one must allow that the change which shook France to her centre, and fixed the gaze of mankind, was an event of prodigious magnitude; and that he who was called to form an opinion upon its import, and to foretell its consequences, and to shape his councils upon the conduct to be pursued regarding it, was placed in circumstances wholly new; and had to grope his way without any light whatever from the experience of past times. Mr. Burke could only see mischief in it, view it on whatever side, or from whatever point he would; and he regarded the consequences as pregnant with danger to all other countries, as well as to the one which he saw laid waste, or about to be devastated by its progress. That for a time he saw right, no one now can affect to deny. When all else in this country could foresee nothing but good to France, from the great improvement so suddenly wrought in her institutions, he plainly told them that what they were pleased with viewing as the lambent flame of a firework, was the glare of a volcanic explosion which would cover France and Europe with the ruins of all their institutions, and fill the air with Cimmerian darkness, through the confusion of which neither the useful light of day, nor the cheering prospect of Heaven could be descried. The suddenness of the improvement which delighted all else, to his sagacious and far-sighted eye, aided, doubtless, by the reflecting glass of past experience, and strengthened by the wisdom of other days in which it had been steeped, presented the very cause of distrust, and foreboding, and alarm. It was *because* his habit of mind was cautious and calculating,—not easily led away by a fair outside, not apt to run into extremes, given to sober reflection, and fond of correcting, by practical views, and by the lessons of actual observation, the plausible suggestions of theory,—that he beheld, with doubt and apprehension, Governments pulled down and set up in a day—Constitutions, the slow work of centuries, taken to pieces and re-constructed like an eight-day clock. He is not without materials, were he to retort the charge of easily running into extremes, and knowing not where to stop, upon those who were instantly fascinated with the work of 1789, and could not look

forward to the consequences of letting loose four-and-twenty millions of people, from the control under which ages of submission to arbitrary rule, and total disuse of civil rights had kept them. *They* are assuredly without the means of demonstrating *his* want of reflection and foresight. For nearly the whole period during which he survived the commencement of the Revolution,—for five of those seven years,—all his predictions, save one momentary expression, had been more than fulfilled: anarchy and bloodshed had borne sway in France; conquest and convulsion had desolated Europe; and even when he closed his eyes upon earthly prospects, he left this portentous matter ‘with fear of change perplexing monarchs.’ The providence of mortals is not often able to penetrate so far as this into futurity. Nor can he whose mind was filled with such well-grounded alarms be justly impeached of violence, and held up as unsoundly given to extremes of opinion, if he should betray an invincible repugnance to sudden revolutions in the system of policy by which nations are governed, and an earnest desire to see the restoration of the old state of things in France, as the harbinger of repose for the rest of the world.

That Mr. Burke did, however, err, and err widely in the estimate which he formed of the merits of a Restored Government, no one can now doubt. His mistake was in comparing the old *régime* with the anarchy of the Revolution; to which not only the monarchy of France but the despotism of Turkey was preferable. He never could get rid of the belief that because the change had been effected with a violence which produced, and inevitably produced the consequences foreseen by himself, and by him alone, therefore the tree so planted must for ever prove incapable of bearing good fruit. He forgot that after the violence, in its nature temporary, should subside, it might be both quite impossible to restore the old monarchy, and very possible to form a new, and orderly, and profitable government upon the ruins of the Republic. Above all, he had seen so much present mischief wrought to France during the convulsive struggle which was not over before his death, that he could not persuade himself of any possible good arising to her from the mighty change she had undergone. All this we now see clearly enough; having survived Mr. Burke forty years, and witnessed events which the hardiest dealers in prophecies assuredly could never have ventured to foretell. But we who were so blind to the early consequences of the Revolution, and who really did suffer ourselves to be carried away by extreme opinions, deaf to all Mr. Burke’s warnings,—we surely have little right to charge him with blind violence, unreflecting devotion to his fancy, and a disposition to run into extremes. At one time they who opposed his views were by many, perhaps by the majority of men, accused

of this propensity. After the events in France had begun to affright the people in this country—when Mr. Burke's opinions were found to have been well-grounded, the friends of liberty would not give up their fond belief that all must soon come right. At that time we find Dean Milner writing to Mr. Wilberforce from Cambridge, that 'Mr Fox's old friends there all gave him up, and most of them said he was mad.\*' The glory of this great man's career, however, was the American war, during which he led the Opposition in the House of Commons; until, having formed a successor still more renowned than himself, he was succeeded rather than superseded in the command of that illustrious and victorious band of the champions of freedom. This disciple, as he was proud to acknowledge himself, was Charles James Fox, one of the greatest statesmen, and if not the greatest orator, certainly the most accomplished debater, that ever appeared upon the theatre of public affairs in any age of the world. To the profuse, the various learning of his master,—to his exuberant fancy, to his profound and mature philosophy, he had no pretensions. His knowledge was confined to the ordinary accomplishments of an English education;—intimate acquaintance with the classics; the exquisite taste which that familiarity bestows; and a sufficient knowledge of history. These stores he afterwards increased rather than diminished; for he continued to delight in classical reading; and added a minute and profound knowledge of modern languages, with a deep and accurate study of our own history, and the history of other modern States; inasmuch, that it may be questioned, if any politician in any age ever knew so thoroughly the various interests, and the exact position of all the countries with which his own had dealings to conduct, or relations to maintain. Beyond these solid foundations of oratory, and ample stores of political information, his range did not extend. Of natural science, of metaphysical philosophy, of political economy, he had not even the rudiments; and he was apt to treat those matters with the neglect, if not the contempt, which ignorance can rather account for than excuse. He had come far too early into public life to be well-grounded in a statesman's philosophy—like his great rival, and indeed like most aristocratic politicians, who were described as 'rocked and dandled into legislators' by time,† himself exempt from this defective education—

\* *Life of Wilberforce*, II. p. 3.—This was written early in the year 1793, when almost all men thought Mr. Burke both moderate and right. There is scarce one of his (Mr. Fox's) old friends here at Cambridge who is not disposed to give him up, and most say he is mad. I think of him much as I always did; I still doubt whether he has bad principles, but I think it pretty plain he has none; and I suppose he is ready for whatever turns up. See, too, Lord Wellesley's justly celebrated speech, two years later, on French affairs. It is republished in Mr. Martin's edition of that great statesman's Despatches.

† Namely, Mr. Burke.

and his becoming a warm partisan at the same early age, also laid the foundation of another defect, the making party principle the only rule of conduct, and viewing every truth of political science through this distorting and discolouring medium. But if such were the defects of his education, the mighty powers of his nature often overcame them,—always threw them into the shade. A preternatural quickness of apprehension, which enabled him to see at a glance what cost other minds the labour of an investigation, made all attainments of an ordinary kind so easy, that it perhaps disinclined him to those which, not even his acuteness and strength of mind, could master without the pain of study. But he was sure as well as quick; and where the heat of passion or the prejudice of party, or certain little peculiarities of a personal kind,—certain mental idiosyncracies in which he indulged, and which produced capricious fancies or crotchets,—left his faculties unclouded and unstunted, no man's judgment was more sound, or could more safely be trusted. Then, his feelings were warm and kindly; his temper was sweet though vehement;—like that of all the Fox family, his nature was generous, open, manly; above every thing like dissimulation or duplicity; governed by the impulses of a great and benevolent soul. This virtue, so much beyond all intellectual graces, yet bestowed its accustomed influence upon the faculties of his understanding, and gave them a reach of enlargement to which meaner natures are ever strangers. It was not more certain that such a mind as his should be friendly to religious toleration, eager for the assertion of civil liberty, the uncompromising enemy of craft and cruelty in all their forms,—from the corruption of the Treasury and the severity of the penal code, up to the oppression of American colonies and the African slave traffic,—than that it should be enlarged and strengthened, made powerful in its grasp, and consistent in its purpose, by the same admirable and amiable qualities which bent it always towards the right pursuit.

The great intellectual gifts of Mr. Fox's mind, the robust structure of his faculties, naturally governed his oratory, made him singularly affect argument, and led him to a close grappling with every subject,—despising all flights of imagination, and shunning every thing collateral or discursive. This turn of mind, too, made him always careless of ornament, often negligent of accurate diction. There never was a greater mistake, as we lately had occasion to remark,\* than the fancying a close resemblance between his eloquence and that of Demosthenes; although an excellent judge (Sir James Mackintosh) fell into it, when he pronounced him 'the most Demosthenean speaker since Demosthenes.' That he resembled his immortal predecessor in de-

\* See Article on Lord Chatham in last Number. [September number of Museum.]



spising all useless ornament, and all declamation for declamation's sake, is true enough; but it applies to every good speaker as well as to those two signal ornaments of ancient and modern rhetoric. That he resembled him in keeping more close to the subject in hand, than many good, and even great speakers have often done, may also be affirmed; yet this is far too vague and remote a likeness to justify the proposition in question; and it is only a difference in degree, and not a specific distinction between him and others. That his eloquence was fervid, rapid, copious,—carrying alongst with it the minds of the audience, nor suffering them to dwell upon the speaker or the speech, but engrossing their whole attention to the question, is equally certain; and is the only real resemblance which the comparison affords. But then the points of difference are as numerous as they are important, and they strike indeed upon the most cursory glance. The one was full of repetitions, recurring again and again to the same topic, nay to the same view of it, till he made his impression complete; the other never came back upon a ground which he had utterly wasted and withered up by the tide of fire he had rolled alongst it. The one dwelt at length, and with many words on his topics; the other performed the whole at a blow, sometimes with a word, always with the smallest number of words possible. The one frequently was digressive, even narrative and copious in illustration; in the other no deviation from his course was ever to be perceived; no disporting on the borders of his way, more than any lingering over it; but carried rapidly forward, and without swerving to the right or to the left, like the engines flying along a railway, and like them driving every thing off out of sight that obstructed his resistless course. In diction as well as in thought the contrast was as remarkable. It is singular that any one should have thought of likening Mr. Fox to the orator of whom the great Roman critic, comparing him with Cicero, has said so well and so judiciously—*In illo plus curæ, in hoc plus naturæ*. The Greek was, of all speakers, the one who most carefully prepared each sentence; showing himself as sedulous in the collocation of his words as in the selection. His composition, accordingly, is a model of the most artificial workmanship; yet of an art so happy in its results that itself is wholly concealed. The Englishman was negligent, careless, slovenly beyond most speakers; even his most brilliant passages were the inspirations of the moment; and he frequently spoke for half an hour at a time, sometimes delivered whole speeches, without being fluent for five minutes, or, excepting in a few sound and sensible remarks which were interspersed, rewarding the hearer with a single redeeming passage. Indeed, to the last, he never possessed, unless when much animated, any fluency; and probably despised it, as he well might, if he only regarded its effects in making men

neglect more essential qualities,—when the curse of being *fluent speakers*, and nothing else, has fallen on them and on their audience. Nevertheless, that fluency—the being able easily to express his thoughts in correct words—is as essential to a speaker as drawing to a painter. This we cannot doubt, any more than we can refuse our assent to the proposition, that though merely giving pleasure is no part of an orator's duty, yet he has no vocation to give his audience pain;—which any one must feel who listens to a speaker delivering himself with difficulty and hesitation. The practice of composition seems never to have been familiar to Mr. Fox. His speeches show this; perhaps his writings still more so; because there, the animation of the momentary excitement which often carried him on in speaking had little or no play. One of his worst speeches, if not his worst, is that upon Francis Duke of Bedford; and it is known to be almost the only one he ever much prepared, and the only one he ever corrected for the press. His 'History' too, shows the same want of expertness in composition. The style is pure and correct; but cold and lifeless; it is even somewhat abrupt and discontinuous; so little does it flow naturally or with ease. Yet, when writing letters without any effort, no one expressed himself more happily or with more graceful facility; and in conversation, of which he only partook when the society was small and intimate, he was a model of every excellence, whether solid or gay, plain or refined—full of information, witty and playful betimes, never ill-natured for a moment;—above all, never afraid of an argument, as so many eminent men are wont to be; but, on the contrary, courting discussion on all subjects, perhaps without much regard to their relative importance; as if reasoning were his natural element, in which his great faculties moved the more freely. An admirable judge, but himself addicted to reasoning upon general principles, the late Mr. Dumont, used to express his surprise at the love of minute discussion, of argumentation upon trifling subjects, which this great man often showed. But the cause was clear; argument he must have; and as his studies, except upon historical and classical points, had been extremely confined, when matters of a political or critical cast were not on the carpet, he took whatever ordinary matter came uppermost, and made it the subject of discussion. To this circumstance may be added his playful good-nature; which partook, as Mr. Gibbon observed, of the simplicity of a child;—making him little fastidious and easily interested and amused.

Having premised all these qualifications, we must now add, that Mr. Fox's eloquence was of a kind which, to comprehend, you must have heard himself. When he got fairly into his subject, was heartily warmed with it, he poured forth words and periods of fire that smote you, and deprived you of all power to



reflect and rescue yourself, while he went on to seize the faculties of the listener, and carry them captive along with him whithersoever he pleased to rush. It is ridiculous to doubt that he was a far closer reasoner, a much more argumentative speaker than Demosthenes; as much more so as Demosthenes would perhaps have been than Fox had he lived in our times, and had to address an English House of Commons. For it is the kindred mistake of those who fancy that the two were like each other, to imagine that the Grecian's orations are long chains of ratiocination, like Sir William Grant's arguments, or Euclid's demonstrations. They are close to the point; they are full of impressive allusions; they abound in expositions of the adversary's inconsistency; they are loaded with bitter invective; they never lose sight of the subject; and they never quit hold of the hearer by the striking appeals they make to his strongest feelings and his favourite recollections: to the heart, or to the quick and immediate sense of inconsistency, they are always addressed, and find their way thither by the shortest and surest road; but to the head, to the calm and sober judgment, as pieces of argumentation, they assuredly are not addressed. But Mr. Fox, as he went along, and exposed absurdity, and made inconsistent arguments clash, and laid bare shuffling, or hypocrisy, and showered down upon meanness, or upon cruelty, or upon oppression, a pitiless storm of the most fierce invective, was ever forging also the long, and compacted, and massive chain of pure demonstration.

Ἐν δ' οὖν ἀκροβότῃ μὲν ἄκματα, κίπτεται δὲ σμύμῃ  
Ἀρρακτοῖς, ἀλυτοῖς, ὅρ' ἐμπεδὸν αὖτις μένουσιν.

(Od. 9.)

There was no weapon of argument which this great orator more happily or more frequently wielded than wit,—the wit which exposes to ridicule the absurdity or inconsistency of an adverse argument. It has been said of him, we believe by Mr. Frere,\* that he was the wittiest speaker of his times; and they were the times of Sheridan and of Windham. This was Mr. Canning's opinion, and it was also Mr. Pitt's. There was nothing more awful in Mr. Pitt's sarcasm, nothing so vexatious in Mr. Canning's light and galling railery, as the battering and piercing wit, with which Mr. Fox so often interrupted, but always supported, the heavy artillery of his argumentative declamation.

Nonne fuit satius, tristes Amaryllidis iras,  
Atque superba pati fastidia? Nonne, Menalcan?

In debate, he had that ready discernment of an adversary's weakness, and the advantage to be taken of it, which is, in the war of words, what the *coup d'œil* of a practised general is in the field. He was ever best in reply; his opening speeches were almost always unsuccessful; the one in 1805 upon the Catho-

lic Question was a great exception; and the previous meditation upon it, after having heard Lord Grenville's able opening of the same question in the House of Lords, gave him much anxiety; he was exceedingly nervous, to use the common expression. It was a noble performance, instinct with sound principle; full of broad and striking views of policy; abounding in magnanimous appeals to justice; and bold assertions of right; in one passage touching and pathetic,—the description of a Catholic Soldier's feelings on reviewing some field where he had shared the dangers of the fight, yet repined to think he could never taste the glories of command. His greatest Speeches were those in 1791 on the Russian armament, on Parliamentary reform in 1797, and on the renewal of the war in 1803. The last he himself preferred to all the others; and it had the disadvantage, if it be not, however, in another sense, the advantage,\* of coming after the finest speech, excepting that on the slave trade, ever delivered by his great antagonist. But there are passages in the earlier speeches—particularly the fierce attack upon Lord Auckland in the Russian speech,—and the instructive summary of our failings and our misgovernment in the Reform speech, which it would be hard to match even in the speech of 1803. But for the inferiority of the subject, the speech upon the Westminster Scrutiny in 1784 might perhaps be justly placed at the head of them all. The surpassing interest of the question to the speaker himself—the thorough knowledge of all its details by his audience, which made it sufficient to allude to matters and not to state them†—the undeniably strong grounds of attack which he had against his adversary—all conspire to make this great oration as animated and energetic throughout, as it is perfectly felicitous both in the choice of topics and the handling of them. A fortunate cry of 'order,' which he early raised in the very exordium, by affirming that 'far from expecting any indulgence, he could scarcely hope for bare justice from the House,' gave him occasion for dwelling on this topic, and pressing it home with additional illustration; till the redoubled blows and repeated bursts of extemporaneous declamation almost overpowered the audience, while they wholly bore down all further interruption. A similar effect is said to have been produced by Mr. (now Lord) Plunkett, in the Irish House of Commons, upon some one calling out to take down his words.—'Stop,' said this consummate orator, 'and you shall have something more to take down;' and then followed in a torrent, the most vehement and indignant de-

\* To a great speaker, it is always an advantage to follow a powerful adversary. The audience is prepared for attention, nay, even feels a craving for some answer.

† This is one main cause of the conciseness and rapidity of the Greek orations; they were all on a few simple topics thoroughly known to the whole audience. Much of their difficulty comes also from this source.

\* See *Quarterly Review* for October, 1810.

scription of the wrongs which his country had sustained, and had still to endure.

In most of the external qualities of oratory, Mr. Fox was certainly deficient, being of an unwieldy person, without any grace of action, with a voice of little compass, and which when pressed in the vehemence of his speech, became shrill almost to a cry or squeak; yet all this was absolutely forgotten in the moment when the torrent began to pour. Some of the under tones of his voice were peculiarly sweet; and there was even in the shrill and piercing sounds which he uttered when at the more exalted pitch, a power that thrilled the heart of the hearer. His pronunciation of our language was singularly beautiful, and his use of it pure and chaste to severity. As he rejected, from the correctness of his taste, all vicious ornaments, and was most sparing, indeed, in the use of figures at all; so in his choice of words, he justly shunned foreign idiom, or words borrowed, whether from the ancient or modern languages; and affected the pure Saxon tongue, the resources of which are unknown to so many who use it, both in writing and in speaking.

If from the orator we turn to the man, we shall find much more to blame and to lament, whether his private character be regarded or his public; but for the defects of the former, there are excuses to be offered, almost sufficient to remove the censure, and leave the feeling of regret entire and alone. The foolish indulgence of a father, from whom he inherited his talents certainly, but little principle, put him, while yet a boy, in the possession of pecuniary resources which cannot safely be trusted to more advanced stages of youth; and the dissipated habits of the times drew him, before the age of manhood, into the whirlpool of fashionable excess. In the comparatively correct age in which our lot is cast, it would be almost as unjust to apply our more severe standard to him and his associates, as it would have been for the Ludlows and Hutchinsons of the seventeenth century, in writing a history of the Roman empire, to denounce the immoralities of Julius Cæsar. Nor let it be forgotten, that the noble heart and sweet disposition of this great man passed unscathed through an ordeal which, in almost every other instance, is found to deaden all the kindly and generous affections. A life of gambling, and intrigue, and faction, left the nature of Charles Fox as little tainted with selfishness or falsehood, and his heart as little hardened, as if he had lived and died in a farm-house; or rather as if he had not outlived his childish years.

The historian of a character so attractive, the softer features of which present a rare contrast to the accustomed harshness of political men, is tempted to extend the same indulgence, and ascribe the errors of the statesman to the accidents of his position, or the less lofty tone of principle which distinguished the earlier period of his public life, while his principles of con-

duct were forming and ripening. The great party, too, which he so long led with matchless personal influence, would gladly catch at such a means of defence; but as the very same measure of justice or of mercy must be meted out to the public conduct of Mr. Pitt, his great rival, there would be little gain to party pride by that sacrifice of principle which could alone lead to such unworthy concessions. It is of most dangerous example, of most corruptive tendency, ever to let the faults of statesmen pass uncensured; or to treat the errors or the crimes which involve the interests of millions with the same indulgence towards human frailty which we may, in the exercise of charity, show towards the more venial transgressions that only hurt one individual; most commonly only the wrong-doer himself. Of Mr. Fox it must be said that whilst his political principles were formed upon the true model of the Whig School, and led him, when combined with his position as opposing the Government's warlike and oppressive policy, to defend the liberty of America, and the cause of peace, both in that and the French war, yet he constantly modified these principles, according to his own situation and circumstances as a party chief;—making the ambition of the man and the interest of his followers the governing rule of his conduct. The charge is a grave one; but unhappily the facts fully bear it out. Because Lord Shelburne had gained the King's ear (by an intrigue possibly, but then Lord Shelburne never had pretended to be a follower of Mr. Fox), the latter formed a coalition with Lord North, whose person and whose policy he had spent his whole life in decrying; whose misgovernment of America had been the cause of nearly destroying the empire; and whose whole principles were the very reverse of his own. The ground taken by this coalition on which to subvert the government of Lord Shelburne and Mr. Pitt, was, their having made a peace favourable to England beyond what could have been expected, after the state to which Lord North's maleadministration had reduced her; their having, among other things, given the new American States too large concessions; and their having made inadequate provision for the security and indemnity of the American Loyalists. On such grounds they, Mr. Fox and Lord North, succeeded in overturning the Ministry, and took their places; which they held for a few months, when the King dismissed them amidst the all but universal joy of the country; men of all ranks, and parties, and sects, joining in one feeling of disgust at the factious propensities in which the unnatural alliance was begotten; and apprehending from it, as Mr. Wilberforce remarked, 'a progeny stamped with the features of both parents, the violence of the one party, and the corruption of the other.' This grand error raised the Tories and Mr. Pitt to the power which, during their long and undisturbed reign, they enjoyed;

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notwithstanding all the unparalleled difficulties of the times, and in spite of so many failures in all the military enterprises of themselves and of their foreign allies. The original quarrel with Mr. Pitt was an error proceeding from the same evil source. His early but mature talents had been amply displayed; he had already gained an influence in Parliament and the country, partly from hereditary, partly from personal qualities, second only to that of Mr. Fox; his private character was wholly untarnished; his principles were the same with those of the Whigs; he had nobly fought with them the battle which destroyed the North administration. Yet no first-rate place could be found to offer him; although Mr. Fox had once and again declared a boundless admiration of his genius, and an unlimited confidence in his character. Lord John Cavendish, of an illustrious Whig house by birth, but himself one of the most obscure of mankind, must needs be made Chancellor of the Exchequer; Mr. Pitt was only the son of Lord Chatham, and a man of vast talents, as well as spotless reputation; and he was thus not permitted, without a sacrifice of personal honour, to be the ally of Mr. Fox, in serving their common country. How much misery and mischief might the world have been spared had the Rockingham Ministry preferred Mr. Pitt to Lord John Cavendish, and made the union between him and the Whigs perpetual! We shall presently see that an error almost as great in itself, though in its consequences far from being so disastrous, was afterwards committed by Mr. Pitt himself.

The interval between the American and the French wars was passed by Mr. Fox in opposing whatever was proposed by his antagonist; with the single exception of the measures for restoring the Stadtholder's authority in 1787. His hearty admiration of the French Revolution is well known; and it was wholly unqualified by any of the profound and sagacious forebodings of Mr. Burke, excited by the distrust of vast and sudden changes, among a people wholly unprepared; and which seems never afterwards to have been diminished by the undoubted fact of a minority having obtained the sway, and being compelled to make up, with the resources of terror, for their essential want of support among the people at large. The separation of his aristocratic supporters, and the unfortunate war to which it led, left him to struggle for peace, and the Constitution, with a small but steady band of noble-minded associates—and their warfare for the rights of the people during the dismal period of alarm which elapsed from 1793 to 1801, when the healing influence of the Addington Government was applied to our national wounds, cannot be too highly extolled. The Whigs thus regained the confidence of the nation, which their coalition ten years before seemed to have forfeited for ever. The new junction with the Gren-

ville party in 1804 was liable to none of the same objections; it was founded on common principles; and it both honoured its authors and served the State. But when, upon Mr. Pitt's death, Mr. Fox again became possessed of power, we find him widely different from the leader of a hopeless, though high-principled Opposition to the Court of George III. He consented to take office without making any stipulation with the King on behalf of the Catholics; a grave neglect which afterwards subverted the Whig Government; and if it be said that this sacrifice was made to obtain the greater object of peace with France, then it must be added that he was slack indeed in his pursuit of that greater object. He allowed the odious income tax to be nearly doubled, after being driven, one by one, from the taxes proposed; and proposed on the very worst principles ever dreamt of by financiers. He defended the unprincipled arrangement for making the Lord Chief-Justice of England a politician, by placing him in the Cabinet; he joined as heartily as any one in the fervour of loyal enthusiasm for the Hanoverian possessions of the Crown. On one great subject his sense of right, no less than his warm and humane feelings, kept him invariably true to the great principles of justice as well as policy. His attachment was unceasing, and his services invaluable to the Abolition of the Slave-trade, which his last accession to office certainly accelerated by several years. For this, and for his support of Lord Erskine in his amendment of the law of libel, the lasting gratitude of his country and of mankind is due; and to the memory of so great and so amiable a man it is a tribute which will for ever be cheerfully paid. But to appreciate the gratitude which his country owes him, we must look, not to his ministerial life; we must recur to his truly glorious career as leader of the patriot band which, during the almost hopeless struggle from 1793 to 1801, upheld the cause of afflicted freedom. If to the genius and the courage of Erskine we may justly be said to owe the escape from proscription, and from arbitrary power, Fox stands next to him as the preserver of that sacred fire of liberty which they saved to blaze forth in happier times. Nor could even Erskine have triumphed as he did, had not the party which Fox so nobly led, persevered in maintaining the sacred warfare, and in rallying around them whatever was left of the old English spirit to resist oppression.

The circumstances of his celebrated antagonist's situation were as different from his own as could well be imagined. It was not merely disparity of years by which they were distinguished; all the hereditary prejudices under which the one appeared before the country, were as unfavourable, as the prepossessions derived from his father's character and renown were auspicious, to the entrance of the other upon the theatre of public affairs. The grief, indeed, was yet recent

which the people had felt for the loss of Lord Chat-ham's genius, so proudly towering above all party views and personal ties, so entirely devoted to the cause of his principles and patriotism—when his son appeared to take his station, and contest the first rank in the popular affections with the son of him whose policy and parts had been sunk into obscurity by the superior lustre of his adversary's capacity and virtues. But the young statesman's own talents and conduct made good the claim which his birth announced. At an age when others are but entering upon the study of state affairs, and the practice of debating, he came forth a matured politician, a finished orator,—even as if by inspiration, an accomplished debater. His knowledge, too, was not confined to the study of the classics, though with these he was familiarly conversant; the more severe pursuits of Cambridge had imparted to him some acquaintance with the stricter sciences, which have had their home upon the banks of the Granta since Newton made them his abode; and with political philosophy he was more familiar than most Englishmen of his age. Having prepared himself, too, for being called to the bar, and both attended on Courts of Justice and frequented the Western Circuit, he had more knowledge and habits of business than can fall to the share of our young patricians;—the material out of which British statesmen are for the most part fashioned, by an attendance upon debates in Parliament, and a study of newspapers in the Clubs. Happy had he not too soon been removed into office from the prosecution of studies which his rapid success broke off never to be resumed! For the leading defect of his life, which is seen through all his measures, and which not even his great capacity and intense industry could supply, was an ignorance of the principles upon which large measures are to be framed, and nations to be at once guided and improved. As soon as he entered upon official duties, his time was at the mercy of every one who had a claim to prefer, a grievance to complain of, or a nostrum to propound; nor could the hours of which the day consists suffice at once to give all these their audience; to transact the routine business of his station; to direct or to counteract the intrigues of party; and, at the same time, to learn all that his sudden transplanting from the closet to the Cabinet, and from the Bar to the Senate, had of necessity left unlearned. From hence, and from the temptation always afforded in times of difficulty to avoid as much as possible all unnecessary embarrassments, and all risks not forced upon him, arose the peculiarity which marks his story, and marks it in a way not less hurtful to his own renown, through after ages, than unfortunate for his country. With more power than any Minister had ever possessed—with an Opposition which rather was a help than a hindrance to him during the greater part of his rule—with a

friendly Court, an obsequious Parliament, a confiding people—he held the supreme place in the public councils for twenty years; and, excepting the Union with Ireland, which was forced upon him by a rebellion, and which was both corruptly and imperfectly carried, so as to produce the smallest possible benefit to either country, he has left not a single measure behind him for which the community, whose destinies he so long swayed, has any reason to respect his memory; while, by want of firmness, he was the cause of an impolicy and extravagance, the effects of which are yet felt, and will oppress us beyond the life of the youngest person alive.

It is assuredly not to Mr. Pitt's sinking-fund that we now allude, as showing his defective political resources; that scheme, now exploded, after being gradually given up by all adepts in the science of finance, was for many years their favourite; nor can he in this particular be so justly charged, as he well may in all the rest of his measures, with never having gone before his age, and not always being upon a level with the wisdom of his own times. Yet may it be confessed that, his financial administration being the main feature in his official history, all his other plans are allowed to have been failures at the time; and this, the only exception, began to be questioned before his decease, and, has long been abandoned.\* Neither would we visit harshly the entire change of his opinions upon the great question of Reform; albeit the question with which his claims to public favour commenced, and on his support of which his early popularity and power were almost wholly grounded. But we feel the force of the defence urged for his conversion, that the alarms raised in the most reflecting minds by the French Revolution, and its cognate excitement amongst ourselves, justified a reconsideration, and might induce an honest alteration of the opinions originally entertained upon our Parliamentary system. That any such considerations could ever justify him in lending himself to the persecution of his former associates in that cause, we wholly deny; and in aid of this denial, we ask, what would have been said of Messrs. Wilberforce, Clarkson, Stephen, Brougham, Smith, and the other abolitionists, had they, on account of some dreadful desolation of our colonies by negro insurrection, suddenly joined in proscribing and persecuting all who, after they themselves had left the cause, should continue to devote their efforts to its promotion? But the main charge against Mr. Pitt is having suffered himself to be led away by the alarms of the Court, and the zeal of his new allies, the Burke and Windham party, from the ardent love of peace which he professed, and undoubtedly felt, to the eager sup-

\* It was Dr. Price's Plan; and he complained that, of the three Schemes propounded by him, Mr. Pitt had selected the worst.



port of the war against France, which might well have been avoided had he but stood firm. The deplorable consequences of this change in his conduct are too well known; they are still too sensibly felt. But are the motives of it wholly free from suspicion? *Cui bono?* was the question put by the Roman lawyer when the person really guilty of any act was sought for. A similar question may often be put, without any want of charity, when we are in quest of the motives which prompted a doubtful or suspicious cause of action; proved by experience to have been disastrous to the world. That, as the chief of a party, Mr. Pitt was incalculably a gainer by the event which, for a while, well nigh annihilated the Opposition to his Ministry, and left that Opposition crippled as long as the war lasted, no man can doubt. That independent of the breaking up of the Whigs, the war gave their powerful antagonist a constant lever wherewithal to move at will both Parliament and people, as long as the sinews of war could be obtained from the resources of the country, is at least as unquestionable a fact.

His conduct of the war betrayed no extent of views, no commanding notions of policy. Any thing more commonplace can hardly be imagined. To form one coalition after another in Germany, and subsidize them with millions of free gift, or aid with profuse loans, until all the powers in our pay were defeated in succession, and most of them either destroyed or converted into allies of the enemy—such were all the resources of his diplomatic policy. To shun any effectual conflict with the enemy, while he wasted our military force in petty expeditions—to occupy forts, and capture colonies, which, if France prevailed in Europe, were useless acquisitions, only increasing the amount of the slave trade, and carrying abroad our own capital, and which, if France were beaten in Europe, would all of themselves fall into our hands—such was the whole scheme of his warlike policy. The operations of our navy, which were undertaken as a matter of course, and would have been performed, and must have led to our brilliant maritime successes, whoever was the Minister, or whether there was any Minister at all, may be added to the account; but can have little or no influence upon the estimate to be formed of his belligerent administration. When, after a most culpable refusal to treat with Napoleon in 1800, grounded on the puerile hope of the newly gotten Consular power being soon overthrown, he found it impossible any longer to continue the ruinous expenditure of the war, he retired, placing his puppet in his office, with whom he quarrelled for refusing to retire when he was bidden. But the ostensible ground of his resignation was the King's bigoted refusal to emancipate the Irish Catholics. Nothing could have more redounded to his glory than this. But he resumed office in 1804, refused to make any stipulation for those same Catholics, and always

opposed those who urged their claims, on the utterly unconstitutional ground of the King's personal prejudices—a ground quite as solid for yielding to that Monarch in 1801, as for not urging him in 1804. It was quite as discreditable to him that, on the same occasion, after pressing Mr. Fox upon George III. as an accession of strength necessary for well carrying on the war, he agreed to take office without any such accession; rather than thwart the personal antipathy,—the capricious, the despicable antipathy of that narrow-minded and vindictive Prince against the most illustrious of his subjects.\*

These are heavy charges; but we fear the worst remains to be urged against the conduct of this eminent person. No man felt more strongly on the subject of the African Slave Trade than he; and all who heard him are agreed that his speeches against it were the finest even of his noble orations. Yet did he continue for eighteen years of his life, suffering every one of his colleagues, nay, of his mere underlings in office, to vote against the question of Abolition, if they thought fit—men, the least inconsiderable of whom durst no more have thwarted him upon any of the more trifling measures of his Government, than they durst have thrust their heads into the fire. Even the Foreign Slave Trade, and the traffic which his war policy had trebled by the capture of the enemy's colonies, he suffered to grow and prosper under the fostering influence of British capital; and after letting years and years glide away, and hundreds of thousands be torn from their own country, and carried to perpetual misery in ours, while a stroke of his pen could, at any moment, have stopped it for ever, he only could be brought to issue, a few months before his death, the easy Order in Council which at length destroyed the pestilence. This is by far the gravest charge to which Mr. Pitt's memory is exposed.

If from the Statesman we turn to the Orator, the contrast is indeed marvellous. He is to be placed, without any doubt, in the highest class. With a sparing use of ornament, hardly indulging more in figures, or even in figurative expression, than the most severe examples of ancient chasteness allowed, with

\* It is a singular instance of the great effects of trivial circumstances that we can relate the following anecdote. During the co-operation of all parties against Mr. Addington's Government in the spring of 1804, Mr. Pitt and Mr. C. Long were one night passing the door of Brooks's Club-house, on their way from the House of Commons, when Mr. Pitt, who had not been there since the coalition of 1784, said he had a great mind to go in and sup. His wary friend said, 'I think you had better not,' and turned aside the well-disposed intention. When we reflect on the high favour Mr. Pitt then was in with the Whigs, and consider the nature of Mr. Fox as well as his own, we can have little doubt of the cordial friendship which such a night would have cemented, and that the union of the two parties would have been complete.

little variety of style, hardly any of the graces of manner, he no sooner rose than he carried away every hearer, and kept the attention fixed and unflagging till it pleased him to let it go; and then

'So charming left his voice, that we, awhile,  
Still thought him speaking, still stood fixed to hear.'

This magical effect was produced by his unbroken flow, which never for a moment left the hearer in pain or doubt, and yet was not the mean fluency of mere relaxation, requiring no effort of the speaker, but imposing on the listener a heavy task; by his lucid arrangement, which made all the parts of the most complicated subject quit their entanglement, and fall each into its place; by the clearness of his statements, which presented at once a picture to the mind; by the forcible appeals to strict reason and strong feeling, which formed the great staple of the discourse; by the majesty of the diction; by the depth and fulness of the most sonorous voice, and the unbending dignity of the manner which ever reminded us that we were in the presence of more than an advocate or debater, or even an orator—that there stood before us a ruler of the people. Such were the effects invariably of this singular eloquence; and they were as certainly produced on ordinary occasions, as in those grander displays when he rose to the height of some great argument; or indulged in vehement invective against some individual, and variegated his speech with that sarcasm of which he was so great, and indeed so little sparing a master; although even here all was uniform and consistent; nor did any thing, in any mood of mind, ever drop from him that was unsuited to the majestic frame of the whole, or could disturb the serenity of the full and copious flood that rolled along. But if such was the un-failing impression at first produced, and which, for a season absorbing the faculties, precluded all criticism, upon reflection, faults and imperfections certainly were disclosed. There prevailed a monotony in the matter, as well as in the manner; and even the delightful voice which so long prevented this from being felt, was itself almost without any variety of tone. All things were said nearly in the same way; as if by some curious machine, periods were rounded and flung off; as if, in like moulds, though of different sizes, ideas were shaped and brought out. His composition was correct enough, but not peculiarly felicitous; his English was sufficiently pure without being at all racy, or various, or brilliant; his style was, by Mr. Windham, called 'a state-paper style,' in allusion to its combined dignity and poverty; and the same nice observer, referring to the eminently skilful way in which he balanced his phrases, sailed near the wind, and seemed to disclose much, whilst he kept the greater part of his meaning to himself, declared that he 'verily believed Mr. Pitt could speak a King's speech off-hand.' His declamation was admirable, mingling

with and clothing the argument, as to be good for any thing it always must; and no more separable from the reasoning than the heat is from the metal in a stream of lava. Yet, with all this excellence, the last effect of the highest eloquence was for the most part wanting: we seldom forgot the speaker, or lost the artist in the work. He was correct enough; he seemed quite sincere; he was moved himself as he would move us; we even went along with him, and forgot *ourselves*; but we hardly ever forgot *him*; and while thrilled with the glow which his burning words diffused, or transfixed with wonder at so marvellous a display of skill, we yet felt that it was admiration of a consummate artist which filled us, and that after all we were present at an exhibition;—gazing upon a wonderful performer indeed, but still a performer.

We have ventured to name the greatest displays of Mr. Fox's oratory; and it is fit we should attempt as much by his illustrious rival's. The speech on the war of 1803, which, by an accident that befell the gallery, was never reported, is generally supposed to have excelled all his other performances in vehement and spirit-stirring declamation; and this may be the more easily believed when we know that Mr. Fox, in his reply, said, 'the orators of antiquity would have admired—probably would have envied it.' The last half hour is described as having been one unbroken torrent of the most majestic declamation. Of those which are in any degree preserved (though it must be remarked that the characteristics which we have given of his eloquence show how much of it was sure to escape even the fullest transcript that could be given of the words), the finest in all probability is that upon the peace of 1783, and the Coalition, when he closed his magnificent peroration by that noble yet simple figure,—'And if this inauspicious union be not already consummated, in the name of my country I forbid the banns.' But all authorities agree in placing his speech upon the Slave-trade in 1791 before every other effort of his genius; because it combined, with the most impassioned declamation, the deepest pathos, the most lively imagination, and the closest reasoning. We have it from a friend of his own, who sat beside him on this memorable occasion, that its effects on Mr. Fox were manifest during the whole period of the delivery, while Mr. Sheridan expressed his feelings in the most hearty and even passionate terms; and we have it from Mr. Windham that he walked home in amazement at the compass, till then unknown to him, of human eloquence. It is from the former source of information that we derive the singular fact of the orator's health at the time being such, as to require his retirement immediately before he rose, in order to take a medicine required for allaying the violent irritation of his stomach.

Let us, however, add, that he was from the first a finished debater, although certainly practice and the

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habit of command had given him more perfect quickness in perceiving an advantage and availing himself of an opening, as it were, in the adverse battle, with the skill and the rapidity wherewith our Wellington, in an instant perceiving the columns of Marmont somewhat too widely separated, executed the movement that gave him the victory of Salamanca. So did Mr. Pitt overthrow his great antagonist on the Regency, and some other conflicts. It may be further observed, that never was any kind of eloquence, or any cast of talents more perfectly suited to the position of leading the Government forces, keeping up the spirits of his followers under disaster, encouraging them to stand a galling adverse fire;—above all, presenting them and the friendly though neutral portion of the audience, with reasons or with plausible pretexts for giving the Government that support which the one class desired to give, and the other had no disposition to withhold. The effects which his calm and dignified yet earnest manner produced on these classes, and the impression which it left on their minds, have been admirably portrayed by one of the most able among them, and with his well-chosen words we close this imperfect sketch of so great a subject:—'Every part of his speaking, in sentiment, in language, and in delivery, evidently bore the stamp of his character. All communicated a definite and varied apprehension of the qualities of strenuousness without bustle, unlaboured intrepidity, and severe greatness.\*'

Nothing that we have yet said of this extraordinary person has touched upon his private character, unless so far as the graver faults of the politician must ever border upon the vices or the frailties of the man. But it must be admitted, what even his enemies were willing to confess, that in his failings, or in his delinquencies, there was nothing mean, paltry, or low. His failings were ascribed to love of power and of glory; and pride was the harshest feature that disfigured him to the public eye. We doubt if this can all be said with perfect justice; still more that if it could, any satisfactory defence would be made. The ambition cannot be pronounced very lofty which showed that place, mere high station, was so dear to it as to be sought without regard to its just concomitant—power, and elung by, after being stript of this, the only attribute that can recommend it to truly noble minds. Yet he well described his office as 'the pride of his heart and the pleasure of his life,' when, boasting that he had sacrificed it to his engagements with Ireland at the Union; and then, within a very short period, he proved that the pleasure and the pride were far too dearly loved to let him think of that tie when he again grasped them,—wholly crippled, and deprived of all

power to carry a single measure of importance. Nor can any thirst for power itself, any ambition, be it of the most exalted kind, ever justify the measures which he contrived for putting to death those former coadjutors of his own, whose leading object was Reform; even if they had overstepped the bounds of law, in the pursuit of their common purpose. His conduct on the Slave Trade falls within the same view; and leaves a dark shade resting upon his reputation as a man—a shade which, God be praised, few would take, to be the first of orators and greatest of ministers.

In private life he was singularly amiable; his spirits were naturally buoyant and even playful; his affections warm; his veracity scrupulously exact; his integrity wholly without a stain; and, although he was, from his situation, cut off from most of the relations of domestic life, as a son and a brother he was perfect, and no man was more fondly beloved or more sincerely mourned by his friends.\*

It was a circumstance broadly distinguishing the Parliamentary position of the two great leaders whom we have been surveying, that while the one had to fight the whole battle of his Government for many years, the first and most arduous of his life, if not single handed, yet with but one coadjutor of any power, the other was surrounded by 'troops of friends,' any one of whom might well have borne the foremost part. Against such men as Burke, Windham, Sheridan, North, Erskine, Lee, Barré,—Mr. Pitt could only set Mr. Dundas; and it is certainly the most astonishing part of his history, that against such a phalanx, backed by the majority of the Commons, he could struggle all through the first Session of his administration. Indeed, had it not been for the support which he received both from the Court and the Lords, and from the People, who were justly offended with the unnatural coalition of his adversaries, this Session would not only have been marvellous but impossible.

Of Mr. Fox's adherents whom we have named, the most remarkable certainly was Mr. Sheridan, and with all his faults, and all his failings, and all his defects, the first in genius and greatest in power. When the illustrious name of Erskine appears in the bright catalogue, it is unnecessary to add that we here speak of Parliamentary genius and political power.

\* The story told of his refusing to marry Mademoiselle Necker (afterwards Madame de Staël), when the match was proposed by the father, rests upon a true foundation; but the form of the answer, 'that he was already married to his country' has, unless it was a jest which is very possible, no more foundation than the dramatic exit described by Mr. Rose in the House of Commons, when he stated 'Oh my country' to have been his last words—though it is certain that for many hours he only uttered incoherent sentences. Such things were too theatrical for so great a man, and of too vulgar a caste for so consummate a performer, had he stooped to play a part in such circumstances. He himself gave more than once a far more prosaic and very different reason for his never marrying.

\* *Quarterly Review*, August 1810.—Supposed to be by Mr. J. H. Frere, but avowedly an intimate personal friend.

These sketches as naturally begin with a notice of the means by which the great rhetorical combatants were brought up, and trained and armed for the conflict, as Homer's battles do with the buckling on of armour and other note of preparation, when he brings his warriors forward upon the scene. Of Mr. Sheridan, any more than of Mr. Burke, it cannot be lamented, as of almost all other English statesmen, that he came prematurely into public life, without time given for preparation by study. Yet this time in his case had been far otherwise spent than in Mr. Burke's. Though his education had not been neglected, for he was bred at Harrow, and with Dr. Parr, yet he was an idle and a listless boy, learning as little as possible, and suffering as much wretchedness—an avowal which to the end of his life he never ceased to make, and to make in a very affecting manner. Accordingly, he brought away from school a very slender provision of classical learning; and his taste, never correct or chaste, was wholly formed by acquaintance with the English poets and dramatists, and perhaps a few of our more ordinary prose writers; for in no other language could he read with any thing approaching to ease. Of those poets, he most *professed* to admire and to have studied Dryden; he plainly *had* most studied Pope, whom he always vilified and always imitated. But of dramatists his passion evidently was Congreve, and after him Vanburgh, Farquhar, even Wycherly; all of whom served for the model, partly even for the magazine of his own dramatic writings, as Pope did of his verses. 'The Duenna,' however, is formed after the fashion of Gay; of whom it falls further short than the 'School for Scandal' does of Congreve. That his plays were great productions for any age, astonishing for a youth of twenty-three and twenty-five, is unquestionable. Johnson has accounted for the phenomenon of Congreve, at a still earlier period of life, showing so much knowledge of the world, by observing that, on a close examination, his dialogues and characters might have been gathered from books 'without much actual commerce with mankind.' The same can hardly be said of the 'School for Scandal;' but the author wrote it when he was five years older than Congreve had been at the date of the 'Old Batchelor.'

Thus with an ample share of literary and dramatic reputation, but not certainly of the kind most auspicious for a statesman—with a most slender provision of knowledge at all likely to be useful in political affairs—with a position by birth and profession, little suited to command the respect of the most aristocratic country in Europe—the son of an actor, the manager himself of a theatre—he came into that Parliament which was enlightened by the vast and various knowledge, as well as fortified and adorned by the more choice literary fame of a Burke, and which owned the sway of consummate orators like Fox and Pitt. His

first effort was unambitious, and it was unsuccessful. Aiming at but a low flight, he failed in that humble attempt. An experienced judge, Woodfall, told him, 'it would never do;' and counselled him to seek again the more congenial atmosphere of Drury Lane. But he was resolved that it should do; he had taken his part; and, as he felt the matter was in him, he vowed not to desist till 'he brought it out.' What he wanted in acquired learning, and in natural quickness, he made up by indefatigable industry; within given limits, towards a present object, no labour could daunt him; and no man could work for a season with more steady and unwearied application. By constant practice in small matters, or before private Committees, by diligent attendance upon all debates, by habitual intercourse with all dealers in political wares, from the chiefs of parties and their more refined coteries to the providers of daily discussion for the public and the chroniclers of Parliamentary speeches, he trained himself to a facility of speaking, absolutely essential to all but first-rate genius, and all but necessary even to that; and he required what acquaintance with the science of politics he ever possessed, or his speeches ever betrayed. He rose by these steps to the rank of a first-rate speaker, and as great a debater as a want of readiness, and need for preparation would permit. He had some qualities which led him to this rank, and which only required the habit of speech to bring out into successful exhibition—a warm imagination, though more prone to repeat with variations the combinations of others, or to combine anew their creations, than to bring forth original productions—a fierce, dauntless spirit of attack—a familiarity, acquired from his dramatic studies, with the feelings of the heart and the ways to touch its chords—a facility of epigram and point, the yet more direct gift of the same theatrical apprenticeship—an excellent manner, not unconnected with that experience—and a depth of voice which perfectly suited the tone of his declamation, be it invective, or be it descriptive, or be it impassioned. His wit, derived from the same source, or sharpened by the same previous habits, was eminently brilliant, and almost always successful; it was like all his speaking, exceedingly prepared, but it was skilfully introduced and happily applied; and it was well mingled also with humour, occasionally descending to farce. How little it was the inspiration of the moment all men were aware who knew his habits; but a singular proof of this was presented by Mr. Moore when he came to write his life; for we there find given to the world the secret note-books of this famous wit; and can trace the jokes, in embryo, with which he had so often made the walls of St. Stephen's shake, in a merriment excited by the happy appearance of sudden unprepared effusion.\*

\* Take an instance from this author, giving extracts

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The adroitness with which he turned to account sudden occasions of popular excitement, and often at the expense of the Whig party, generally too indifferent to such advantages, and too insensible to the damage they thus sustained in public estimation, is well known. On the mutiny in the fleet, he was beyond all question right; on the French invasion, and on the attacks upon Napoleon, he was almost as certainly wrong; but these appeals to the people and to the national feelings of the House, tended to make the orator well received, if they added little to the statesman's reputation; and of the latter character he was not ambitious. His most celebrated speech was certainly the one upon the 'Begum Charge' in the proceedings against Hastings; and nothing can exceed the accounts left us of its unprecedented success. Not only the practice, then first began, which has gradually increased till it greets every good speech, of cheering, on the speaker resuming his seat, but the Minister besought the House to adjourn the decision of the question, as being incapacitated from forming a just judgment under the influence of such powerful eloquence; whilst all men on all sides vied with each other in extolling so wonderful a performance. Nevertheless, the opinion has now become greatly prevalent, that a portion of this success was owing to the speech having so greatly surpassed all the speaker's former efforts; to the extreme interest of the topics which the subject naturally presented; and to the artist-like elaboration and beautiful delivery of certain fine passages, rather than to the merits of the whole. Certain it is, that the repetition of great part of it, presented in the short-hand notes of the speech on the same charge in Westminster Hall, disappoints every reader who has heard of the success which attended the earlier effort. In truth, Mr. Sheridan's taste was very far from being chaste, or even moderately correct; he delighted in gaudy figures; he was attracted by glare; and cared not whether the brilliancy came from tinsel or gold; from the broken glass or the pure diamond; he overlaid his thoughts with epigrammatic diction; he 'played to the galleries,' and indulged them, of course, with an endless succession of clap-traps.

from the Common-place book of the wit:—'He employs his fancy in his narrative, and keeps his recollections for his wit.' Again, the same idea is expanded into—'When he makes his jokes you applaud the accuracy of his memory, and 'tis only when he states his facts that you admire the flights of his imagination.' But the thought was too good to be thus wasted on the desert air of a common-place book. So forth it came at the expense of Kelly, who having been a composer of music, became a wine merchant. 'You will,' said the ready wit, 'import your music and compose your wine?' Nor was this service exacted from the old idea thought sufficient—so in the House of Commons an easy and apparently off-hand parenthesis was thus filled with it at Mr. Dundas's cost and charge ('who generally resorts to his memory for his jokes, and to his imagination for his facts').

His worst passages by far were those which he evidently preferred himself;—full of imagery often far-fetched, oftener gorgeous, and loaded with point that drew the attention of the hearer away from the thoughts to the words; and his best by far were those where he declaimed, with his deep clear voice, though somewhat thick utterance, with a fierce defiance of some adversary, or an unappeasable vengeance against some oppressive act; or reasoned rapidly, in the like tone, upon some plain matter of fact, or exposed as plainly to homely ridicule some puerile sophism; and in all this, his admirable manner was aided by an eye singularly piercing, and a countenance which, though coarse, and even in some features gross, was yet animated and expressive, and could easily assume the figure of both rage, and menace, and scorn. The few sentences with which he thrilled the House on the liberty of the press in 1810, were worth, perhaps, more than all his elaborated epigrams and forced flowers on the Begum Charge, or all his denunciations of Napoleon; 'whose morning orisons and evening prayers are for the conquest of England, whether he bends to the God of Battles, or worships the Goddess of Reason;'—certainly far better than such pictures of his power, as his having 'thrones for his watch-towers, kings for his sentinels, and for the palisades of his castle, sceptres stuck with crowns.' 'Give them,' said he in 1810, and in a far higher strain of eloquence, 'a corrupt House of Lords; give them a venal House of Commons; give them a tyrannical Prince; give them a truckling Court,—and let me but have an unfettered press; I will defy them to encroach a hair's-breadth upon the liberties of England. Of all his speeches there can be little doubt that the most powerful, as the most chaste, was his reply in 1805 upon the motion which he had made for repealing the Defence Act. Mr. Pitt had unwarily thrown out a sneer at his support of Mr. Addington, as though it was insidious. Such a stone cast by a person whose house on that aspect was one pane of glass, could not fail to call down a shower of missiles; and they who witnessed the looks and gestures of the aggressor under the pitiless pelting of the tempest which he had provoked, represent it as certain that there were moments when he intended to fasten a personal quarrel upon the vehement and implacable declaimer.\*

When the just tribute of extraordinary admiration has been bestowed upon this great orator, the whole of his praise has been exhausted. As a statesman, he is without a place in any class, or of any rank; it would be incorrect and flattering to call him a bad, or a hurtful, or a short-sighted, or a middling statesman;

\* Mr. Sheridan wrote this speech during the debate at a Coffee-house near the Hall; and it is reported most accurately in the Parliamentary debates, apparently from his own notes.

he was no statesman at all. As a party man, his character stood lower than it deserved,—chiefly from certain personal dislikes; for with the perhaps doubtful exception of his courting popularity at his party's expense on the two occasions already mentioned, and the much more serious charge against him of betraying his party in the Carlton House negotiation of 1812, followed by his extraordinary denial of the facts when he last appeared in Parliament, there can nothing be laid to his charge as inconsistent with the rules of the strictest party duty and honour; although he made as large sacrifices as any unprofessional man ever did to the cause of a long and hopeless Opposition, and was often treated with unmerited coldness and disrespect by his coadjutors. But as a man, his character stood confessedly low; his intemperate habits, and his pecuniary embarrassments, did not merely tend to imprudent conduct, by which himself alone might be the sufferer; they involved his family in the same fate; and they also undermined those principles of honesty which are so seldom found to survive fallen fortunes; and hardly ever can continue the ornament and the stay of ruined circumstances, when the tastes and the propensities engendered in prosperous times survive through the ungenial season of adversity. Over the frailties and even the faults of genius, it is permitted to draw a veil, after marking them as much as the interests of virtue require, in order to warn against the evil example, and preserve the flame bright and pure from such unworthy and unseemly contamination.

Among the members of his party, to whom we have alluded as agreeing ill with Mr. Sheridan, and treating him with little deference, Mr. Windham was the most distinguished. The advantages of a refined classical education—a lively wit of the most pungent and yet abstruse description—a turn for subtle reasoning, drawing nice distinctions and pursuing remote analogies—great and early knowledge of the world—familiarity with men of letters and artists, as well as politicians, with Burke, Johnson, and Reynolds, as well as with Fox and North—much acquaintance with constitutional history and principle—a chivalrous spirit, a noble figure, a singularly expressive countenance—all fitted this remarkable person to shine in debate; but were all, when put together, unequal to the task of raising him to the first rank; and were, besides, mingled with defects which exceedingly impaired the impression of his oratory, while they diminished his usefulness and injured his reputation as a statesman. For he was too often the dupe of his own ingenuity; which made him doubt and balance, and gave an oscitancy fatal to vigour in council, as well as most prejudicial to the effects of eloquence, by breaking the force of his blows as they fell. His nature, too, perhaps owing to this hesitating disposition, was to be a follower, if not a worshipper, rather than an original thinker or actor; as if he felt

some relief under the doubts which harassed him from so many quarters, in thus taking shelter under a master's wing, and devolving upon a less scrupulous balancer of conflicting reasons, the task of trimming the scales, and forming his opinions for him. Accordingly, first Johnson in private, and afterwards Burke on political matters, were the deities whom he adored; and he adhered manfully to the strong opinions of the latter, though oftentimes painfully compelled to suppress his sentiments, all the time that he took counsel with Mr. Pitt and Lord Grenville, who would only consent to conduct the French war upon principles far lower and more compromising than those of the great anti-Jacobin and anti-Gallican leader. But when untrammelled by official connexion, and having his lips sealed by no decorum or prudence, or other observance prescribed by station, it was a brave sight to see this gallant personage descend into the field of debate, panting for the fray, eager to confront any man or any number of men that might prove his match, scorning all the little suggestions of a paltry discretion, heedless of every risk of retort to which he might expose himself, as regardless of popular applause as of Court favour; nay, from his natural love of danger and disdain of every thing like fear, rushing into the most offensive expression of the most unpopular opinions with as much alacrity as he evinced in braving the power and daring the enmity of the Crown. Nor was the style of his speaking at all like that of other men's. It was in the easy tone of familiar conversation; but it was full of nice observation and profound remark; it was instinct with classical allusion; it was even over-informed with philosophic and with learned reflection; it sparkled with the finest wit—a wit which was as far superior to Sheridan's, as his to the gambols of the Clown, or the movements of Pantaloon; and his wit, how exuberant soever, still seemed to help on the argument, as well as to illustrate the meaning of the speaker. He was, however, in the main, a serious, a persuasive speaker, whose words plainly flowed from deep and vehement, and long considered, and well weighed, feelings of the heart. '*Erat summa gravitas; erat cum gravitate junctus, facetiarum et urbanitatis oratorius non scurrilis lepos. Latine loquendi accurata et sine molestiâ diligens elegantia.*'

The rock on which he so often made shipwreck in debate, and still oftener in council or action, was that love of paradox, on which the tide of his exuberant ingenuity naturally carried him, as it does many others, who, finding so much more may be said in behalf of an untenable position than at first sight appeared possible to themselves, or than ordinary minds can at any time apprehend, begin to bear with the erroneous dogma, and end by adopting it.\*

\* They who have been engaged in professional business with the late Mr. John Clerk (afterwards Lord Eldon)

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VOL. X

'They first endure, then pity, then embrace.'

So he was from the indomitable bravery of his disposition, and his loathing of every thing mean, or that savoured of truckling to mere power, not unfrequently led to prefer a course of conduct, or a line of argument, because of their running counter to public opinion or the general feeling; instead of confining his disregard to popularity within just bounds, and holding on his course in the pursuit of truth and right, in spite of its temporary disfavour with the people. With these errors there was generally much truth mingled, or at least much that was manifestly wrong tinged the tenets or the conduct he was opposing; yet he was not the less an unsafe counsellor, and in debate a dangerous ally. His conduct on the volunteer question, the interference of the City with military rewards, the amusements of the people, and cruelty to animals, afforded instances of this mixed description, where he was led into error by resisting almost equal error on the opposite hand; yet do these questions also afford proof of the latter part of the foregoing proposition; for what sound or rational view could justify his hostility to all voluntary defence, his reprobation of all expression of public gratitude to the services of our soldiers and sailors, his unqualified defence of bull-baiting, his resistance of all checks upon cruelty towards the brute creation? Upon other subjects of still graver import his paradoxes stood prominent and mischievous;—unredeemed by ingenuity, unpalliated by opposite exaggeration, and even unmitigated by any admixture of truth. He defended the slave trade, which he had at first opposed, only because the French Royalists were injured by the revolt which their own follies had occasioned in St. Domingo; he resisted all mitigation of our criminal law, only because it formed a part of our antiquated jurisprudence, like trial by battle, nay by ordeal of fire and water; and he opposed every project for educating the people. It required all men's tenderness towards undoubted sincerity and clear disinterestedness to think charitably of such pernicious heresies in such a man. It demanded all this charity and all this faith in the spotless honour of his character, to believe that such opinions could really be the convictions of a mind like his. It was the greatest tribute which could be paid to his sterling merit, his fine parts, his rare accomplishments, that in spite of such wild aberrations, he was admired and beloved.

From what has been said of Mr. Windham's manner of speaking, as well as of his variously embellished mind, it will readily be supposed that in society he was destined to shine almost without a rival. His manners were the most polished, and noble, and courteous, without the least approach to pride, or affecta-

tion, or condescension; his spirits were, in advanced life, so gay, that he was always younger than the youngest; his relish of conversation was such, that after lingering to the latest moment he joined whatever party a sultry evening (or morning, as it might chance to prove) tempted to haunt the streets before retiring to rest. How often have we accompanied him to the door of his own mansion, and then been attended by him to our own, while the streets rang with the peals of his hearty merriment, or echoed the accents of his refined and universal wit! But his conversation, or grave or gay, or argumentative or discursive, whether sifting a difficult subject, or painting an interesting character, or pursuing a merely playful fancy, or lively to very drollery, or pensive and pathetic, or losing itself in the clouds of metaphysics, or vexed with paradox, or plain and homely and all but commonplace, was that which, to be understood, must have been listened to; and while over the whole was flung a veil of unrent classical elegance, through no crevice, had there been any, would ever an unkind or ill-conditioned sentiment have found entrance!

'Scilicet omne sacrum mors importuna profanat  
Omnibus obscuras injicit ille manus—  
Ossa quiesca precor, tutâ requiescite in urnâ;  
Et sit humus cineri non onerosa tuol!\*

If we turn from those whom common principles and party connexion ranged against Mr. Pitt, to the only effectual supporter whom he could rely upon as a colleague on the Treasury Bench, we shall certainly find ourselves contemplating a personage of very inferior pretensions, although one whose powers were of the most useful description. Mr. Dundas, afterwards Lord Melville, had no claim whatever to those higher places among the orators of his age, which were naturally filled by the great men whom we have been describing; nor indeed could he be deemed *inter oratorum numerum* at all. He was a plain, business-like speaker; a man of every-day talents in the House; a clear, easy, fluent, and, from much practice, as well as strong natural sense, a skilful debater; successful in profiting by an adversary's mistakes; distinct in opening a plan and defending a Ministerial proposition; capable of producing even a great effect upon his not unwilling audience by his broad and coarse appeals to popular prejudices, and his confident statements of facts—those statements which Sir Francis Burdett once happily observed, 'men naturally fall into through an inveterate habit of official assertion.' In his various offices no one was more useful. He was an admirable man of business; and those professional habits which he had brought from the bar (where he practised long

\* Relentless death each purer form profanes,  
Round all that's fair his dismal arms he throws—  
Light lie the earth that shrouds thy loved remains,  
And softly slumbering may they taste repose!—

enough for a youth of his fortunate family to reach the highest official place) were not more serviceable to him in making his speeches perspicuous, and his reasoning logical, than they were in disciplining his mind to the drudgery of the desk, and helping him to systematize, as well as to direct the machinery of his department. After quitting the profession of the law, to which, indeed, he had for some of the later years of Lord North's Administration only nominally belonged, and leaving also the office of Lord Advocate, which he retained for several years after, he successively filled the place of Minister for India, for the Home and War Departments, and for Naval Affairs. But it was in the first of these capacities, while at the head of the India Board, and while Chairman of the Committee of the Commons upon India, that his great capacity for affairs shone chiefly forth; and that he gave solid and long-continued proof of an indefatigable official industry, which neither the distractions of debate in Parliament, nor the convivial habits of the man and of the times, ever could interrupt or relax. His celebrated Reports upon all the complicated questions of our Asiatic policy, although they may not stand a comparison with some of Mr. Burke's in the profundity and enlargement of general views any more than their style can be compared with his, are nevertheless performances of the greatest merit, and repositories of information upon that vast subject, unrivalled for clearness and extent. They, together with Lord Wellesley's Despatches, form the sources from which the bulk of all the knowledge possessed upon Indian matters is to be derived by the statesmen of the present day.

If in his official departments, and in the contests of Parliament, Mr. Dundas rendered able service, and possessed great weight, it was in Scotland, his native country, whose language he spoke, and whose whole affairs he directed, that his power and his authority chiefly prevailed. Before the Reform in our representation, and our municipal institutions, the undisturbed possession of patronage by a leading member of the Government, was very sure to carry along with it a paramount influence both over the representatives of this ancient kingdom and over their constituents. Why the submission to men in high place, and endowed with the power of conferring many favours, should have been so much more absolute amongst us than amongst our southern neighbours, it would be needless to enquire. Whether it arose from the old feudal habits of the nation, or from its poverty, joined with a laudable ambition to rise in the world above the pristine station, or from the wary and provident character of the people,—certain it is that they displayed a devotion for their political superiors, and a belief in their infallibility, which would have done no discredit to the clansmen of those chieftains who, whilom both

granted out the lands of the sept, retained the stipulated services of the vassal, and enjoyed the rights of jurisdiction and of punishment, whereby obedience was secured, and zealous attachment stimulated in its alliance with wholesome terror. That Mr. Dundas enjoyed this kind of Ministerial Sovereignty and homage in a more ample measure than any of his predecessors, was, no doubt, owing partly to the unhesitating and unqualified determination which regulated his conduct, of devoting his whole patronage to the support of his party, and to the extent of that patronage, from his being so long Minister for India, as well as having the whole Scottish preferment at his absolute disposal; but it was also in part owing to the engaging qualities of the man. A steady and determined friend, who only stood the faster by those that wanted him the more—nay, who even in their errors or their faults would not give up his adherents—an agreeable companion, from the joyous hilarity of his manners—void of all affectation, all pride, all pretension—a kind and affectionate man in the relations of private life—and although not always sufficiently regardful of strict decorum in certain particulars, yet never putting on the Pharisee's garb, or affecting a more 'gracious state' than he had attained—friendly, self-denying to those inferiors in his department whose comforts so much depended on him—in his demeanour hearty and good-humoured to all—it is difficult to figure any one more calculated to win over those whom his mere power and station had failed to attach; or better fitted to retain the friends whom accident or influence might originally have attached to his person. That he should for so many years have disposed of the votes in Parliament of nearly the whole Scottish Commons, and the whole Peers, was, therefore, little to be wondered at; that his popularity and influence in the country at large should have been boundless during all this period, is as easily to be understood. There was then no doubt ever raised of the Ministry's stability, or of Mr. Dundas's ample share in the dispensation of its favours. The political sky was clear and settled to the very verge of the horizon. There was nothing to disturb the hearts of anxious mortals. The wary and pensive Scot felt sure of his election, if he but kept by the true faith; and his path lay straight before him—the path of righteous devotion leading unto a blessed preferment. But our countrymen were fated to be visited by some troubles. The heavens became overcast—their luminary was for a while concealed from devout eyes—in vain they sought him, but he was not. Uncouth names began to be named. More than two parties were talked of. Instead of the old, convenient, and intelligible alternative of 'Pitt or Fox,'—'place or poverty,' which left no doubt in any rational mind which of the two to choose, there was seen—strange sight!—hateful and perplexing omen!—a Ministry without Pitt, nay, without

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Dundas, and an Opposition leaning towards its support. Those who are old enough to remember that dark interval, may recollect how the public mind among us was subdued with awe, and how we awaited in trembling silence the uncertain event, as all living things quail during the solemn pause that precedes an earthquake.

It was in truth a crisis to try men's souls. For a while all was uncertainty and consternation; all were seen fluttering about like birds in an eclipse or a thunder storm; no man could tell whom he might trust; nay, worse still, no man could tell of whom he might ask any thing. It was hard to say, not who were in office, but who were likely to remain in office. Our countrymen were in dismay and distraction. It might truly be said they knew not which way to look, or whither to turn. Perhaps it might be yet more truly said, that they knew not *when* to turn. But such a crisis was too sharp to last; it passed away; and then was to be seen a proof of Mr. Dundas's power amongst us, which transcended all expectation, and almost surpassed belief, if indeed it is not rather to be viewed as an evidence of the acute foresight—the political second-sight—of the Scottish nation. The trusty band in both Houses actually were found adhering to him against the existing Government; nay, he held the proxies of many Scottish Peers in open Opposition! Well might his colleague exclaim to the hapless Adlington in such unheard-of troubles, 'Doctor, the Thanes fly from us.' When the very Scotch Peers wavered—and when the Grampian hills might next be expected to move about—it was time to think that the end of all things was at hand; and the return of Pitt and security, and patronage and Dundas, speedily ensued to bless old Scotland, and reward her providence, or her fidelity—her attachment at once to her patron—and to herself.

The subject of Lord Melville cannot be left complete without some mention of the event which finally deprived him of place and of power, though it hardly ever lowered him in the respect and affections of his countrymen. We allude, of course, to the Resolutions carried by Mr. Whitbread on the 8th of April, 1805, with the Speaker's casting voice, which led to the immediate resignation, and subsequent impeachment of this distinguished person. Mr. Pitt defended him strenuously, and only was compelled to abandon his friend and colleague, by the vote of the Commons, which gave him a 'bitter pang,' that as he pronounced the word made the hall resound, and seems yet to fill our ear. But after his death, while the Government was in his rival's hands, and all the offices of the State were filled with the enemies of the accused, Lord Melville was brought to trial before his Peers, and by a large majority acquitted, to the almost universal satisfaction of the country. Have we any right to regard

him as guilty after this proceeding? It is true that the spirit of party is charged with the event of this memorable trial; but did nothing of that spirit preside over the proceedings in the Commons,—the grand inquest of the nation—which made the presentment—and put the accused upon his trial? That Lord Melville was a careless man and wholly indifferent about money, his whole life had shown. That he had replaced the entire sum temporarily used, was part even of the statement which charged him with misemploying it. That Mr. Pitt, whom no one ever accused of corruption, had been a party to two of his supporters using four times as much of the public money for a time, and without paying interest, was soon after proved; though for the purpose of pressing more severely upon Lord Melville, a great alacrity was shown to acquit the Prime Minister, by way of contrast to the Treasurer of the Navy. In a word, the case proved against him was not by any means so clear as to give us the right to charge the great majority of his Peers with corrupt and dishonourable conduct in acquitting him; while it is a known fact that the Judges who attended the trial were, with the exception of the Lord Chief Justice, all clearly convinced of his innocence. Nor, let it be added, would the charge against him have been deemed, in the times of the Harleys and the Walpoles, of a nature to stain his character. Witness Walpole rising to supreme power after being expelled the House of Commons for corruption; and after having only urged in his own defence, that the thousand pounds paid to him by a contractor had been for the use of a friend, whom he desired to favour, and to whom he had paid it all over;—not to mention his having received above seventeen thousand pounds, under circumstances of the gravest suspicion, the day before he quitted office, and which he never seems to have accounted for except by saying he had the King's authority to take it.\* We are sensible that these remarks will

\* Mr. Coxe, in his life of Walpole, cannot, of course, put the defence on higher ground than Walpole himself took, as to the L.1000 received on the contract, in 1711, when he was Secretary at War. As to the sum reported by the House of Commons' Committee (L.17,461) to have been obtained by him in 1712, on the authority of two Treasury orders, the biographer's main argument is, that the money must have been immediately wanted for public purposes, though these never were particularized, and that the King must have approved of the draft, because he signed the warrants. A weaker defence cannot well be conceived; nor is it much aided by the assertion which follows, that Sir Robert began writing a vindication of himself, which he broke off on a conviction that his answer must either have been materially defective, or he must have related many things highly improper to be exposed to the public. The fact of a man, with an estate of about L2000 a-year at first, and which never rose to much above L4000, having lived extravagantly, and amassed above L200,000, is not at all explained by Mr. Coxe; and it is mainly on this expensive living and accumulation of fortune, that the suspicions which hang over his memory rest. But it is needless to say more upon a topic which could form no justification of Lord

give little satisfaction to those whose political principles have always kept them apart from, and inimical to Lord Melville. But to what purpose have men lived for above thirty years after the trial, and survived the object of the charge more than a quarter of a century, if they cannot now, and upon a mere judicial question, permit their judgments to have a free scope,—deciding calmly upon events that belong to the history of the past, and involve the reputation of the dead?

The Ministry of Mr. Pitt did not derive more solid service from the Law in the person of Mr. Dundas, than the Opposition party did ornament and popularity in that of Mr. Erskine. His Parliamentary talents, although they certainly have been underrated, were as clearly not the prominent portion of his character. Nevertheless, it must be admitted that, had he appeared in any other period than the age of the Foxes, the Pitts, and the Burkes, there is little chance that he would have been eclipsed even as a debater; and the singular eloquence and effect of his famous speech against the Jesuits' Bark Bill in the House of Lords, abundantly proves this position. He never appears to have given his whole mind to the practice of debating; he had a very scanty provision of political information; his time was always occupied with the laborious pursuits of his profession; he came into the House of Commons, where he stood among several equals, and behind some superiors, from a stage where he shone alone, and without a rival; above all, he was accustomed to address a select and friendly audience, bound to lend him their patient attention, and to address them by the compulsion of his retainer, not as a volunteer coming forward in his own person;—a position from which the transition is violent and extreme, to that of having the whole effort of gaining and of keeping a promiscuous and, in great part, a hostile audience, not under any obligation to listen one instant beyond the time during which the speaker can flatter, or interest, or amuse them. Earlier practice and more devotion to the pursuit, would doubtless have vanquished all these disadvantages; but they sufficed to keep Mr. Erskine always in a station far beneath his talents, as long as he remained in the House of Commons.

It is to the Forum, and not the Senate, that we must hasten, if we would witness the *coronam multiplicem—judicium erectum—crebras assensiones—multas admirationes—risum cum velit, cum velit fletum—in Scenâ Roscium*:—in fine, if we would see this great man in his element and in his glory. Nor let it be Melville, if he were guilty. The subject is only alluded to in this place for the purpose of showing how much more pure our public men now are, and how much higher is our standard of official virtue. The acquittal of Lord Melville was deemed insufficient to sanction his restoration to office; although Sir Robert Walpole, without any attempt to rescind the vote of 1712, was afterwards advanced to the place of Prime Minister, and held it for twenty years.

deemed trivial, or beneath the historian's province, to mark that noble figure, every look of whose countenance is expressive, every motion of whose form graceful—an eye that sparkles and pierces, and almost assures victory, while it 'speaks audience ere the tongue.' Juries have declared that they felt it impossible to remove their looks from him when he had riveted and, as it were, fascinated them by his first glance; and it used to be a common remark of men who observed his motions, that they resembled those of a blood-horse;—as light, as limber, as much betokening strength and speed, as free from all gross superfluity or incumbrance. Then hear his voice of surpassing sweetness, clear, flexible, strong, exquisitely fitted to strains of serious earnestness, deficient in compass, indeed, and much less fitted to express indignation or even scorn than pathos, but wholly free from either harshness or monotony. All these, however, and even his chaste, dignified, and appropriate action, were very small parts of this wonderful advocate's excellence. He had a thorough knowledge of men,—of their passions and their feelings—he knew every avenue to the heart, and could at will make all its chords vibrate to his touch. His fancy, though never playful in public, where he had his whole faculties under the most severe control, was lively and brilliant; when he gave it vent and scope, it was eminently sportive; but while representing his client, it was wholly subservient to that in which his whole soul was wrapped up, and to which each faculty of body and of mind was subdued,—the success of the cause. His argumentative powers were of the highest order—clear in his statements, close in his applications, unwearied and never to be diverted in his deductions—with a quick and sure perception of his point, and undeviating in the pursuit of whatever established it—a nice discernment of the relative importance and weight of different arguments, and the faculty of assigning to each its proper place, so as to bring forward the main body of the reasoning in bold relief, and with its full breadth, and not weaken its effect by distracting and disturbing the attention of the audience among lesser particulars. His understanding was eminently legal; though he had never made himself a great lawyer, yet could he conduct a purely legal argument with the most perfect success; and his familiarity with all the ordinary matters of his profession was abundantly sufficient for the purposes of the forum. His memory was accurate and retentive in an extraordinary degree; nor did he ever, during the trial of a cause, forget any matter, how trifling soever, that belonged to it. His presence of mind was perfect in action—that is, before the jury—when a line is to be taken upon the instant, and a question risked to a witness, or a topic chosen with the tribunal, on which the whole fate of the cause may turn. No man made fewer mistakes; none left so few advantages unimprov-

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ed; before none was it so dangerous for an adversary to slumber and be off his guard; for he was ever broad awake himself, and was as adventurous as he was skilful; and as apt to take advantage of any the least opening, as he was cautious to leave none in his own battle. But to all these great qualities he joined that fire, that spirit, that courage, which gave vigour and direction to the whole, and bore down all resistance. No man, with all his address and prudence, ever adventured upon more bold figures, and they were uniformly successful; for his imagination was vigorous enough to sustain any flight; his taste was correct, and even severe, and his execution felicitous in the highest degree. Without much familiar knowledge of even the Latin classics; with hardly any access to the beauties of the Attic eloquence, whether in prose or verse; with no knowledge of modern languages, his acquaintance with the English tongue was yet so perfect, and his taste so exquisite, that nothing could exceed the beauty of his diction, whatever subject he attempted;—whether discoursing on the most humble topics, of the most ordinary case in Court or in society, or defending men for their lives, under the persecution of tyrannical power, wrestling against the usurpations of Parliament, in favour of the liberty of the press, and upholding against the assaults of the infidel the fabric of revealed religion. Indeed the beauty, as well as chaste simplicity, of the language in which he would clothe the most lowly subjects, reminded the classical scholar of some narratives in the *Odyssey*, where there is not one idea that rises above the meanest level, and yet all is made graceful and elegant by the magic of the diction. Aware that his classical acquirements were so slender, men oftentimes marvelled at the phenomenon of his eloquence, above all, of his composition. The solution of the difficulty lay in the constant reading of the old English authors to which he devoted himself: Shakspeare, he was more familiar with than almost any man of his age; and Milton he nearly had by heart. Nor can it be denied that the study of the speeches in *‘Paradise Lost’* is as good a substitute as can be found for the immortal originals in the Greek models, upon which those great productions have manifestly been formed.

Such was his oratory; but the oratory is only the half, and the lesser half of the *Nisi Prius* advocate; and Mr. Erskine never was known to fail in the more important moiety of the part he had to sustain. The entire devotion to his cause which made him reject every thing that did not help it forward, and indignantly scorn all temptation to sacrifice its smallest point for any rhetorical triumph, was not the only virtue of his advocacy. His judgment was quick, sound, and sure, upon each successive step to be taken; his decision bold, but cautious and enlightened, at each turn. His speaking was hardly more perfect than his exami-

nation of witnesses,—the art in which so much of an English advocate’s skill is shown; and his examination-in-chief was as excellent as his cross-examination;—a department so apt to deceive the vulgar, and which yet is, generally speaking, far less available, as it hardly ever is more difficult than the examination-in-chief, or in reply. In all these various functions, whether of addressing the jury, or urging objections to the Court, or examining his own witnesses, or cross-examining his adversary’s, this consummate advocate appeared to fill at one and the same time different characters;—to act as the counsel and representative of the party, and yet to be the very party himself; while he addressed the tribunal, to be also acquainted with every feeling and thought of the judge or the jury; and while he interrogated the witness, whether to draw from him all he knew, and in the most favourable shape, or to shake and displace all he had said that was adverse, he appeared to have entered into the mind of the person he was dealing with, and to be familiar with all that was passing within it. It is by such means that the hearer is to be moved, and the truth elicited; and he will ever be the most successful advocate who can approach the nearest to this lofty and difficult position.

The speeches of this great man are preserved to us with a care and correctness which those only of Mr. Burke, Mr. Windham, Mr. Canning, and Lord Dudley, among all the orators of whom we have treated, can boast. He had a great facility of composition; he wrote both much and correctly. The five volumes which remain were all revised by himself; most of them at the several times of their first publication. Mr. Windham, too, is known to have left most of his speeches written out correctly in his own hand. The same care was bestowed upon their speeches by the others just named. Neither those of Mr. Fox or Mr. Pitt, nor, with one or two exceptions, of Mr. Sheridan, ever enjoyed the same advantages; and a most unfair estimate would therefore be framed of their eloquence, as compared with that of others, were men only to form their judgment upon the records which the Parliamentary Debates present.

Of Mr. Erskine’s, the first, beyond all doubt, was his speech for Stockdale, foolishly and oppressively prosecuted by the House of Commons for publishing the Reverend Mr. Logan’s eloquent tract upon Hastings’s impeachment. There are no finer things in modern, and few finer in ancient eloquence than the celebrated passage of the *Indian Chief*; nor has beautiful language ever been used with more curious felicity to raise a striking and an appropriate image before the mind, than in the simile of the winds, ‘lashing before them the lazy elements, which without the tempest would stagnate into pestilence.’ The speeches on Constructive Treason are also noble performances; in

which the reader never can forget the sublimity of the denunciation against those who took from the 'file the sentence against Sidney, which should have been left on record to all ages, that it might arise and blacken in the sight, like the handwriting on the wall before the Eastern tyrant, to deter from outrages upon justice.' One or two of the speeches upon Seduction, especially that for the defendant in *Howard v. Bingham*, are of exquisite beauty.

It remains that we commemorate the deeds which he did, and which cast the fame of his oratory into the shade. He was an undaunted man; he was an undaunted advocate. To no Court did he ever tremble; neither to the Court of the King, neither to the Court of the King's Judges. Their smiles and their frowns he disregarded alike in the fearless discharge of his duty. He upheld the liberty of the press against the one; he defended the rights of the people against both combined to destroy them. If there be yet amongst us the power of freely discussing the acts of our rulers; if there be yet the privilege of meeting for the promotion of needful reforms; if he who desires wholesome changes in our Constitution be still recognised as a patriot, and not doomed to die the death of a traitor; let us acknowledge with gratitude, that to this great man, under Heaven, we owe this felicity of the times. In 1794, his dauntless energy, his indomitable courage, kindling his eloquence, inspiring his conduct, giving direction and lending firmness to his matchless skill, resisted the combination of statesmen, and princes, and lawyers,—the league of cruelty and craft, formed to destroy our liberties,—and triumphantly scattered to the winds the half accomplished scheme of an unsparing proscription. Before such a precious service as this, well may the lustre of statesmen and of orators grow pale; and yet this was the achievement of one only not the first orator of his age, and not among its foremost statesmen, because he was beyond all comparison the most accomplished advocate, and the most eloquent, that modern times have produced.

The disposition and manners of the man were hardly less attractive than his genius and his professional skill were admirable. He was, like almost all great men, simple, natural, and amiable; full of humane feelings and kindly affections. Of wit, he had little or none in conversation; and he was too gay to take any delight in discussion; but his humour was playful to buoyancy, and wild even to extravagance; and he indulged his roaming and devious and abrupt imagination as much in society, as in public he kept it under rigorous control. That his private character was exempt from failings, can in no wise be affirmed. The egotism which was charged upon his conversation, and in which he only seemed to adopt the habit of the forensic leaders of his times, was wholly un-mixed with any thing offensive to others; though it

might excite a smile at his own expense. Far from seeking to raise himself by their depression, his vanity was of the best-natured and least selfish kind; it was wholly social and tolerant and, as it were, gregarious; nay, he always seemed to extol the deeds of others with fully more enthusiasm than he ever displayed in recounting his own. But there were darker places to be marked, in the extreme imprudence with which some indulgences were sought, and unfortunate connexions, even late in life, formed. Lord Kenyon, who admired and loved him fervently, and used always to appear as vain of him as a schoolmaster of his favourite pupil, though himself rigorous to the point of asceticism, was wont to call these imperfections, viewing them tolerantly, 'spots in the sun;' and it must with sorrow be added, that as the lustre of the luminary became more dim, the spots did not contract in their dimensions. The usual course on such occasions is to say *Taceamus de his*,—but history neither asserts her greatest privilege, nor discharges her higher duties, when, dazzled by brilliant genius, or astonished by splendid triumphs, or even softened by amiable qualities, she abstains from marking those defects which so often degrade the most sterling worth, and which the talents and the affections that they accompany may sometimes seduce men to imitate.

The striking and imposing appearance of this great man's person has been mentioned. His herculean strength of constitution may be also noted. During the eight-and-twenty years that he practised at the bar, he never was prevented for one hour from attending to his professional duties. At the famous State Trials in 1794, he lost his voice on the evening before he was to address the Jury. It returned to him just in time, and this, like other felicities of his career, he always ascribed to a special providence, with the habitually religious disposition of mind which was hereditary in the godly families that he sprung from.

Greatly inferior to these men,—indeed of a different class, as well as order,—but far from an inconsiderable person in debate, where he had his own particular line, and in that eminently excelled, was Mr. Tierney. He had been bred to the law, was called to the bar, and for a short time frequented the Western Circuit, on which he succeeded Mr. Pitt in the office of Recorder, or keeper of the circuit books and funds; a situation filled by the youngest member of the profession on the several circuits each successive year. He soon, however, like his illustrious predecessor, left the hard and dull, and for many years cheerless path, which ends in the highest places in the State, and the most important functions of the Constitution; and devoted himself to the more inviting, but more thorny and even more precarious pursuits of politics; in which merit, if it never fails of earning fame and distinction, very often secures nothing more solid to its possessor; and which



has the farther disadvantage of leading to power, or to disappointment, according to the conduct or the caprices of others, as much as of the candidate himself. No man more than Mr. Tierney lived to experience the truth of this remark; and no man more constantly advised his younger friends to avoid the fascinations which concealed such snares and led to those rocks. In truth, no one had a better right to give this warning; for his talents were peculiarly fitted for the contentions of the legal profession, and must have secured him great eminence had he remained at the bar; but they were accompanied with some defects which proved exceedingly injurious to his success as a statesman. He possessed sufficient industry to master any subject, and, until his health failed, to undergo any labour. His understanding was of that plain and solid description which wears well, and is always more at the command of its possessor than the brilliant qualities that dazzle the vulgar. To any extraordinary quickness of apprehension he laid no claim; but he saw with perfect clearness, and, if he did not take a very wide range, yet within his appointed scope, his ideas were strongly formed, and, when he stated them, luminously expressed. Every thing refined he habitually rejected; partly as above his comprehension, partly as beneath his regard; and he was wont to value the efforts of fancy still lower than the feats of subtlety; so that there was something extremely comical in witnessing the contrast of his homely and somewhat literal understanding with the imaginative nature of Erskine. But if refinement and fancy, when tried upon him apart, met with this indifferent reception, their combination in any thing romantic, especially when it was propounded as a guide of conduct, fared still worse at his hands; and if he ever found such views erected into a test or standard for deciding either on public or on private affairs, he was apt to treat the fabric rather as the work of an unsound mind, than as a structure to be seriously exposed and taken to pieces by argument.

Nevertheless, with all this shunning of fanciful matter, no one's mind was more accessible to groundless imaginations; provided they entered by one quarter, on which certainly lay his weak side as a politician. A man undeniably of cool personal courage; a debater of as unquestioned boldness and vigour; he was timid in council; always saw the gloomy side of things; could scarcely ever be induced to look at any other aspect; and tormented both himself and others with endless doubts and difficulties, and apprehensions of things barely possible, as if in human affairs, from the crossing of a street to the governing of a kingdom, men were not compelled either to stand stock-still, or to expose themselves to innumerable risks,—acting, of course, only on probabilities, and these often not very high ones. It was a singular thing to observe how complete a change the same individual had undergone

in passing from the consultation to the debate. The difference was not greater between Erskine out of Court and in his professional garb. He was firm in the line once taken, against which he had raised a host of objections, and around which he had thrown a cloud of doubts; he was as bold in meeting real enemies as he had been timid in conjuring up imaginary risks; prompt, vigorous, determined, he carried on the debate; and he who in a distant view of it could only descry difficulties and create confusion, when the tug of war approached, and he came to close quarters, displayed an abundance of resources which astonished all who had been harassed with his hesitation, or confounded by his perplexities, or vexed with his apprehensions; and was found to have no eyes but for the adversary whom his whole soul was bent upon meeting; nor any circumspection but for the possibility of a reply which he was resolved to cut off.

It is, probable, however, that this defect in his character as a politician had greatly increased as he grew older. In early times he was among the more forward of the Reformers. When he quitted the bar he offered himself as candidate for several vacant seats and was unsuccessful. He attended the debates at the East India House as a proprietor; and took an active part in them. He was an assiduous member of the 'Society of Friends of the People,' and drew up the much and justly celebrated Petition in which that useful body laid before the House of Commons all the more striking particulars of its defective title to the office of representing the people, which that House then, as now, but with far less reason, assumed. He contested the borough of Southwark more than once, and was seated ultimately in 1796, and by a Committee before which he conducted his own case with an ability so striking, that all who witnessed it at once augured most favourably of his prospects in the House, and confessed that his leaving the bar had alone prevented him from filling the highest place among the ornaments of Westminster Hall. In that contest, his acuteness, his plain and homely sense, his power of exposing a sophism, or ridiculing a refinement, shone conspicuous; and his inimitable manner,—a manner above all others suited to his style of speaking and thinking, and singularly calculated to affect a popular audience,—was added to the other qualities which he showed himself possessed of, and by which he won and kept hold of the committee's undivided attention.

His entry into the House of Commons was made at a sufficiently remarkable period of time. The Whig Opposition had just taken the most absurd and inconsistent, as well as most unjustifiable step which ever party or public men resorted to, in order to show the bitterness of their disappointment, to justify their enemies in deducing all their actions from selfish motives, and to lend the doctrine some plausibility, which the

enemies of all party connexion hold, when they deny its use, and regard it as a mere association for interested purposes; not dictated by any public principle, but dressing itself falsely and fraudulently in that decent garb. They had retired or seceded from their attendance in Parliament, upon the very grounds which should have chained them faster to their seats; namely, that the Government was ruining the interests and trampling upon the liberties of the country; and that the people were not sufficiently alive to the situation of their affairs. If any thing could add to the folly as well as impropriety of this measure, it was the incompleteness of the secession; for instead of leaving Parliament, and thus enabling the people to choose more faithful guardians of their interests, these men all retained their seats, kept fast hold of their personal privileges, and preserved the option of returning upon any fitting or temporary occasion, to the places which they left empty and ready. The Irish Parliament afforded, upon this occasion, one of the two instances of its superiority to our own, which the whole history of that bad and corrupt assembly presents.\* The Opposition there, with Mr. Grattan at its head, vacated their seats and remained out of Parliament for some years. Strange that the place where political purity was the most rare, where true patriotism was ever at its lowest ebb,—where the whole machinery of corruption,—all that men call jobbing and faction was proverbially hereditary and consitutional,—and where it has always been so usual to expect as little correctness of reasoning as consistency and purity of conduct,—an example should have been afforded of just and rational conduct, and self-denial, upon the point of jobbing itself, which the patriots of England were neither wise enough or disinterested enough to follow! This phenomenon, otherwise hard to be explained, is accounted for by the character of the illustrious man whom we have named as leader of the Irish Whigs.

The absence of the regular leaders of the Opposition and their followers from Parliament gave Mr. Tierney a ready opening to distinction upon his entering the House of Commons;—an opening of which far less sagacity and resources than he possessed might have taken advantage. He became at once, and from the necessity of the case, in some sort the leader of Opposition. The subject to which he mainly directed himself was the financial department; but without at all confining his exertions to questions of this description. The clearness of his understanding, however, and his business-like habits, gave him a peculiar advantage upon such matters; and he retained his hold over it, and, as it were, an almost exclusive possession of it during the whole of his Parliamentary life. It seems strange to look back upon the hands out of which he took this branch of Opposition business. Mr. Sheri-

dan was the person to whom he succeeded, and who really must be admitted to have been, in every respect, as moderately qualified for performing it as any one of his great abilities could well be. But it must not be supposed that the secession of the regular party left all finance questions, or all questions of any kind, in the hands of him whom they considered as an officious unwelcome substitute, and affected to look down upon as an indifferent makeshift in the hands of the Ministers; ever ready to catch at any semblance of a regular opposing party, for the convenience which it affords in conducting the public business. When the Irish Rebellion, and still more, when the Union, and soon after the failure of the Dutch Expedition seemed to afford a chance of 'doing something,' they came down and joined in the debate. To Mr. Tierney was left the wearisome and painful but not unimportant duty of watching daily the proceedings of the Government, and of the House, in which it now ruled with an absolute sway. Whatever was most irksome and laborious, most thankless and obscure in the drudgery of daily attendance, and the discomfiture of small divisions, fell to his share. It was only when the reward of such toils and vexations appeared in view, upon some great occasion presenting itself for assaulting a Minister invincible in Parliament, but defeated with discredit in his schemes, and assailing him with the support of the country as well as of fortune, that Mr. Tierney was quickly nor yet very gently put on one side; to make way for the greater men who had been engaged in any pursuit, rather than that of their country's favour, and doing any service but that which they owed to their constituents. With what front they could have offered themselves again to these constituents had a general election befallen them before some change had happened in their policy, it would be difficult to conjecture. But fortunately for them as for the country, the administration of Mr. Addington afforded a fair opportunity, perhaps a pretext, of which they were desirous, for resuming their attendance in Parliament; and no one has ever since, in a tone more audible than a whisper, ventured to mention the experiment of secession, as among the ways and means for bettering the condition of a party. It must, however, be added, that when the Election of 1802 came, the people, by showing an entire forgetfulness of the greatest violation of public duty ever committed by their representatives, and never once mentioning the secession on any one occasion, exhibited an inconstancy and neglect of their own best interests, truly painful to those who deem them not only the object, but the origin of all political power; and who, moreover, hold it to be impossible that any power bestowed upon men can be well or safely executed without a continuance of wholesome popular control. The comfort which we now have under this unpleasant recollection, is de-

\* The other was on the Regency 1788-9.

rived from an assurance that such never could be the case in the present times. No man, or class of men, dare now leave their Parliamentary post, without at the same time throwing up their delegated trust; and whoever should attempt to repeat the game of 1797 in our times, would find the doors of Parliament closed against him, should he be rash enough again to seek admission through any place having a real body of electors.

In the times of which we have been speaking, Mr. Tierney was one of those Whigs who, partly through hostility to Mr. Pitt, and partly from a sincere gratitude for the peace abroad, and the mild and constitutional government at home, obtained for the country by Mr. Addington, first supported, and afterwards formally joined that Minister, upon his rupture with his patron and predecessor. It was unfortunate that Mr. Tierney should have taken office almost on the eve of his new leader committing as great an error, and as fatal as ever could be imputed to his warlike adversary. Mr. Addington having been joined by Mr. Tierney late in 1802, plunged the country, early in 1803, again into war; for reasons, which, if they had any force, should have prevented him from making peace the year before; and even if Napoleon was desirous of breaking the treaty, care was taken by the manner of the quarrel which we fastened upon him, to give him every appearance, in the eyes of the world, of having been reluctantly forced into a renewal of hostilities.

The removal of Mr. Tierney from the Opposition to the Ministerial benches was not attended with any increase either of his weight in the country, or of his powers in debate. No man certainly had a right to charge him with any violation of party duty; for he had never been connected with the regular Whig Opposition, and had been treated upon all occasions with little respect by their leaders. Yet in his opinions he agreed with them; they had always professed the same principles upon those great questions, whether of foreign or domestic policy, which divided public men; and he was now in office with statesmen who only differed from those whom he had always opposed, in the inferiority of their capacity; in having done their patrons' bidding by restoring peace and the Constitution,—both of which he had suspended,—and in refusing to go out and let him in again when that turn was served. There was little ground then for drawing any distinction between the two classes of Pittites; upon principle none; only a personal difference divided them; and to that difference Mr. Tierney was wholly a stranger, until he chose to take a part in it by taking office upon it. But, as has often happened to men who thus place themselves in what our French neighbours term a 'false position,' his weight in the House was not more remarkably lessened than his gift of debating was impaired. He never seemed to be thorough-

ly possessed of himself, or to feel at home, after taking his seat on the Treasury Bench; among the Jenkinses, the Braggs, the Yorks, the Percivals, and the other supporters of Mr. Addington's somewhat feeble, though certainly very useful administration. It was drolly said of the latter—in reference to the rather useless acquisition which he appeared to have made—that he resembled the worthy but not very acute Lord who bought Punch. Upon more than one occasion, words of a graver character were heard from the great master of sarcasm to convey the same idea. When, in an attempt to defend the naval administration of the Government against Mr. Pitt's unmeasured attacks, their new champion, with signal infelicity, adventured upon some personal jeers\* at their assailants' expense, the latter remarked in very good humour, 'that he had not found him quite so formidable an antagonist in his novel situation, though he nowise questioned his capacity for Ministerial exertions, and should wait until his infant aptitudes had expanded to their destined fullness. The overthrow of the Addington Ministry soon restored Mr. Tierney to the ranks of Opposition; and his union with the Whigs afterwards became so complete, that he acted for some years after the death of Mr. Whitbread and Mr. Ponsonby as their real leader in the Commons; and during one Session was installed formally as their chief.

The instances to which we have just adverted, may truly be said to be the only failures in Mr. Tierney's whole parliamentary career. For he was one of the surest and most equal speakers that ever mingled in debate; and his style of speaking was very enviable in this particular. It seemed so easy and so natural to the man, as to be always completely at his command; depending on no happy and almost involuntary flights of fancy, or moods of mind, or any of the other incidents that affect and limit the inspirations of genius;—hardly even upon fire caught from an adversary's speech, or an accident in the debate, and which is

\* If we mention the nature of these attempts, it must be after a very distinct and peremptory protest against being understood to give them as samples of the humour, and indeed wit in which Mr. Tierney peculiarly excelled—for they were exceptions to it, and were his only failures. He spoke of Mr. Pitt's motion as 'smelling of a contract'—and even called him 'The Right Hon. Shipwright'—in allusion to his proposal to build men-of-war in the Merchants' Yards. On one occasion he fell by a less illustrious hand—but yet the hand of a wit. When alluding to the difficulties the Foxites and Pittites had of passing over to join each other in attacking the Addington Ministry, Mr. Tierney (forgetting at the moment how easily he had himself overcome a like difficulty in joining that Ministry) alluded to the puzzle of the Fox and the Goose, and did not clearly expound his idea. Whereupon Mr. Dudley North said:—'It's himself he means—who left the Fox to go over to the Goose, and put the bag of oats in his pocket.' His failures are told in three lines; but a volume would not hold the successful efforts of his drollery both in debate and in society.

went to kindle the eloquence of the greater orators. Whoever heard him upon any occasion, had the impression that such he would be upon all; and that whenever he chose it, he could make as good a speech, and of the same kind. Nor was that excellence small; or that description of oratory contemptible. It was very effective at all times; at some times of very great force indeed. His power of plain and lucid statement was not easily to be surpassed; and this served him in special stead upon questions of finance and trade, which he so often handled. His reasoning was equally plain and distinct. He was as argumentative a speaker as any one could be who set so little value upon subtlety of all sorts; and who always greatly preferred the shorter roads towards a conclusion, to laboured ratiocination; and quick retorts suggested by the course of the discussion, to any thing elaborate or long. In these retorts, whether of allusion, or repartee, or personal attack, his excellence was very great. When occasion required it, he could rise into a strain of very effective and striking declamation; and although never attempting any flight of a lofty kind, yet never once failing to reach whatever he aimed at. His wit, or his humour, or his drollery, it would be very difficult to describe—nor easy to say how it should be classed. Perhaps, of the three words we have used, in order to be sure of comprehending or hitting it, the second is the most appropriate. He had the great requisites of a powerful debater,—quickness in taking his ground, and boldness in holding it; and could instantly perceive an enemy's weakness and his own course to take advantage of it. But we now speak of him when on his legs; for the defect in his character, of which we before made mention, followed him into the House of Commons, and he was wanting in decision and vigour there also, until he rose; when a new man seemed to stand before you.

It remains to be said, that no man's private character stood higher in all respects; and, besides the most amiable domestic affections, he showed a very touching patience, and even cheerfulness, in sustaining the distressing attacks of the illness under which he laboured for many of the latter years of his life. He was of strictly religious habits, although without any thing of either austerity or fanaticism; and is said to have left some devotional compositions, which prove how deeply impressed his mind was by the feelings connected with the most important of all subjects. It must not be forgotten, in speaking of Mr. Tierney's adherence to the liberal party, during their long and all but hopeless exclusion from office, that he was neither sustained in his independent and honest course by any enthusiasm or fervour of character, nor placed in circumstances which made the emoluments of place indifferent to the comforts of his life. A person of his very moderate fortune, and plain, practical, even

somewhat cold habits of thinking, upon questions which warm so many minds into the fervour of romantic patriotism, has double merit in perseveringly discharging his public duties, and turning a deaf ear to all the allurements of power.

And here for the present let us pause. We have been gazing on the faint likenesses of many great men. We have been traversing a gallery, on either side of which they stand ranged. We have made bold in that edifice to 'expatiate and confer the State affairs' of their age. Cognizant of its history, aware of the principles by which the English chiefs are marshalled, sagacious of the springs that move the politic wheel whose revolutions we contemplate, it is an easy thing for us to comprehend the phenomenon most remarkably presented by those figures and their arrangement; nor are we led to stare aghast at that which would astound any mind not previously furnished with the ready solution to make all plain and intelligible. But suppose some one from another hemisphere or another world, admitted to the spectacle, which we find so familiar, and consider what would be its first effect upon his mind. 'Here,' he would say, 'stand the choicest spirits of their age; the greatest wits, the noblest orators, the wisest politicians, the most illustrious patriots. Here they stand whose hands have been raised for their country, whose magical eloquence has shook the spheres, whose genius has poured out strains worthy the inspiration of the gods, whose lives were devoted to the purity of their principles, whose memories were bequeathed to a race grateful for benefits received from their sufferings and their sacrifices. Here stand all these "lights of the world and demigods of fame,"—but here they stand not ranged on one side of this gallery, serving a common country! With the same bright object in their view, their efforts were divided, not united; they fiercely combated each other, and not together assailed some common foe: their great exertions were bestowed, their more than mortal forces were expended, not in furthering the general good, not in resisting their country's enemies, but in conflicts among themselves; and all their triumphs were won over each other, and all their sufferings were endured at each other's hands!' 'Is it' the unenlightened stranger would add, 'a reality that I survey, or a troubled vision that mocks my sight? Am I indeed contemplating the prime of men amongst a rational people, or the Coryphees of a band of mimes? Or, haply, am I admitted to survey the cells of some hospital appointed for the insane; or is it, peradventure, the vaults of some pandemonium through which my eyes have been suffered to wander till my vision aches, and my brain is disturbed?'

Thus far the untutored native of some far distant wild on earth, or the yet more ignorant inhabitant of some world, remote beyond 'the solar walk or milky way.' We know more; we apprehend things better.



But let us, even in our pride of enlightened wisdom, pause for a moment to reflect on this most anomalous state of things,—this arrangement of political affairs which systematically excludes at least one-half of the great men of each age from their country's service, and devotes both classes infinitely more to maintaining a conflict with one another than to furthering the general good. And here it may be admitted at once that nothing can be less correct than their view, who regard the administration of affairs as practically in the hands of only one-half the nation, whilst the excluded portion is solely occupied in thwarting their proceedings. The influence of both parties is exerted, and the movement of the state machine partakes of both the forces impressed upon it; neither taking the direction of the one nor of the other, but a third line between both. This concession, no doubt, greatly lessens the evil; but it is very far indeed from removing it. Why must there always be this exclusion, and this conflict? Does not every one immediately perceive how it must prove detrimental to the public service in the great majority of instances; and how miserable a makeshift for something better and more rational it is, even where it does more good than harm? Besides, if it requires a constant and systematic opposition to prevent mischief, and keep the machine of state in the right path, of what use is our boasted representative government, which is designed to give the people a control over their rulers, and serves no other purpose at all?

It must not be supposed that in these general remarks upon party we are pronouncing a very severe censure upon all public men in this country, or placing ourselves on an eminence removed from strife, and high above all vulgar contentions.—

*Despicere unde queas alios, passimque videre,  
Errare, atque viam palanteis quærere vitæ,  
Certare ingenio, contendere nobilitate,  
Noctis atque dies niti præstante labore  
Ad summas emergere opes, rerumque potiri.*

LUC. II.

The blame now cast upon politicians affects them all equally; and is only like that which ethical reasoners on the selfish theory of morals, may be supposed to throw upon all human conduct. In fact our blame applies not to individuals, but to the system; and that system we hold to be bad;—hurtful to the interests of the country, corrupting to the people, injurious to honest principle, and at the very best a clumsy contrivance for carrying on the affairs of the State.

Let us now, before we close this view of the times recently passed, and of the great men who flourished in them, amongst ourselves, cast our eye towards the Genius that directed the resources of our enemies, unimpaired by our party divisions, and with all the unity of despotism besides. During the most eventful period of the age in which they flourished, the destinies of France, and of the Continent, were wielded by Na-

poleon Bonaparte; certainly the most extraordinary person who has appeared in modern times, and to whom in some respects no parallel can be found if we search the whole annals of the human race. For though the conquests of Alexander were more extensive, and the matchless character of Cæsar was embellished by more various accomplishments, and the invaders of Mexico and Peru worked their purposes of subjugation with far more scanty means, yet the military genius of the Great Captain shines with a lustre peculiarly its own; or which he shares with Hannibal alone, when we reflect that he never had to contend, like those conquerors, with adversaries inferior to himself in civilization or discipline, but won all his triumphs over hosts as well ordered and regularly marshalled and amply provided as his own.

This celebrated man was sprung from a good family in Corsica, and while yet a boy fixed the attention and raised the hopes of all his connexions. In his early youth his military genius shone forth; he soon gained the summit of his profession; he commanded at twenty-five a military operation of a complicated and difficult nature in Paris: immediately after, he rapidly led the French armies through a series of victories till then unexampled, and to which even now his own after achievements can alone afford any parallel, for the suddenness, the vehemence, and the completeness of the operations. That much of his success was derived from the mechanical adherence of his adversaries to the formal rules of ancient tactics, cannot be doubted; and our Wellington's campaigns would, in the same circumstances, and had he been opposed to similar antagonists, in all likelihood have been as brilliant and decisive. But he always had to combat the soldiers bred in Napoleon's school; while Napoleon, for the most part, was matched against men whose inveterate propensity to follow the rules of an obsolete science, not even the example of Frederic had been able to subdue; and who were resolved upon being a second time the victims of the same obstinate blindness which had, in Frederic's days, made genius triumph over numbers by breaking through rules repugnant to common sense. It must, however, be confessed, that although this consideration accounts for the achievements of this great warrior, which else had been impossible, nothing is thus detracted from his praise, excepting that what he accomplished ceases to appear miraculous; for it was his glory never to let an error pass unprofitably to himself; nor ever to give his adversary an advantage which he could not ravish from him, with ample interest, before it was turned to any fatal account. Nor can it be denied that, when the fortune of war proved adverse, the resources of his mind were only drawn forth in the more ample profusion. After the battle of Aspern he displayed more skill, as well as constancy, than in all his previous

campaigns; and the struggle which he made in France, during the dreadful conflict that preceded his downfall, is by many regarded as the masterpiece of his military life. Nor let us forget that the grand error of his whole career, the mighty expedition to Moscow, was a political error only. The vast preparations for that campaign—the combinations by which he collected and marshalled and moved this prodigious and various force like a single corps, or a domestic animal, or a lifeless instrument in his hand—displayed in the highest degree the great genius for arrangement and for action with which he was endowed; and his prodigious efforts to regain the ground which the disasters of that campaign rescued from his grasp, were only not successful, because no human power could in a month create an army of cavalry, nor a word of command give recruits the discipline of veterans. In the history of war, it is, assuredly, only Hannibal who can be compared with him; and certainly, when we reflect upon the yet greater difficulties of the Carthaginian's position—the much longer time during which he maintained the unequal contest—still more, when we consider that his enemies have alone recorded his story, while Napoleon has been his own annalist—justice seems to require that the modern should yield to the ancient commander.

But Napoleon's genius was not confined to war: he possessed a large capacity also for civil affairs. He saw as clearly and as quickly determined on his course, in government as in the field. His public works, and his political reformations, especially his Code of Laws, are monuments of his wisdom and his vigour, more imperishable, as time has already proved, and as himself proudly foretold, than all his victories. His civil courage was more brilliant than his own, or most other men's valour in the field. How ordinary a bravery it was that blazed forth at Lodi, when he headed his wavering columns across the bridge swept by the field of Austrian artillery, compared with the undaunted and sublime courage that carried him from Cannes to Paris with a handful of men, and fired his bosom with the desire, and sustained it with the confidence, of overthrowing a dynasty, and overwhelming an empire by the terror of his name!

Nor were his endowments merely those of the statesman and the warrior. If he was not like Cæsar, a consummate orator, he yet knew men so thoroughly, and especially Frenchmen, whom he had most nearly studied, that he possessed the faculty of addressing them in strains of singular eloquence,—an eloquence peculiar to himself. It is not more certain that he is the greatest soldier whom France ever produced, than it is certain that his place is high amongst her greatest writers, as far as composition or diction is concerned. Some of his Bulletins are models for the purpose which they were intended to serve; his address to the

soldiers of his Old Guard at Fontainebleau, is a masterpiece of dignified and pathetic composition; his speech during the Hundred Days, at the Champ de Mars, beginning, 'General, Consul, Empereur, je tiens tout du Peuple,' is to be placed amongst the most perfect pieces of simple and majestic eloquence. These things are not the less true for being seldom or never remarked.

But with these great qualities of the will—the highest courage, the most easy formation of his resolutions, the most steadfast adherence to his purpose, the entire devotion to his object of all his energies—and with the equally shining faculties of the understanding by which that firm will worked—the clearest and quickest apprehension, the power of intense application, the capacity of complete abstraction from all interrupting ideas, the complete and most instantaneous circumspection of all difficulties, whether on one side, or even providently seen in prospect, the intuitive knowledge of men, and power of mind and of tongue to mould their will to his purpose—with these qualities, which form the character held greatest by vulgar minds, the panegyric of Napoleon must close. He WAS A CONQUEROR;—HE WAS A TYRANT. To gratify his ambition—to slake his thirst of power—to weary a lust of dominion which no conquests could satiate—he trampled on Liberty when his hand might have raised her to a secure place; and he wrapt the world in flames, which the blood of millions alone could quench. By those passions, a mind not originally unkindly, was perverted and deformed, till human misery ceased to move it, and honesty, and truth, and pity, the duties we owe to God and to man, had departed from one thus given up to a single and a selfish pursuit. 'Tantas animi virtutes ingentia vitia aequabant; inhumana crudelitas;\* perfidia plusquam Punica; nihil veri, nihil sancti, nullus Deum metus, nullum jusjurandum, nulla religio.'† The death of Enghien, the cruel sufferings of Wright, the mysterious end of Pichegru, the punishment of Palm, the tortures of Toussaint,‡ have all been dwelt upon as the spots on

\* The kindness of his nature will be denied by some; the inhuman cruelty by others; but both are correctly true. There is extant, a letter which we have seen, full of the tenderest affection towards his favourite brother, to whom it was addressed, when about to be separated from him, long after he had entered on public life. It is in parts blotted with his tears, evidently shed before the ink was dry. As for his cruelty, they only can deny it who think it is more cruel for a man to witness torments which he has ordered, or to commit butchery with his own hand, than to give a command which must consign thousands to agony and death. If Napoleon had been called upon to witness, or with his own hand to inflict such misery, he would have paused at first—because physical repugnance would have prevailed over mental callousness. But how many minutes' reflection would it have taken to deaden the pain, and make him execute his own purpose?

† Liv. xxi.

‡ It is a gross error to charge him with the poisoning

his fame; because the fortunes of individuals presenting a more definite object to the mind, strike our imaginations, and rouse our feelings more than wretchedness in larger masses, less distinctly perceived. But to the eye of calm reflection, the declaration of an unjustifiable war, or the persisting in it a day longer than is necessary, presents a more grievous object of contemplation, implies a disposition more pernicious to the world, and calls down a reprobation far more severe.

How grateful the relief which the friend of mankind, the lover of virtue, experiences when turning from the contemplation of such a character, his eye rests upon the greatest man of our own or of any age;—the only one upon whom an epithet so thoughtlessly lavished by men to foster the crimes of their worst enemies, may be innocently and justly bestowed! In Washington we truly behold a marvellous contrast to almost every one of the endowments and the vices which we have been contemplating; and which are so well fitted to excite a mingled admiration, and sorrow, and abhorrence. With none of that brilliant genius which dazzles ordinary minds; with not even any remarkable quickness of apprehension; with knowledge less than almost all persons in the middle ranks, and many well educated of the humbler classes possess; this eminent person is presented to our observation clothed in attributes as modest, as unpretending, as little calculated to strike or to astonish, as if he had passed unknown through some secluded region of private life. But he had a judgment sure and sound; a steadiness of mind which never suffered any passion, or even any feeling to ruffle its calm; a strength of understanding which worked rather than forced its way through all obstacles,—removing or avoiding rather than overleaping them. His courage, whether in battle or in council, was as perfect as might be expected from this pure and steady temper of soul. A perfectly just man, with a thoroughly firm resolution never to be misled by others, any more than by others overawed; never to be seduced or betrayed, or hurried away by his own weaknesses or self-delusions, any more than by other men's arts; nor ever to be disheartened by the most complicated difficulties, any more than to be spoilt on the giddy heights of fortune—such was this great man,—whether we regard him sustaining alone the whole weight of campaigns, all but desperate, or gloriously terminating a just warfare by his resources and his courage—presiding over the jarring elements of his political council, alike deaf to the storms of all extremes—or directing the formation of a new govern-

of his sick in Egypt; and his massacre of the prisoners at Jaffa, is a very controverted matter. But we fear the early anecdote of his ordering an attack, with no other object than to gratify his mistress, when a young officer of artillery, rests upon undeniable authority, and if so, it is to be placed amongst his worst crimes.

ment for a great people, the first time that so vast an experiment had ever been tried by man—or finally retiring from the supreme power to which his virtue had raised him over the nation he had created, and whose destinies he had guided as long as his aid was required—retiring with the veneration of all parties, of all nations, of all mankind, in order that the rights of men might be conserved, and that his example never might be appealed to by vulgar tyrants. This is the consummate glory of the great American; a triumphant warrior where the most sanguine had a right to despair; a successful ruler in all the difficulties of a course wholly untried; but a warrior, whose sword only left its sheath when the first law of our nature commanded it to be drawn; and a ruler who, having tasted of supreme power, gently and unostentatiously desired that the cup might pass from him, nor would suffer more to wet his lips than the most solemn and sacred duty to his country and his God required!

To his latest breath did this great patriot maintain the noble character of a Captain the patron of Peace, and a Statesman the friend of Justice. Dying, he bequeathed to his heirs the sword which he had worn in the War for Liberty, charging them 'never to take it from the scabbard but in self-defence, or in defence of their country and her freedom; and commanding them, that when it should thus be drawn, they should never sheath it nor ever give it up, but prefer falling with it in their hands to the relinquishment thereof'—words, the majesty and simple eloquence of which are not surpassed in the oratory of Athens and Rome. It will be the duty of the Historian and the Sage in all ages to omit no occasion of commemorating this illustrious man; and until time shall be no more will a test of the progress which our race has made in wisdom and in virtue be derived from the veneration paid to the immortal name of Washington!

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*From the Quarterly Review.*

*The History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire.* By Edward Gibbon, Esq. With notes by the Rev. H. H. Milman. Vols. I.—IV. 8vo. London: 1838.

It was an evil hour for the best interests of mankind when Gibbon undertook to write the history of 'The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire.' If the subject was well chosen, and he in many respects admirably qualified to do it justice, so much the worse. The literary merits of the work only secured a wider range for the infidel principles mixed up with it; and, as from the nature of the subject it was sure to be read by the young far more than by those of mature age and established opinions, there is no telling the number of

minds it may have unsettled. The poison, too, was put in circulation without any label on the wrapper; for who would expect a history of Rome to be made the vehicle of a malignant attack upon Christianity? and as was the fashion with the Italian proficients of old, the dose was conveyed in portions so minute, and in food so wholesome, as to be the more dangerous. The times, and the peculiar circumstances of the man, both contributed to the infidel character of this extraordinary publication. It was written whilst the wits, so called, were blindly engaged in scattering far and wide those principles of which the French revolution proved the fruit,

‘A token, would it were a monument!’

of what practical results they lead to; nature itself denouncing them by the misery they engender: written within the very circle of those evil magicians, the master-spirits of the mischief of the times:—written by one but too familiar with their pernicious labours, as the notes on the ‘Decline and Fall’ amply testify—by one clearly enough betraying, in passages which might be produced, for what appetites he felt himself catering—of whose praise he was ambitious, and of whose censure afraid—and by one whose feelings were so well disposed to find excellence in every thing French, that he must needs go out of his way in this history, to pay Paris a compliment; and to bespeak, whilst he does it, how unconscious he was of the volcano which was at that very moment forming beneath it, from the fuel which he and others like him, were so industriously providing.

‘If Julian could now revisit the capital of France, he might converse with men of science and genius, *capable of understanding and instructing a disciple of the Greeks*;—he might excuse the lively and graceful follies of a nation whose martial spirit has never been enervated by the indulgence of a luxury: and he must applaud the perfection of that inestimable art which softens and refines and embellishes the intercourse of social life.’

Some dozen short years gone, and the streets of the sprightly capital were running with the blood of the inhabitants, and her philosophical citizens, whom Gibbon himself had now learned to designate as ‘the savages of Gaul,’\* were worshipping a naked prostitute. The times, thus infectious in themselves, found in Gibbon one open to their influence. He was an Englishman who had spent the most critical years of his life in a foreign land—delivered from those checks which more or less control every one dwelling in his own. The prodigal is represented as ‘going into a far country.’ We do not mean to assert that he availed himself of the distance as a screen for actual profligacy; he was probably too busy for this; still a wholesome restraint was removed from him. He was a man not living in the bosom of his family, but alone in the world;

without wife or child: hostages these to virtue, quite as much as to fortune; it being well known that professed unbelievers have been constrained to cast a suspicion on the sincerity of their unbelief by withdrawing those that were nearest and dearest to them from the contagion of their own creed and companions; and that in the Marian persecution, those who took their deaths with the most remarkable courage were found to be married men with large families. Then, again, Gibbon’s mind, which was that of an intellectual voluptuary, was ill fitted for the reception of the evidences. If blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God, no less true is the converse—wretched are the unclean in heart, for they shall be blind to Him. And of this pruriency the work of Gibbon gives but too manifest indications throughout. Whether we turn to the characters he dwells upon with disproportionate interest—the features of a picture he exhibits in the most prominent relief—the critical scrupulosity with which he investigates the most nauseous details, sifting them with the pertinacity and relish of a duck filtering the filthiest mud for its meal—whether we track the spirit of the man by its slime through a dirty quotation, a sly innuendo, a luxurious amplification—all concur to show that the mind was inveterately sensual.

In such an age, and from such an author, came forth the ‘History of the Decline and Fall.’ But mischievous as it is, it would have been more so, had not the prejudices of the writer against Christianity been so transparent as to put his readers upon their guard. The research which the work displays might have dazzled them, had not a doubt suggested itself whether it was honestly applied. Many persons who might not have leisure or inclination to test Gibbon’s authorities and search his argument to the bottom, might still be led to suspect from gross and obvious tokens of its spirit, that such scrutiny, if undertaken, would not prove favourable to its pretensions; and the suspicion would serve them for an amulet. We allude to such passages as these, where, by a mere mechanical juxta-position of words, he contrives to convey an insinuation:—

‘The historical narrative [of Philostorgius] is soon lost in an inquiry concerning the *seat of Paradise, strange monsters, &c.*’—iii. 272, *Note!*

‘Apollonius of Tyana was born about the same time as Jesus Christ. His life (*that of the former*) is related in so fabulous a manner by his disciples, that we are at a loss to discover whether he was a sage, an impostor, or a fanatic.’—ii. 36.

We will not multiply these sad scoffs—still, we say, they are valuable as beacons: they let the reader know the manner of man he has to deal with, and the allowance that should be made in estimating his testimony: and he will be satisfied that the mind of one who can so deal with such a subject is warped—is not to be trusted further than it is watched—that, whilst he is

\* Miscel. Works, i. p. 359.



with him, he is walking in an unscrupulous enemy's country.

With feelings akin to these, we approach those original documents which supply Gibbon with the subject-matter of his speculations in this department of his history; and we are put upon the inquiry the rather, because at the time when he wrote they were examined by very few. The monstrous audacity of Priestley's assertions on the question of the divinity of the Son, is enough to show how largely that heresiarch reckoned upon the ignorance which then prevailed of the ecclesiastical authors of the three or four first centuries. And, though a Horsley was not wanting to expose him effectually, yet still (we say it with all due deference to so great a name, and one to which modern theology owes so much) there is that in the learned prelate's replies to him, with all their pretensions and all their merit,—(both conspicuous)—which has ever seemed to us to denote that much of his knowledge of the primitive fathers was got up for the occasion, and had not in it the ripeness of that of a Pearson or a Bull. Whilst Gibbon, therefore, was engaged with these authors, he must have felt that he was not very liable to exposure—that he was examining records which he had for the most part all to himself—and that, if the words of a reference (for of this point he is careful) seemed to support his text by their literal construction, few or none would be in a condition to apply a correction from a more general knowledge of the writer who furnished them. But, indeed, after reading over again this portion of Gibbon's history with much attention, we are at a loss to determine to what acquaintance with the primitive Fathers he had really attained—how far he had actually mastered their works by a patient perusal of them for himself. Certainly he tells us in his preface, that he had 'carefully examined all the original materials that could illustrate the subject which he had undertaken to treat;' and his notes point to the Fathers perpetually; but we are sceptical on the subject of immense reading such as the references of Gibbon challenge. Folio volumes of Greek and Latin, often obscure and difficult in style, will take a large part out of the solid day; and there are but twelve hours in it even for scholars. Our doubts in this case are not removed by Gibbon's numbering amongst the difficulties of inquiring into the progress of Christianity, which beset him, 'the scantiness and suspicious materials of ecclesiastical history.' Perhaps one who had carefully appropriated all those materials which exist would not have been disposed so much to complain of their scantiness. In his account of the Gnostics, for instance, we should have expected from one who made this a subject of complaint, tokens of his having possessed himself, at least, of all the information respecting them with which the works of Irenæus and Clemens abound—abound, we

should have said, to weariness of the flesh; but this does not appear. Irenæus is once referred to, but in a general way; Clemens once, and then, we conceive, with an erroneous interpretation.—(ii. 232.) So again, when he casts a doubt on what he considers the extravagant declaration of Tertullian, that *Spain* had already received the first rays of the faith at the time he addressed his Apology to the magistrates of the Emperor Severus, he does so in apparent ignorance of the testimony of this same Irenæus to the fact he disputes; testimony still earlier than that of Tertullian.\*

With respect to the suspicious character they bear, we can only say that, on the whole, the writings of the primitive Fathers, when examined cautiously and without bias, appear to us to carry with them as many marks of truth as any other uninspired writings of the same date. Of course to a general charge one can only make a general reply. But we see their works, in many cases, quoted successively by writers of every century from their own to ours—the allusions they contain to circumstances of the times they pretend to, confirmed by independent testimony—the heresies, the manners and customs of the early Christians, the ecclesiastical usages and rites to which they refer, all in keeping. We see in the Fathers certainly warm advocates of the Christian cause, but not dishonest partisans; on the contrary, remarkable candour in their admissions with respect to the Christians—often a disposition to produce, rather than to suppress, any mitigation of their sufferings—any entreaties of the magistrate that they would conform and save their lives—any evasion of punishment he might suggest to them. We find in them records of the presumption of Christians and their fall—their infirmities and quarrels—very cautious claims to miraculous powers of the highest class, much as though such powers were gradually and successively expiring (as has been conjectured) with the lives of those on whom the apostles themselves had laid their own proper hands—very ample enumerations of the offences laid to their charge. And, perhaps, we may think that the man who produces repeatedly the pompous speech of Agrippa on the glories of the Roman Commonwealth, which the adulatory Josephus puts into his mouth and adopts *that* as a chronicle of facts, has little right to talk of the suspicious nature of the materials of the early Fathers. But Gibbon's sympathies could be readily excited in favour of a document which told for the magnificence of pagan Rome, when they are dead enough towards another which pleaded the cause of Christian humanity. That he availed himself of the labours of Mosheim, of Lardner, of Jortin (though in the last instance more sparingly than we might have expected from the spirit of their author), as well as of other inquirers into the primitive times of the church,

\* Irenæus, i. c. 10, § 2.

calculated to abridge his own researches, is clear; and that he knew and approved the works of Daillé and Barbeyrac—works more likely to divert their readers from bestowing much pains upon writers of which they represent the use to be so little, and the morality so imperfect, than to encourage them in any such study. On the other hand, Gibbon does from time to time let fall a remark which certainly betrays a knowledge of some Father, or some treatise at least of a Father, such as nothing but an attentive perusal of the original document itself could be supposed to have furnished; so that, on the whole, it remains a problem with us, whether the unfaithful application he makes of these writings is to be imputed to a superficial or at least a partial acquaintance with them; or whether to a deliberate suppression or modification of the testimony they offer, when it chanced to be against him. That such unfaithful use of them he does make, we shall now endeavour to show; and we shall perhaps be doing the cause of Christianity better service by thus questioning the authority of Gibbon on the whole, than by hunting him through the series of innuendoes on this subject, of which his book is full; indeed, we doubt whether it might not have answered Mr. Milman's object better, to have prefixed a cautionary dissertation pointing out the general defects of Gibbon's reasoning—if reasoning it is to be called, of one who only seeks

'To sap a solemn creed by solemn sneer'—

and the multitude of arguments for the truth of Christianity which still remain untouched by him, and which would involve any one who adopted his views in a labyrinth of insurmountable difficulties, than to oppose him in detail by a desultory note here and there, however good in themselves—a vast number of his insinuations left unencountered after all, and the embarrassments of grappling with a scorner on specific points constantly presenting itself.

We can readily conceive that the first readers of the 'Decline and Fall,' after laying the book down, would be scarcely able to say what its author's plan of attack on the Christian religion had been, so insidiously was it conducted. They would feel that an attempt had been made to shake foundations, but by what precise lever was not so apparent. On second thoughts, however, they would perceive that it was principally by ambiguous hints inducing a notion that Christianity owed its ultimate and permanent success to its connexion with the state—that until Constantine declared himself its champion it was feeble and faltering—and that, but for this secular alliance, it would have perished altogether. A considerable portion of the globe still retains the impression it received from the conversion of that monarch,' is Gibbon's language (iii. 232). 'The foundation of Constantinople and the establishment of the Christian religion were the immediate and memo-

orable consequences of this revolution' (ii. 258), writes he once again; and as if its previous existence was scarcely worth a thought or an acknowledgment, as if he could strangle it in its cradle by a contemptuous stroke of his pen, he says, 'after a revolution of thirteen or fourteen centuries, that religion is still professed by the nations of Europe.' (ii. 259.) With this purpose in his mind, though without formally avowing it, he sets himself to reduce the number of the early Christians; to disparage their rank; to depreciate their attainments; to make light of their sufferings; to postpone their institutions; and in pursuing this course exercises all the sophistry and artifice of a special pleader most keenly alive to the interests of his client.

Nothing can be more explicit than the evidence borne by the Fathers to the rapid extension of the Christian party during the three first centuries after Christ—a period in which it experienced no favour, but much discouragement, from the ruling powers. One or two passages to this effect are indeed produced or alluded to by Gibbon—that is his way; paragraphs to which he might afterwards appeal, in proof that the argument had not been overlooked by him. But they are dismissed as 'vehement assertions,' 'splendid exaggerations,' and the like. Others might be added of a similar kind, to almost any amount; but of course they might be set aside in the same summary manner. However, if the positive and unanimous assertions of these respectable writers are to be disbelieved because such is Gibbon's pleasure, corroborated as they are too by such unexceptionable witnesses as Tacitus and Pliny, the former of whom Gibbon puts out of court by as strange a piece of logic as we ever met with, still, how are the incidental indications of the same fact to be disposed of, arising out of the disturbance in all the relations of society, which indisputably occurred at this period? If Gibbon had actually studied the Fathers for himself, it was impossible that this feature of those times (so conspicuous in their works) could have escaped him; and equally impossible was it that a mind so acute as his in drawing inferences should have failed to recognise in this universal agitation a very active and prevailing cause at work. If Tertullian, for instance, is not to be listened to, when he makes his boast to Roman magistrates—persons not likely to be quite in the dark on a question of this nature—that the Christians, though but of yesterday, 'filled their cities, islands, castles, towns, councils, camps, tribes, companies, the palace, the senate, the forum, every place in short but their temples—inasmuch that their secession would create a solitude;' is he to be suspected, also, when he incidentally lays down laws for the regulation of Christians in all callings, in all occupations, in all positions in life, obviously contemplating them as everywhere to be found? If makers of idols, they are to pursue some other branch of their trade;

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repair houses, plaster walls, line cisterns, coat columns; he who can draw a figure can paint a wainscot; he who can carve a Mercury can put together a chest of drawers; there are few temples to be built, but many houses; few Mercuries to be gilded, but many sandals and slippers. If schoolmasters, there is nothing for it but to relinquish their calling, rather than teach the adventures of heathen gods, consecrate the first payment of each scholar to Minerva, and keep holidays in honour of Flora. If cattle-merchants, they are to buy for the shambles, not for the altar. If hucksters, they are at least not to be dealers in incense. Though to abstain from the public spectacles, they may take part, if they please, in ordinary and social festivals; and need not absent themselves from such occasions of mirth as an espousal, a marriage, the giving a name, or the putting on a toga, there being nothing in such proceedings essentially idolatrous. Then provision is made for such cases as servants who have unbelieving masters, clerks who have unbelieving superiors. Then questions are determined touching the lawfulness of the profession of arms, of contracting debts with heathen creditors, of executing bonds after heathen forms; all subjects of casual regulation, indicating, as we have said, in a manner above suspicion, that the Christians were a very numerous body, composing an integral portion of every society. Now these are facts which Gibbon could not have read the Fathers without knowing; and, if knowing, he ought, as an honest man, to have produced them.

We come to the same conclusion in the same indirect way (for here lies the force of the evidence,) from the disposition there was in the Roman populace to impute all the calamities of the state to the Christians. If the Tiber rose, or the Nile refused to rise; if there occurred drought or earthquake, famine or plague, forthwith the cry was, 'To the lions with the Christians.\*' But such importance would scarcely have been assigned to any other than a very numerous body. And when their enemies threw it in their teeth, that by a species of exclusive dealing they were injuring the shops (for they would not purchase at those in the amphitheatre,) and by withdrawing themselves from the temples were impairing the revenue; and when to these charges it was replied by the Apologists, that, if they did not deal in one place they did in another; and that in the article of incense at least, they bought as much for their dead as their accusers did for the deities; and saved the state by their strictness in paying taxes more than they withdrew from it by refusing to join in the temple dues; we again say, that such recusations and such replies to them point clearly enough, however incidentally, to the Christians being already a body of great consideration in the country.

But the animus of Gibbon on this subject, and his resolution to limit the numbers of the primitive Christians, be the evidence opposed to him what it might, is manifest from the case of Armenia. With respect to Armenia, Gibbon admits, in his 'Vindication,' that, 'instead of maintaining that the conversion of that country was not attempted with any degree of success till the sceptre was in the hands of an orthodox emperor [meaning Constantine,] he ought to have said that the seeds of the faith were deeply sown during the season of the last and greatest persecution; that many Roman exiles might assist the labours of Gregory; and that the renowned Tiradates, the hero of the East, may dispute with Constantine the honour of being the first sovereign who embraced the Christian religion.' Such is Gibbon's own confession, very appropriately introduced as a note by Mr. Milman. But Gibbon himself was not the man to act up to his recantation, and correct his text, which stands in the last edition just as it did in the first, without any hint either there or in the margin, that the author had seen reason to retract his assertion: an instance of disingenuousness, which it is as well, perhaps, that he did not surrender to the taunts of Porson; monument as it is of the spirit in which this part of the 'History of the Decline and Fall' was composed.

His attempt to depress the Christians unduly, in rank and attainments, is conducted just after the same fashion. He implies that the Apologists felt themselves tender upon this point; did not resent the imputation that the sect consisted of the dregs of the populace, boys and women, beggars and slaves; and that their teachers were as mute in public as they were dogmatical in private, avoiding the encounter of philosophers, but mingling with the rude and illiterate. The substance of this passage (the worst being made of it) is taken from Minucius Felix, to whom, indeed, Gibbon refers in a note. Now, in that author, the offensive expressions are put into the mouth of a heathen, who is represented as resenting certain remarks made by a companion with whom he was walking, on a salutation offered by him to a figure of Serapis which they chanced to pass in the way. Accordingly, he takes his revenge by preferring against the Christians, to which sect his reprover belonged, sundry reproaches, of which this selected by Gibbon is one—reproaches, however, in the justness of which he had so little confidence, that he becomes himself a convert to Christianity, one of this very rabble, before the dialogue ends. The others, though urged in the same breath, Gibbon sees reason for the present to suppress, probably thinking their extravagance might damage the credit of his witness to the single fact he now proposes to establish. Else he might have proceeded to tell how the Christians after their feasts tied a dog to the candlestick, which, on a bone being

\* Tertul. Apolog. § 40.

thrown it, overturned the light, and, in the darkness, a scene of revelry and incest ensued—how they had for their object of worship an ass's head, and other symbols still more revolting—how they buried an infant in flour, provoked their novices to thrust their weapons into the mass, when, the child being slain unawares, they licked up his blood, tore his limbs piecemeal, and so cemented their union!\*

We do not, however, mean to dispute, that among the early Christians there were a great many of the poorer class; proof enough of this may, no doubt, be collected from the Fathers, though nowhere, we think, expressed in terms so repulsive as those used by this rhetorical adversary, introduced as speaking under a sense of personal affront, which are the terms Gibbon has thought proper to select for his own adoption. But, had he been disposed to exercise the same critical severity upon the language of the foes of Christianity as upon that of its friends, he might, perhaps, have exclaimed, with at least as great propriety as before, 'vehement assertions,' 'splendid exaggerations;' and qualified it rather more effectually than by the supercilious admission, that, 'as the humble faith of Christ diffused itself through the world, it was embraced by several persons who derived some consequence from the advantages of nature or fortune,' then enumerating just eight such individuals.

Without, therefore, dwelling at any length on the numerous passages to be found in the Fathers, which directly lay claim to a respectable position in society for many amongst the early Christians—such, for instance, as those in Tertullian, where he speaks (with Pliny) of Christians of 'every degree'†—of Christians 'degraded from their rank' by the Roman magistrate, on account of their profession of the gospel‡—of 'illustrious women' and 'illustrious men' amongst the Christians,§ obviously meaning such as were illustrious, not from their virtues, but their condition—without pressing these expressions beyond a point, we shall in this case, as before, offer *incidental*, and therefore, unsuspecting evidence—evidence which, if Gibbon had read the Fathers, must have been known to him—that so early as the end of the second century, or beginning of the third, the Christian faith, which, doubtless, travelled upwards at first, as it has travelled downwards since, had made an effectual lodgment in the middle and higher ranks. The writings of Clemens Alexandrinus which have reached our times consist, with one short essay or sermon besides, of the '*Hortatory Address*,' meant to convert heathens to Christianity; the '*Pædagogus*,' meant to instruct the new converts in the ordinary duties of life; and the '*Stromata*,' meant to develop the character of the *perfect* Christian; the three treatises successively rising one upon the other.

\* Minucius Felix, § 8, 9.

† § 2.

† Apolog. § 1.

§ Ad Scapulam, § 4.

Now, the '*Pædagogus*,' as it enters, from its very plan and principle, into details the most domestic and personal, furnishes us with abundant means of deciding what the condition of the persons was to whom it speaks. The character of its precepts determines the station of the parties who were the subjects of them. Amongst other monitory words, then, contained in that work, we find objection taken to couches with silver feet, and inlaying of ivory in the bed-posts, as ostentatious furniture not suiting the simplicity of holy men, who are, nevertheless, cautioned, on the other hand, against indulging the vanity of the Cynic, and lying, like Diomedes, on the hide of an undressed ox.\* We find the women restrained from studding their shoes with fantastic figures and devices; cultivating too zealously a taste for pearls, parrots, peacocks, and Maltese lapdogs; the wearing of gold, and putting on of apparel, not indeed proscribed to them, but moderated; and allowance especially made for those amongst them who had entered into improvident marriages, and had to adorn their persons to please their husbands. We find the use of seals adverted to, and, provided the impressions on them were becoming, not condemned. Restrictions are laid upon the excessive multiplication of household servants, the purchasing numbers of cooks, butlers, carvers, cunning to divide the meat into portions, and so on.† Occasionally, it may be thought, that Clemens in his instructions has an eye rather to practices prevailing amongst the heathens than the Christians, and that his object is to put the latter on their guard against the adoption of the like. But even where this is the case the argument stands nearly the same, for he would not be likely to warn the Christians against luxuries which, by reason of their poverty and mean condition, would be altogether out of their reach. There would be no great reason to advise the 'dregs of the populace,' 'beggars and slaves,' against the abuses of gorgeous furniture, extravagant apparel, exquisite and expensive fancies, or overgrown establishments.

The base condition of the primitive Christians, once admitted, would pave the way for certain other reproaches which Gibbon circulates—that the outcasts of society resorted to them, pleased to meet with a religion which would own them, and wash them clean; and, accordingly, that the numbers of the church were swelled by these ready but not very respectable recruits (ii. 316): and again, that the alms of the church profusely distributed were a bait which men of the class he had represented the Christians to be were not above taking, and that this in its turn conducted to the progress of Christianity (ii. 347). The first of these two Gibbon describes as a 'very ancient reproach.' It may be so; we certainly do not remember to have met

\* *Pædagog.* ii. p. 217.

† *Pædagog.* ii. p. 240, 268.

with it for the first two centuries after the death of the Saviour; at the same time we will not take upon ourselves to say that, amongst the several railing accusations brought against the Christians during that period, this may not be one. But could Gibbon have read the Fathers, and not have been struck with the precautions taken by the early Christians to secure, not nominal, but sound converts? If their object was to make ephemeral proselytes, why did they embarrass admission into the church by so many restrictions? Why institute a training process; first the state of the *catechumen*, then that of the *baptised*; first the probation, then the approval? Why exact solemn promises and vows on entrance into the former state; and a repetition and ratification of the same on succeeding to the latter, the interval between the two periods being often considerable? Why require sponsors, whose office it should be to vouch for the respectability of the parties of their own knowledge, and to see that the pledges of baptism were redeemed? Why fence baptism about with so many circumstances to make it an impressive, not to say alarming rite!—such, for instance, as the refusal of the church to pronounce a formal absolution for more than one flagrant falling away after baptism;—nor that, till after a public and most humiliating confession. Why so rigorous an exercise of the power of the keys in the discipline of excommunication for immorality; for breach of the baptismal vows; for marrying a heathen; for making idols as a manufacturer; and the like? All of them regulations much more savouring of a desire to have the Christian body pure than numerous.

With respect to the other charge, of bribery, it certainly would be too much to expect of the poor man not to be alive to his own necessities heretofore or now. But all that could be done to prove that the church was aware of the danger in this quarter was done. The Church could but adopt one of two alternatives; either abate her charities, or see that they were not abused. She chose the latter; and we discover Clemens Alexandrianus expressly speaking of it as matter for inquiry, whether any converts had been made by the hope of sharing in the gifts of the Church dispensed, and reprobating such a motive; and we imagine that it was by information thus imparted to him in their candour by the Fathers themselves that Gibbon was put upon thinking of the reproach.

The respectable rank, however, of the early Chris-

tians—at least of great numbers amongst them—established, another imputation, that of their gross ignorance, and by consequence incapacity to weigh the evidence for the religion they embraced, naturally falls to the ground. But we will not be content with this defence. Let the Fathers, whose writings we possess, speak for themselves, and at the same time for the character of those whose works have unfortunately perished. We perceive that many of them, so far from being guilty of a blind acceptance of the Gospel, did not approach it till they had roved through the various schools of philosophy; professed themselves dissatisfied with the contradictions and morals of them all; and, finding a truth which approved itself to their understandings in the Scriptures, and a virtue which approved itself to their hearts, cleaved unto them as the word of God and the rule of life. Such were Justin, Tatian, Theophilus. Nothing could be less precipitate than their conversion. We see divers of them exhibiting powers of reasoning of which neither Gibbon nor any other man would have need to be ashamed. And we would instance Tertullian's treatise 'On the Testimony of the Soul,' and Athenagoras's 'On the Resurrection,' as two essays in which the argument of natural religion is handled in those early times with great success. An argument, we may add, which the Fathers very often touch, though seldom so deliberately pursue as in the two tracts we have named; and to one hint of this nature thrown out by Origen we are indebted for the immortal Analogy of Bishop Butler; a propensity to this peculiar mode of ratiocination being in itself, we submit, no mean proof of the sober and rational character of the convictions of the Fathers; and that which indicates reasoning powers of a much higher order than are discoverable in a capacity for starting mere sceptical objections. Whilst in the article of extensive reading, not to speak of others, we know of no one, ancient or modern, whose range seems to have been more unlimited than Clemens, 'a genius born to grapple with whole libraries;' and to whose diligence, indeed, the classical scholar is indebted for numberless fragments of Greek authors, which but for him would have been lost. No doubt, it is possible to muster a catalogue of names of eminent heathens 'whose language or whose silence equally discover their contempt for the growing sect;' but it is difficult for men to appreciate that which they refuse to examine; it is the hardship of which the Apologies complain beyond every other, that the Christians were condemned by those who were entirely and wilfully ignorant of all about them; inquiry into their characters and opinions is the thing of all others for which they plead most earnestly.\* And, accordingly, the charges preferred against them (to some of which we have already had

\* Tertull. De Spectaculis, § 1, 4.

† De Spectac. § 4, 13; De Coronâ, § 3; De Pœnitent., § 6.

‡ De Baptism, § 18; Constitut. Apostol. viii. c. 32.

§ Hermas. Præcept., iv.; Clemens. Alexandr. Strom., ii. c. 13; Tertull. De Pœnitent., § 7, 9.

¶ Tertull. Apolog., § 46; De Præscript. Hæreticor., § 51.

¶ De Pœnitent., § 6.

\*\* Ad. Uxor., ii. § 3.

†† De Idolatr., § 4.

‡ Stromat., i. 319.

\* Tertull. Apolog., § 1, 2.

occasion to allude) are just such as might be expected from parties who took no trouble to master the case; charges of atheism, of promiscuous concubinage, and of devouring human flesh, which have just analogy enough to the several facts they misrepresent to bespeak them to be blind and blundering caricatures of the abhorrence the Christians had for image-worship, of the love they bare to the brethren, and of the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper in which they partook.

Pursuing the same line of disparagement, though masking it by many manœuvres too intricate to trace, Gibbon now has his sling at the 'indiscreet ardour' with which the early Christians courted martyrdom; their base quality and mean attainments (the points he had already laboured) preparing his readers as he would naturally think, for an explosion of fanaticism. Some, it is certain, did rush upon their deaths unadvisedly; and out of the many that perished it was easy to select a case or two of this kind for exposure. Gibbon chooses that of Ignatius, in this instance finding it convenient to refer to the Epistles of the Bishop of Antioch as genuine (ii. 439,) which, however, he calls in question elsewhere, playing at fast and loose with them according to the purpose he has for the time to serve (ii. 427.) We do not quarrel with his use of them here, believing them as we do (the shorter ones) to be supported by as strong a body of evidence as could well be arrayed on any disputed document of so distant a date; evidence, moreover, which some facts in literature that have transpired since the days of Bishop Pearson (to one of which allusion is made in Dr. Routh's Preface to the *Reliquiæ Sacræ*) have only tended to confirm. Gibbon elsewhere refers to another instance of similar extravagance; that of the soldier who exposed himself and his brethren to the most imminent danger by refusing to wear a laurel crown; conduct, he says, which Tertullian so far approved as to make it the subject of a panegyric; where we again discover him as little scrupulous about his authority as before; for, in order to fasten the charge of rashness on the orthodox church, in Tertullian's approval thus expressed, he adds, 'it is evident, notwithstanding the wishes of M. de Tillemont, that Tertullian composed his treatise *De Coronâ* long before he was engaged in his error of the Montanists' (ii. 291,) whereas his allusion to the 'New Prophecy' in the first chapter, as the Bishop of Lincoln observes, affords a complete refutation of the assertion. Still, much as there was to excuse this temerity, if not to hallow it, the Church herself appears to have watched it with uneasiness. In a letter, preserved in part by Eusebius, which the Church of Smyrna writes to the churches of Pontus, and to which Gibbon refers for another purpose, though he overlooks it for this, an account is given of the sufferings of Polycarp and other martyrs of that place, when occasion is taken of blam-

ing the presumption of those who volunteered the martyr's part.\* Clemens would have his *perfect* Christian prepared indeed to drink the cup, if circumstances required it; but he would have him not forget the Lord's injunction, that they who are persecuted in one city are to flee to another; and he considers that to run wilfully upon death is to bring guilt upon your own head.† A man is not *perfect*, he says in another place, because he is blind and bold; for a child will touch fire, and a wild beast rush upon a spear's point, but the *perfect* man will do as reason directs him, deliver himself up freely when he has a clear call from God, and, without being fool-hardy, will at the proper time know how to play the man.‡ The testimony of Tertullian is at one period of his life, to the same effect; and as the works in which his change of sentiment on this subject is discovered bear marks of the Montanist, it is only fair to suppose that his former opinion (which is in the *Apology*) was of a date prior to his aberration. He puts the Christian on the same footing as the soldier; the one will die for God's glory, if taken before the magistrate; the other will die for his own, if summoned to the battle; but neither of them have any pleasure in the hazard they are about to run.§ His language, as we have said, did not always continue the same; yet a passage in his treatise 'concerning idolatry' (which was written probably in his second character) may be supposed to imply, that, though he for his part then considered it the duty of a Christian to avow himself at whatever cost, the general voice was against him.|| Why, indeed, should the leaders of the church have been at the pains to compose so many *Apologies*, if there was such a rage for martyrdom, or such a disposition among the Christians to encourage it, as some suppose? For the very foremost object those *Apologies* had was to relieve the Christians from persecution by challenging the attention of the chief magistrates to the injustice of the proceedings taken against them, and to pray that they might be put upon a level with other culprits.

But as a noble army of martyrs would stand in the way of more than one of Gibbon's devices—for it might suggest that the early Christians, so far from being a comparatively small body of contemptible enthusiasts whom the world could well afford to pity and neglect, were from their numbers and character the cause of much jealousy both to the colossal power of Rome and to society at large—Gibbon next employs his perverse ingenuity in reducing the catalogue of the martyrs, and (lest heathen humanity might take damage, and Christian fortitude win applause) in extenuating their sufferings. We will not follow him

\* Euseb. E. H., iv. 15.

† Strom. vii., p. 871.

‡ De Idolatr., § 22.

§ Strom. iv. 9, 10, p. 597.

|| Apolog., § 50.



through the special pleading by which he makes the persons who were put to death in the whole prefecture of the East, during the ten years' persecution which ensued in consequence of the edicts of Diocletian, to be annually no more than one hundred and fifty—drawing an inference from this, that, as the times in which the primitive saints met their ends were less sanguinary than those of Diocletian, the average then must be taken even lower. Allowing these strange calculations, so little in unison with either the letter or the spirit of early ecclesiastical history, were there, we would ask, no sufferings short of death to be taken into the account? The martyrs of Queen Mary's days were not more than 288—some say not more than 227—but would this fact give any idea of the amount of the calamity, of that distress with perplexity (to use the striking language of Scripture) when men's hearts failed them for fear, and for looking to the things that were coming on the earth? We believe that, when the Bastile was taken, not more than seven prisoners were found within its walls; but is this a fitting representation of the tyranny of the *lettres de cachet*, and the dread they inspired? Gibbon was not unacquainted with those other springs of persecution, besides imperial edicts, which did the work far more effectually; for he faintly alludes to them in that way so common with him, and which we have already noticed, whereby he seems to be making provision to meet a charge of disingenuousness to which he suspects himself open, and which may at some future time be preferred against him. In the provinces, indeed, which were the chief scene of persecution, the emperor, whatever was his disposition, does not appear to have had the power fully to protect the Christians. The populace, both Jew and Gentile, the former especially, were furiously hostile to them—driving them from the markets and baths,\* pelting them with stones,† breaking open their sepulchres, and tearing up the bodies.‡ A governor of a province, therefore, who sought for mob popularity, could find no better way to the hearts of the million than by rigorous proceedings against the Christians, and many were the governors that were of like character with him who, '*willing to show the Jews a pleasure*, left Paul bound;' and so waged war against the saints.§ But, besides these trials from without, so fully verifying the Lord's words, '*Behold I send you forth as sheep among wolves*,' there were others of a more domestic but not less painful kind, which must be carried to the sum of the sufferings of the early Christians, and without a due consideration for which our estimate of them would be most imperfect.—For the Gospel at first did not bring peace, but a sword—the nearest and dearest family-ties were broken by it—the unbelieving husband dismissed his wife, though

by her conversion to Christianity she had only become in her duties to him more exemplary than ever; or, if he retained her, it was only to distress her by making her partake with him in heathen rites, tavern revels, and licentious songs;\* if she proposed going to a religious assembly, he would say, to the bath; if to observe a fast, he would be for a riotous dinner-party.† The unbelieving father disinherited his child, to whom he had nothing to object save that he was a Christian, whereby he was only the more obedient to him. The unbelieving master sent away to the mill the most trusty of his servants, on making the same discovery. The unbelieving servant, on the other hand, betrayed his Christian master, and a man's foes became those of his own household.‡ And when we consider how averse the primitive Christians were to exercise trades and callings that ministered directly or indirectly to idolatry, and how intimately idolatry combined itself with all the business of life, we may readily perceive what great pecuniary sacrifices the Christians, and especially the trading classes of the Christians, must have been content to make for conscience' sake—how much of that slow and silent temptation of poverty and reverse of fortune there must have been, to try the stoutest hearts—and what need there was of those encouraging exhortations of which the New Testament is full, to persevere unto the end. But why should we expect considerations such as these to have been felt or recorded in the manner they deserved to be, and the writings of the Fathers warrant, by one whose pity, and, we will add, whose manhood, cannot be moved by the most frightful and most abasing sufferings to which either sex was subjected? Were these sufferings fictions of the monks (ii. 424)? What fictions could go beyond the facts communicated in the letter of the churches of Lyons and Vienne to those of Asia?—Christians writing not in indignation to heathens, but in confidence to Christians—contemporaries not talking at second-hand, but speaking of events they had witnessed with their own eyes—of men and women, whose names are given (for these things were not done in a corner), submitted to the rack—hot plates of brass applied to the more sensitive parts of the person—left for a few days for their wounds to fester and inflame—tortured again—torn by the wild beasts in the amphitheatre—tossed in nets by furious bulls—fried in an iron chair—in some instances the same individual made to pass through the whole series, if life lasted. These are not horrors that rest upon monkish authority; neither is it to legends of the convent that we must have recourse for examples of honourable women (ever the objects of Gibbon's unmanly rudeness), who were condemned to trials even more bitter than these, because attended with the last hu-

\* Euseb. E. H. v. c. 1.

† Tertul. Apolog. § 37.

\* Tertul. ad Uxor., ii. § 6.

† Ib. § 3. 4.

‡ Ad Scapul. § 3.

§ Euseb. E. H. v. c. 1.

‡ Tertul. Apolog. § 4.; ad Nationes, i. § 4.

miliation, and if spared the lions, sentenced to the brothel.\* It is certainly with a heart hot within us that we pursue this portion of our subject, but we have not yet exhausted it.

The letter of Pliny to Trajan draws from Gibbon the remark that 'the learned Mosheim expressed himself with the highest approbation of Pliny's moderate and candid temper;' and, to confirm this verdict by his own, he adds, 'notwithstanding Dr. Lardner's suspicions, *I am unable to discover any bigotry in his language or proceedings.*' Who would believe that this humane Pliny, in this very letter, tells us that he put two women, probably deaconesses, to the torture, to ascertain the real nature of the Christian assemblies? Mr. Milman gives the Latin, and we will do the same—'*necessarium credidi, ex duabus ancillis, quæ ministræ dicebantur, quid esset veri et per tormenta quærere*' (ii. 418). The venerable Cyprian is first of all banished; but then, pleads Gibbon, it was to a city 'in a pleasant situation,' in a 'fertile territory.' He was afterwards summoned to die; but then he was conducted by the ministers of death, 'not to a prison, but to a private house,' and 'an elegant supper was provided for his entertainment.' Sentence was passed on him, but then it was only to be beheaded—'the mildest and least painful manner of execution;' and 'no use of torture admitted to obtain from the Bishop of Carthage either the recantation of his principles or the discovery of his accomplices'—the very thing he could see no harm in Pliny's having recourse to. He was led to the fatal spot, but then 'it was without insult.' His head was severed from his body; but then his corpse, though exposed for some hours, it is true, to the curiosity of the Gentiles, was at length carried away 'in triumphal procession:'—the friends who performed for him the last offices, 'secure from the danger of inquiry or of pursuit.' Another man might have thought of the agony of the martyr; Gibbon is occupied with the merits of the executioner. Isaac Walton exhorts his fisherman, when baiting with a frog, 'to put his hook through the mouth, and out at his gills, and then with a fine needle and silk sew up the upper part of his leg with only one stitch to the arming-wire of the hook, and in so doing to use him *as though he loved him.*' Such was the charity in this case, of which Gibbon is so enamoured. The observations of Sir James Mackintosh upon this passage of the 'History of the Decline and Fall' we had transcribed into our own copy of Gibbon; and we see Mr. Milman has done the same by his. The dignified rebuke they convey is the more pointed, as coming from one who was himself no fanatic:—

'The sixteenth chapter I cannot help considering as a very ingenious and specious, but very disgraceful,

\* Tertul. Apolog. § 48. Lenonem potius quam leonem. Euseb. E. H. viii. c. 14.

extenuation of the cruelties perpetrated by the Roman magistrates against the Christians. It is written in the most contemptibly factious spirit of prejudice against the sufferers: it is unworthy of a philosopher, and of a man of humanity. Let his narrative of Cyprian's death be examined. He had to relate the murder of an innocent man, of advanced age, and in station deemed venerable by a considerable body of the provincials of Africa—put to death because he refused to sacrifice to Jupiter. Instead of pointing the indignation of posterity against such an atrocious act of tyranny, he dwells with visible art on all the smaller circumstances of decorum and politeness which attended this murder, and which he relates with as much parade as if they were the most important particulars of the event. Dr. Robertson has been the subject of much blame, for his real or supposed lenity towards the Spanish murderers and tyrants in America. That the sixteenth chapter of Mr. Gibbon did not excite the same or greater disapprobation is a proof of the unphilosophical, and indeed fanatical, animosity against Christianity which was so prevalent during the latter part of the seventeenth century.\*

We shall only advert to one feature more in Gibbon's History, still referable to the same principle. An objection existed to his peculiar view, of Christianity being fostered into what it proved by its alliance with the state, in the fact (if fact it should turn out) that it was consolidated, reduced to a system, long before the time of Constantine. It should seem, therefore, that, moderate as his admissions were on the subject of the government and construction of the church in his fifteenth chapter—delicately as he there walked in the comparatively safe society, as he would think, of Mosheim—he had misgivings afterwards that even so he had gone too far; that in the keenness of his pursuit he had overshot his mark; that, too solicitous to establish his fifth cause of the rapid growth of the Christian church in its *effective organization*, he had ascribed to that church a staid, settled character, at a period earlier than was convenient, if it owed everything to Constantine. A double-minded man is unstable in all his ways; and this is not the only instance in which Gibbon finds his argument two-edged. Thus, we have seen, it suits him in one place to remark with feigned regret on the absence of illustrious names—such as Seneca, Pliny, Tacitus—from the list of Christians (ii. 376); but then, whatever inference might be drawn to the disadvantage of Christianity from this fact, is neutralised by another observation in another place (ii. 400)—that such was the obscurity of the humble followers of Christ, that a considerable time elapsed before the princes or magistrates of Rome thought them deserving their attention. Gibbon might have made his choice between the two insults, and either represented the great men of Rome as too wise to be satisfied with the evidence for Christianity, or too supercilious to examine what that evidence

\* Sir J. Mackintosh's Life, i. 245.

was; but he unintentionally weakens his spite by making them both one and the other; and by having two cross-sneers, renders neither of them effective. The same observation applies to his conflicting disparagements of the Christians, that on the one hand they were paupers, and so of a condition incompetent to judge of the faith they received; and on the other hand, prodigal of alms to a degree that secured mercenary converts. Certainly they might have no means at all, or they might apply their means to buy recruits; but both could not be true of them. If a bounty was given for a Christian, there must have been a purse to supply it; malice, however, is providentially shortsighted.

But to return. In his twentieth chapter he tells us that 'the distinction of the spiritual and temporal powers, which had never been imposed on the free spirit of Greece and Rome, was introduced and enforced by the *legal establishment* of Christianity' (iii. 273);—and again, that, 'while the civil and military professions were separated by the policy of Constantine, a *new and perpetual order* of ecclesiastical ministers—always respectable, sometimes dangerous—was established in the church and state' (276.) Gibbon's meaning is not very clear in either of these passages,—perhaps he did not intend that it should be; but if his object was to convey the notion that any distinction existed between the spiritual and temporal powers after Constantine, which did not exist essentially before him; or again, that any perpetual order of ecclesiastical ministers was established after him which was not established before him—we know not upon what grounds he builds either assertion, besides his own desire to put Christianity some degrees in its date. No doubt, as bishops became more wealthy, they became more powerful, but the accident of endowments did not in any respect change the order, or exalt or abase it a hair. A Bishop of London may have more authority than a Bishop of Sodor and Man, but he has not a whit more *episcopal* authority; and Eusebius, who lived to see Constantine's conversion, and some of the consequences of it, speaks of bishops of the most primitive times, and gives catalogues of them in several churches, in just the same terms as he would speak of those in his own. The church, as far as we can collect, by laying together various passages to this effect which the writings of the Fathers furnish, was just as complete in its parts, as orderly in its functions, as finished in its ritual, as exact in its discipline, within the three first centuries, as at any subsequent period. It had already its bishops, even its metropolitans.\* They had districts assigned them.† They ordained.‡ They kept watch with all godly jealousy against heresy and

dissent.\* It exercised spiritual censures, cut off offenders from its communion, and received the parties again on their penitence.† And here we may pause to remark, as an instance of the animus of Gibbon, his assertion that the controversy concerning the treatment of penitent apostates, on which Cyprian wrote his treatise *De Lapsis*, had not occurred amongst Christians in the preceding century, and the sneer with which he follows up, whether this is to be ascribed to the superiority of their faith and courage, or to our less intimate knowledge of their history (ii. 445;) the fact being that such question *had* arisen in the preceding century, of which the memorial remains in the letter of the churches of Vienne and Lyons, a document to which Gibbon repeatedly refers.‡ We merely notice this to show the disposition there is in him to deny their due to primitive times, and to postdate whatever relates to the establishment of Christianity. But to proceed; the church had its written confessions of faith, which secured harmony in all the congregations throughout the world.§ It had set hours for public prayer;|| a set service, a part of which was a general supplication or litany,¶ a part of it the reading of the Scriptures of the Old Testament and the New,\*\* a part of it psalmody,†† and a part of it a sermon.‡‡ It had a form for the administration of the Eucharist,§§ and a form for the administration of baptism,||| both of them, and especially the latter, of which several particulars are preserved, giving token of having been the elements of the corresponding forms in our own church.¶¶ We could add, were it necessary, or the occasion convenient, many more particulars of the same class, all calculated to show how well organized was the church long before the age of Constantine, and how little there was needed the favour of a prince to give it in this respect consistency and effect.

We are sure that, in what we have said in this paper we have not misrepresented Gibbon; but we are not so sure that an ingenious advocate on his side might not make it appear so, and actually produce from his own pages paragraphs opposed to almost every

\* Ignat. Ep. ad Magnes., § 4; Irenæus Præf., § 3; Id. iv. 26, § 2; Reliq. Sacr. i. 469, 470; Euseb. E. H., iv. c. 24.

† Justin M., Dialog., § 35; Irenæus, i. c. 16, § 3, ii. c. 31, § 1; Reliq. Sacr., i. 171.

‡ See Reliq. Sacr., i. 294, and the note, p. 330.

§ Irenæus, i. c. 9, § 4; Clemens Alexander. Strom., vii, § 15, p. 887; Tertull. De Præscript. Hæret., § 13; Adv. Prax., § 2, where he remarks, 'Hanc regulam ab initio evangelii decurrisse'; Reliq. Sacr., i. 201-244.

|| Strom. vii. § 7, p. 854.

¶ Id., § 6, p. 848.

\*\* Justin M., Apolog., i. § 67; Tertull. Adv. Marcion., v. § 36.

†† Tertull. de Animâ, § 9; Euseb. E. H. v. c. 28, p. 252.

‡‡ Justin M., Apolog., i. § 67.

§§ Irenæus, i. c. 3, § 1, p. 14; iv. c. 18, § 4, p. 251.

||| Tertull. de Baptism., § 2, 4.

¶¶ Clemens, Strom. v. § 11, p. 689; Tertull. De Spectac. § 4; De Idolatr., § 6; Ad Martyr., § 3; De Resurrec. Carn., § 8.

\* See Ignat. Ep. ad Polycarp., § 7, 8; Ad Roman., § 2; Routh, Reliq. Sacr., i. p. 470, 369, 170.

† Ignat. Ep. ad Ephes. § 3; Ad Roman., § 9.

‡ Clemens, Rom. Ep. i., § 44.

charge we have brought against him, so curiously does he mingle his reservations with his hints, shuffle the facts he deals with into artificial positions to suit a present purpose, and minister to a future one, and palter with his readers in a double sense by words conveying one impression to the eye and another to the understanding. He says himself of Longinus, in a note, 'instead of proposing his sentiments with a manly boldness, he insinuates them with the most guarded caution; puts them into the mouth of a friend; and, as far as we can collect from a corrupt text, *makes a show of refuting them himself*' (i. 111). Who can read this passage and not exclaim,

'O that some power the gift would gi'e us,  
To see ourselves as others see us?'

It might be objected to us with more reason, that we have replied but in part to Gibbon's insidious remarks; and, indeed, we have at this moment several in our mind, to which refutations the most satisfactory might be furnished, but they would come in here like dropped stitches that want gathering up, and we shall pass them by, satisfied with having furnished a clue to inexperienced readers of Gibbon by which they will be able in many instances to find their own way out of snares which we have not happened specifically to point to, and by bearing in mind their author's drift, may be in a condition to counteract the effects of it. And if difficulties they should still meet with, let them ask themselves one question above all (a consideration which Gibbon keeps entirely out of sight), whether it is not a difficulty to hold a religion to be an imposture, which, though taught by a few unlettered fishermen and a tent-maker, has taken possession of so large a portion of the world, and that the most civilized and intelligent: Which seems to go along with God's providence without, for a man is found in the long run, he or his, to prosper or to fail, according as he walks with it or against it: Which seems to go along with God's witness within, for peace of mind is ever the companion of him who follows it, disquietude and remorse of him who disclaims it: Which in its main features accords most remarkably with the moral system under which we live, natural religion running side by side with it, and pleading no less than itself for a future state, for a future state of rewards and punishments, rewards and punishments dealt out not capriciously but according to desert; for this life being a state of trial and discipline; for things here being in wreck and ruin; and for the mitigation of the mischief being effected (so far as it is effected) by the instrumentality of others, by the dispensation of a Mediator: Which its first propagators—the very men who professed to be eye-witnesses of the miracles which were its credentials—devoted their lives to spread, and their blood to set their seal to, facts to which even heathen evidence tes-

tifies: Which was foretold by prophecies many and minute, prophecies translated out of the original language and recorded in another long before Christ appeared, and in that translation also clear and cogent: Which in its morality does not lay itself out for popular acceptance, but the contrary, and yet has that in it which approves itself to the heart nevertheless, which it is felt to be good to entertain, and which it is impossible to impute to any base or fraudulent origin; for patience rather than prowess—purity of the thoughts rather than conformity of the outward acts—self-restraint rather than self-gratification—indifference to vulgar fame, and a reference of all to the motive within—these are features which we at once recognise as belonging to no hollow dispensation, but to such as is sound, and wholesome, and trust-worthy: Which, in the universality of its application is never found lacking—so fitted to the wants of man as never to desert him, rising with every occasion, the more trying the more true, coming home to him with such force in the hour of his need, and guiding him with such discretion in the maze of his perplexities; teaching him where industry ends and covetousness begins, what is compassion and what is weakness, what is refreshment and what is sloth, what is moderation and what lukewarmness, what is zeal and what passion, what is simplicity and what is folly, what is scrupulousness and what superstition, what it is to honour and what it is to be time-serving, what is firmness and what obstinacy, with a hundred other niceties of the like kind, on which we are called every day that we breathe to decide and act: Which challenges the most searching scrutiny into the character of its records, and then demands whether they do not bear the most triumphant marks of truth; whether the names they introduce, the facts to which they allude, the dates to which they assign them, are not in perfect conformity with the times, as represented by accounts altogether independent of them; the age, the country, the actors (be it observed), shrouded in no darkness or obscurity, but the most open to inquiry of almost any since the world began; whether they do not convey the idea of perfect fairness in the writers, no attempt at the suppression of incidents which might be turned against them, no concealment of their own frailties, no precautions against cavil or mistake; whether, on checking one document by another, they are not found to be full of coincidences great and small, the most casual and undesigned, such as could by no possibility be the fruit of any contrivance however subtle, however far-seeing; whether, for instance, any two witnesses in any court were ever submitted to a more rigorous cross-examination, in order to detect inconsistency or collusion in their depositions, than St. Paul and St. Luke, in the 'Horn Pauline' of Paley (the master-piece of that great writer), and came out of the scrutiny more unimpeached.



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And yet what facts are involved in the truth of their testimony! That crowning one above all, the resurrection and ascension of the Lord himself, described or alluded to by them both, and which once established, what other foundation of our faith do we want or wish for!

We throw out these few of many kindred considerations (for the subject of the evidences is exhaustless), for the young to take along with them whilst reading Gibbon—considerations appealing to the *reason* chiefly, for at that age reason is proud; but when their turn comes to occupy their posts in life, and encounter its air and its troubles, and especially as they advance in it, scenes will present themselves which we need not describe, that will appeal to their *feelings* in defence of the Christian cause, and set them far above taking any harm from such a writer as this, or needing any exhortation from monitors so feeble as ourselves.

In these strictures on Gibbon, we have confined ourselves to the single question of the infidel character of his work; the special object of this new edition of the 'Decline and Fall,' being to provide a correction for this dire defect. That he has great sagacity in drawing important inferences from seemingly insignificant facts; great powers of compressing his narrative into a small compass, without rendering it dry and spiritless; great capacity for seizing upon the features of a picture which are characteristic, and so communicating a more lively notion of the scene before him, than another man who told ten times as much; great ingenuity in drawing out and combining into one lucid whole, the mass of materials with which so unwieldy a subject would have overwhelmed any ordinary man; all this none can deny. His style, we confess, has few charms for us, beyond that of the pith there is in it, and the virtue it has of imparting much in little; but it is not idiomatic English in Gibbon himself, and, when run to the lees in his followers, is a jargon of neither Christian, pagan, nor man. His fondness for the anathematisms of his favourite Tacitus often leads him into the most affected combination of ideas, packed together with all the manifest labour of mosaic; and his phraseology is so choice, and the construction of his sentences so measured and inflexible, that he is often driven to the use of periphrasis when a single word would have sufficed and been much more intelligible, and often is obliged to have recourse to notes to express some matter too low or too trivial, as he thinks, for his text, which thus frequently become not illustrative, not referential, but supplementary to a mutilated meaning in the larger type.

It is pleasing to think how few standard works in English literature have the taint in them which infects the 'Decline and Fall,' how generally in this country genius has been tributary to the cause of Christianity; a distinction this from the literature of

the Continent for which we have reason to be most grateful; and of which we should probably find the cause in our Protestant faith, and our Church Establishment—the former encouraging religious inquiry by the free circulation of the Scriptures; the latter repressing latitudinarian license by the use of formularies and confessions, and furnishing besides a body of clergy calculated by their attainments, writings, and rank, to give a tone to letters. M. Guizot, however, is helping to redeem the character which has so long been thought to attach to writings of his country; it is consolatory to see notes so valuable as many of those which he has contributed to this edition, and kindling so often into honest indignation at the bad faith of the author on whom he comments, proceed from the pen of a philosopher of France; and we are certainly not the less gratified because that philosopher is the head of the Protestant party in his country.

In conclusion, we must repeat our doubts whether Mr. Milman might not have attained his *main* object better by a preliminary essay than by any series of notes; but we are at the same time very thankful for what he has done, even in a religious point of view; and there can be no question that this edition of Gibbon is the only one extant to which parents and guardians, and academical authorities, ought to give any measure of countenance. The editor's illustrations on subjects of secular and literary interest are in every respect such as might have been anticipated from his character, as one of the most accomplished scholars and writers of his age.

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From the Edinburgh Review.

1. *Sketches by Boz.* 1st and 2nd Series. 8vo. London: 1836-7.
2. *The Pickwick Papers.* 8vo. London: 1837.
3. *The Life and Adventures of Nicholas Nickleby.* 8vo. London: 1838.
4. *Oliver Twist.* (Bentley's Miscellany.) London: 1837-8.

Mr. Charles Dickens, the author of the above works, is the most popular writer of his day. Since the publication of the poems and novels of Sir Walter Scott, there has been no work the circulation of which has approached that of the *Pickwick Papers*. Thirty thousand copies of it are said to have been sold. It has been dramatized by several hands, and played in sundry London theatres. A continuation of it by another writer, has been undertaken as a profitable speculation: and no sooner has its genuine successor, '*Nicholas Nickleby*,' by the same author, made its appearance in monthly numbers, than it is published on the continent, translated into German. Great

popularity is doubtless to be accepted as presumptive evidence of merit—and should at least induce us to regard with attention the qualities of one who can exhibit so many suffrages in his favour. But even a cursory glance over literary history will teach its insufficiency as a *proof* of merit. We shall, therefore, regard it merely as a claim to notice—and treat Mr. Dickens with no more favour than if he could count only hundreds instead of myriads, among his readers. His reputation as a writer of fiction rests at present upon the above four works. The first consists of detached tales, and descriptive sketches of familiar scenes and humble life; some of which, before they were collected, had appeared in the columns of a daily newspaper. The second appeared in monthly numbers, illustrated with prints. The third, not yet completed, is coming forth in a similar guise; and the fourth is pursuing its course, still unfinished, through the numbers of a monthly magazine. In all these productions the author has called in the aid of the pencil, and has been contented to share his success with the caricaturist. He has put them forth in a form attractive, it is true, to that vast majority, the *idle readers*—but one not indicative of high literary pretensions, or calculated to inspire a belief of probable permanence of reputation. They seem, at first sight, to be among the most evanescent of the literary *ephemeræ* of their day—mere humorous specimens of the lightest kind of light reading, expressly calculated to be much sought and soon forgotten—fit companions for the portfolio of caricatures—‘good nonsense,’—and nothing more. This is the view which many persons will take of Mr. Dickens’s writings—but this is not our deliberate view of them. We think him a very original writer—well entitled to his popularity—and not likely to lose it—and the truest and most spirited delineator of English life, amongst the middle and lower classes, since the days of Smollett and Fielding. He has remarkable powers of observation, and great skill in communicating what he has observed—a keen sense of the ludicrous—exuberant humour—and that mastery in the pathetic which, though it seems opposed to the gift of humour, is often found in conjunction with it. Add to these qualities, an unaffected style, fluent, easy, spirited, and terse—a good deal of dramatic power—and great truthfulness and ability in description. We know no other English writer to whom he bears a marked resemblance. He sometimes imitates other writers, such as Fielding in his introductions, and Washington Irving in his detached tales, and thus exhibits his skill as a parodist. But his own manner is very distinct—and comparison with any other would not serve to illustrate and describe it. We would compare him rather with the painter Hogarth. What Hogarth was in painting, such very nearly is Mr. Dickens in prose fiction. The same turn of mind—the same species of power displays it-

self strongly in each. Like Hogarth he takes a keen and practical view of life—is an able satirist—very successful in depicting the ludicrous side of human nature, and rendering its follies more apparent by humorous exaggeration—peculiarly skilful in his management of details, throwing in circumstances which serve not only to complete the picture before us, but to suggest indirectly antecedent events which cannot be brought before our eyes. Hogarth’s cobweb over the poor-box, and the plan for paying off the national debt, hanging from the pocket of a prisoner in the Fleet, are strokes of satire very similar to some in the writings of Mr. Dickens. It is fair, in making this comparison, to add, that it does not hold good throughout; and that Mr. Dickens is exempt from two of Hogarth’s least agreeable qualities—his cynicism and his coarseness. There is no misanthropy in his satire, and no coarseness in his descriptions—a merit enhanced by the nature of his subjects. His works are chiefly pictures of humble life—frequently of the humblest. The reader is led through scenes of poverty and crime, and all the characters are made to discourse in the appropriate language of their respective classes—and yet we recollect no passage which ought to cause pain to the most sensitive delicacy, if read aloud in female society.

We have said that his satire was not misanthropic. This is eminently true. One of the qualities we the most admire in him is his comprehensive spirit of humanity. The tendency of his writings is to make us practically benevolent—to excite our sympathy in behalf of the aggrieved and suffering in all classes; and especially in those who are most removed from observation. He especially directs our attention to the helpless victims of untoward circumstances, or a vicious system—to the imprisoned debtor—the orphan pauper—the parish apprentice—the juvenile criminal—and to the tyranny, which, under the combination of parental neglect, with the mercenary brutality of a pedagogue, may be exercised with impunity in schools. His humanity is plain, practical, and manly. It is quite untainted with sentimentality. There is no mawkish wailing for ideal distresses—no morbid exaggeration of the evils incident to our lot—no disposition to excite unavailing discontent, or to turn our attention from remediable grievances to those which do not admit a remedy. Though he appeals much to our feelings, we can detect no instance in which he has employed the verbiage of spurious philanthropy.

He is equally exempt from the meretricious cant of spurious philosophy. He never endeavours to mislead our sympathies—to pervert plain notions of right and wrong—to make vice interesting in our eyes—and shake our confidence in those whose conduct is irreproachable, by dwelling on the hollowness of seeming virtue. His vicious characters are just what experience

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shows the average to be; and what the natural operation of those circumstances to which they have been exposed would lead us to expect. We are made to feel both what they are, and *why* they are what we find them. We find no monsters of unmitigated and unredeemable villany; no creatures blending with their crimes the most incongruous and romantic virtues; but very natural and unattractive combinations of human qualities, in which the bad is found to predominate in such a proportion as the position of the party would render probable. In short, he has eschewed that vulgar and theatrical device for producing effect—the representation of human beings as they are likely not to be.

Good feeling and sound sense are shown in his application of ridicule. It is never levelled at poverty or misfortune; or at circumstances which can be rendered ludicrous only by their deviation from artificial forms; or by regarding them through the medium of a conventional standard. Residence in the regions of Bloomsbury, ill-dressed dinners, and ill-made liveries, are crimes which he suffers to go unlashd; but follies or abuses, such as would be admitted alike in every sphere of society to be fit objects for his satire, are hit with remarkable vigour and precision. Nor does he confine himself to such as are obvious; but elicits and illustrates absurdities, which, though at once acknowledged when displayed, are plausible, and comparatively unobserved. Take, for example, the following illustration of the nonsense which is sometimes obtruded upon society, under the form of a curious coincidence, or a 'remarkable fact.'

'It's a wery remarkable circumstance, sir,' said Sam, 'that poverty and oysters always seem to go together.'

'I don't understand you, Sam,' said Mr. Pickwick.

'What I mean, sir,' said Sam, 'is, that the poorer a place is, the greater call there seems to be for oysters. Look here, sir; here's a oyster stall to every half-dozen houses—the street's lined with 'em. Blessed if I don't think that ven a man's wery poor, he rushes out of his lodgings, and eats oysters in reg'lar desperation.'

'To be sure he does,' said Mr. Weller, senior, 'and it's just the same vith pickled salmon!'

'Those are two verry remarkable facts, which never occurred to me before,' said Mr. Pickwick. 'The verry first place we stop at I'll make a note of them.'

All who have read reports of Parliamentary debates, when honourable members have been called to order, will easily apply the following:—

Mr. Blotton (of Aldgate) rose to order. Did the honourable Pickwickian allude to him? (Cries of 'Order,' 'Chair,' 'Yes,' 'No,' 'Go on,' 'Leave off,' &c.)

Mr. Pickwick would not put up to be put down by clamour. He *had* alluded to the honourable gentleman. (Great excitement.)

Mr. Blotton would only say then, that he repelled the hon. gent's false and scurrilous accusation, with profound contempt. (Great cheering.) The hon. gent.

was a humbug. (Immense confusion, and loud cries of 'chair,' and 'order.')

Mr. A. Snodgrass rose to order. He threw himself upon the chair. (Hear.) He wished to know whether this disgraceful contest between two members of that club should be allowed to continue. (Hear, hear.)

The chairman was quite sure the hon. Pickwickian would withdraw the expression he had just made use of.

Mr. Blotton, with all possible respect for the chair, was quite sure he would not.

The chairman felt it his imperative duty to demand of the honourable gentleman, whether he had used the expression which had just escaped him, in a common sense.

'Mr. Blotton had no hesitation in saying that he had not—he had used the word in its Pickwickian sense. (Hear, hear.) He was bound to acknowledge, that, personally, he entertained the highest regard and esteem for the honourable gentleman; he had merely considered him a humbug in a Pickwickian point of view. (Hear, hear.)

Mr. Pickwick felt much gratified by the fair, candid, and full explanation of his honourable friend. He begged it be at once understood, that his own observations had been merely intended to bear a Pickwickian construction. (Cheers.)

The arts of canvassing are amusingly illustrated in the following passage.

'Is every thing ready?' said the honourable Samuel Slumkey to Mr. Perker.

'Every thing, my dear sir,' was the little man's reply.

'Nothing has been omitted, I hope?' said the honourable Samuel Slumkey.

'Nothing has been left undone, my dear sir,—nothing whatever. There are twenty washed men at the street door for you to shake hands with; and six children in arms that you're to pat on the head, and enquire the age of: be particular about the children, my dear sir,—it has always a great deal of effect, that sort of thing.'

'I'll take care, said the honourable Samuel Slumkey.

'And perhaps, my dear sir,—said the cautious little man, 'perhaps if you *could*—I don't mean to say it's indispensable—but if you *could* manage to kiss one of 'em, it would produce a very great impression on the crowd.'

'Wouldn't it have as good an effect if the proposer or seconder did that?' said the honourable Samuel Slumkey.

'Why, I am afraid it wouldn't,' replied the agent; 'if it were done by yourself, my dear sir, I think it would make you very popular.'

'Very well,' said the honourable Slumkey, with a resigned air, 'then it must be done. That's all.'

A short conversation between Mr. Pickwick and the Editor of a newspaper introduces us, by a lively exaggeration, to some of the mysteries of book-making.

'You have seen the literary articles which have appeared at intervals in the Eatanswill Gazette in the course of the last three months, and which have excited such general—I may say such universal attention and admiration?'

'Why,' replied Mr. Pickwick, slightly embarrassed

by the question, 'the fact is, I have been so much engaged in other ways, that I really have not had an opportunity of perusing them.'

'You should do so, sir,' said Pott, with a severe countenance.

'I will,' said Mr. Pickwick.

'They appeared in the form of a copious review of a work on Chinese metaphysics, sir,' said Pott.

'Oh,' observed Mr. Pickwick—'from your pen I hope!'

'From the pen of my critic, sir,' rejoined Pott with dignity.

'An abstruse subject I should conceive,' said Mr. Pickwick.

'Very, sir,' responded Pott, looking intensely sage.

'He crammed for it, to use a technical but expressive term: he read up for the subject, at my desire, in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*.

'Indeed!' said Mr. Pickwick; 'I was not aware that that valuable work contained any information respecting Chinese metaphysics.'

'He read, sir, rejoined Pott, laying his hand on Mr. Pickwick's knee, and looking round with a smile of intellectual superiority, 'he read for metaphysics under the letter M, and for China under the letter C; and combined his information, sir!'

But Mr. Dickens is a satirist of a sterner kind than the preceding extracts tend to show; and makes his lash fall smartly upon abuses of a graver character. The whole story of the action against Pickwick for breach of promise of marriage, from its ludicrous origin, to Pickwick's eventual release from prison, where he had been immured for refusal to pay the damages, is one of the most acute and pointed satires upon the state and administration of English law that ever appeared in the light and lively dress of fiction. The account of the trial is particularly good; and we would gladly set before our readers that exquisite specimen of forensic eloquence, the speech of the counsel for the plaintiff, were it not too long to be extracted entire, and that its curtailment would mar its effect. Instead of that, we will show more concisely how to browbeat a timid witness.

'Now, sir, said Mr. Skimpin, 'have the goodness to let his Lordship and the jury know what your name is, will you?' And Mr. Skimpin inclined his head on one side to listen with great sharpness to the answer, and glanced at the jury meanwhile, as if to imply that he rather expected Mr. Winkle's natural taste for perjury would induce him to give some name which did not belong to him.

'Winkle,' replied the witness.

'What's your Christian name, sir?' angrily enquired the little judge.

'Nathaniel, sir.'

'Daniel,—any other name?'

'Nathaniel, sir—my Lord, I mean.'

'Nathaniel Daniel, or Daniel Nathaniel?'

'No, my Lord, only Nathaniel—not Daniel at all.'

'What did you tell me it was Daniel for, then, Sir?' enquired the judge.

'I didn't, my Lord,' replied Mr. Winkle.

'You did, sir,' replied the judge, with a severe frown.

'How could I have got Daniel on my notes, unless you told me so, sir!'

'This argument was, of course, unanswerable.

'Mr. Winkle has rather a short memory, my Lord,' interposed Mr. Skimpin, with another glance at the jury. 'We shall find means to refresh it before we have quite done with him, I dare say.'

'You had better be careful, sir,' said the little judge, with a sinister look at the witness.

'Poor Mr. Winkle bowed, and endeavoured to feign an easiness of manner, which, in his then state of confusion, gave him rather the air of a disconcerted pickpocket.

'Now, Mr. Winkle,' said Mr. Skimpin, 'attend to me if you please, sir; and let me recommend you, for your own sake, to bear in mind his lordship's injunctions to be careful. I believe you are a particular friend of Mr. Pickwick, the defendant, are you not?'

'I have known Mr. Pickwick now, as well as I recollect at this moment, nearly'—

'Pray, Mr. Winkle, do not evade the question. Are you, or are you not a particular friend of the defendant's?'

'I was just about to say, that'—

'Will you, or will you not, answer my question, sir?'

'If you don't answer the question, you'll be committed, sir,' interposed the little judge, looking over his note-book.

'Come, sir,' said Mr. Skimpin, 'yes or no, if you please.'

'Yes, I am,' replied Mr. Winkle.

'Yes, you are. And why couldn't you say that at once, sir? Perhaps you know the plaintiff too—oh, Mr. Winklé?'

'I don't know her: I've seen her.'

'Oh, you don't know her, but you've seen her? Now, have the goodness to tell the gentlemen of the jury what you mean by *that*, Mr. Winkle.'

'I mean that I am not intimate with her, but that I have seen her when I went to call on Mr. Pickwick, in Goswell street.'

'How often have you seen her, sir?'

'How often?'

'Yes, Mr. Winkle, how often? I'll repeat the question for you a dozen times, if you require it, sir?' And the learned gentleman, with a firm and steady frown, placed his hands on his hips, and smiled suspiciously to the jury.

On this question there arose the edifying brow-beating, customary on such points. First of all, Mr. Winkle said it was quite impossible for him to say how many times he had seen Mrs. Bardell. Then he was asked if he had seen her twenty times, to which he replied, 'Certainly,—more than that.' And then he was asked whether he hadn't seen her a hundred times—whether he couldn't swear that he had seen her more than fifty times—whether he didn't know that he had seen her at least seventy-five times, and so forth; the satisfactory conclusion which was arrived at, at last, being—that he had better take care of himself, and mind what he was about.'

The imprisonment of Pickwick affords an opportunity of depicting the interior of a debtor's prison, and the manifold evils of that system, towards the abolition of which much, we trust, will have been effected by a statute of the past session. The picture is excellent,

both in intention and execution, and as it bears strongly no air of truth, it is necessarily a painful one. We are told how poverty may be subjected to capital punishment by a civil process, in the following description of the last hours of a Chancery prisoner.

'He's been consumptive for a long time past,' said Mr. Roker, 'and he's taken very bad in the breath to-night. The doctor said, six months ago, that nothing but change of air could save him.'

'Great Heaven!' exclaimed Mr. Pickwick; 'has this man been slowly murdered by the law for six months?'

'I don't know about that, sir,' replied Roker, 'weighing his hat by the brims in both hands. 'I suppose he'd have been took the same wherever he was. He went into the infirmary this morning; the doctor says his strength is to be kept up as much as possible, and the wardens sent him wine and broth and that, from his own house. It's not the warden's fault, you know, sir.'

'Of course not,' replied Mr. Pickwick, hastily.

'I'm afraid, however,' said Roker, shaking his head, 'that it's all up with him; I offered Neddy two sixpenn'orths to one upon it just now, but he wouldn't take it, and quite right. Thankee, sir. Good night, sir.'

'Stay,' said Mr. Pickwick, earnestly. 'Where is this infirmary?'

'Just over where you slept, sir,' replied Roker. 'I'll show you if you like to come.' Mr. Pickwick snatched up his hat, without speaking, and followed at once.

'The turnkey led the way in silence, and gently raising the latch of the room-door, motioned Mr. Pickwick to enter. It was a large, bare, desolate room, with a number of stump bedsteads made of iron, on one of which lay stretched the shadow of a man; wan, pale, and ghastly. His breathing was hard and thick, and he moaned painfully as it came and went. At the bedside sat a short old man in a cobbler's apron, who, by the aid of a pair of horn spectacles, was reading from the Bible aloud. It was the fortunate legatee.

The sick man laid his hand upon his attendant's arm, and motioned him to stop. He closed the book, and laid it on the bed.

'Open the window,' said the sick man.

He did so. The noise of carriages and carts, the rattle of wheels, the cries of men and boys; all the busy sounds of a mighty multitude instinct with life and occupation, blended into one deep murmur, floated into the room. Above the hoarse loud hum arose from time to time a boisterous laugh; or a scrap of some jingling song, shouted forth by one of the giddy crowd, would strike upon the ear for an instant, and then be lost amidst the roar of voices and the tramp of footsteps—the breaking of the billows of the restless sea of life that rolled heavily on without. These are melancholy sounds to a quiet listener at any time; but how melancholy to the watcher by the bed of death!

'There is no air here,' said the sick man, faintly. The place pollutes it; it was fresh round about, when I walked there, years ago; but it grows hot and heavy in passing these walls. I cannot breathe it.'

'We have breathed it together a long time,' said the old man.

'Come, come.'

There was a short silence, during which the two

spectators approached the bed. The sick man drew a hand of his old fellow-prisoner towards him, and pressing it affectionately between both his own, retained it in his grasp.

'I hope,' he gasped, after a while—so faintly that they bent their ears close over the bed to catch the half-formed sounds his cold blue lips gave vent to—'I hope my merciful Judge will bear in mind my heavy punishment on earth. Twenty years, my friend, twenty years in this hideous grave. My heart broke when my child died, and I could not even kiss him in his little coffin. My loneliness since then, in all this noise and riot, has been very dreadful. May God forgive me! He has seen my solitary lingering death.'

He folded his hands, and murmuring something more they could not hear, fell into a sleep—only a sleep at first, for they saw him smile.

They whispered together for a little time, and the turnkey stooping over the pillow, drew hastily back. 'He has got his discharge, by G—d!' said the man.

He had. But he had grown so like death in life, that they knew not when he died.

It is useless to hope that this tragical fiction may be unsupported by truth, or be founded only on events which happened long ago. A London Newspaper of August 25, 1838, tells us that on the preceding day an inquest having been held at the Queen's Bench prison, on the body of a female debtor who had been a prisoner there *more than sixteen years*, through a Chancery suit, the jury returned the following verdict—'*Died of a nervous fever brought on through long confinement and excited feelings.*'

Mr. Dickens is very successful as a delineator of those manners, habits, and peculiarities which are illustrative of particular classes and callings. He exhibits amusingly the peculiar turn of thought which belongs to each; and, as if he had been admitted behind the scenes, brings to light those artifices which members of a fraternity are careful to conceal from the world at large. For example, a medical practitioner in the country thus describes his arts of rising.

'Come,' said Mr. Winkle, as the boy retired, 'things are not quite so bad as you would have me believe, either. There is *some* medicine to be sent out.'

Mr. Bob Sawyer peeped into the shop to see that no stranger was within hearing, and leaning forward to Mr. Winkle, said, in a low tone—

'He leaves it all at the wrong houses.'

Mr. Winkle looked perplexed, and Bob Sawyer and his friend laughed.

'Don't you see?' said Bob; 'he goes up to a house, rings the area bell, pokes a packet of medicine without a direction into the servant's hand, and walks off. Servant takes it into the dining parlour; master opens it, and reads the label, 'Draught to be taken at bed-time—pills as before—lotion as usual—the powder. From Sawyer's, late Nockemorf's. Physicians' prescriptions carefully prepared:' and all the rest of it. Shows it to his wife—*she* reads the label; it goes down to the servants—they read the label. Next day the boy calls: 'Very sorry—his mistake—immense business—great many parcels to deliver.—Mr. Sawyer's compliments—late Nockemorf.' The name gets known, and that's



the thing, my boy, in the medical way; bless your heart, old fellow, it's better than all the advertising in the world. We have got one four-ounce bottle that's been to half the houses in Bristol, and hasn't done yet.'

'Dear me, I see,' observed Mr. Winkle; what an excellent plan!

'Oh, Ben and I have hit upon a dozen such,' replied Bob Sawyer, with great glee. 'The lamplighter has eightpence a week to pull the night-bell for ten minutes every time he comes round; and my boy always rushes into church just before the psalms, when the people have got nothing to do but to look about 'em, and calls me out, with horror and dismay depicted on his countenance. Bless my soul, every body says, somebody taken suddenly ill! Sawyer, late Nockemorf, sent for. What a business that young man has!'

Mr. Dickens's characters are sketched with a spirit and distinctness which rarely fail to convey immediately a clear impression of the person intended. They are, however, not complete and finished delineations, but rather outlines, very clearly and sharply traced, which the reader may fill up for himself; and they are calculated not so much to represent the actual truth, as to suggest it. Analyses of disposition, and explanations of motives will not be found, and, we may add, will be little required. His plan is, not to describe his personages, but to make them speak and act,—and it is not easy to misunderstand them. These remarks are not applicable to *all* his characters. Some are too shadowy and undefined,—some not sufficiently true to nature; in some the representations consist of traits too trivial or too few; and some are spoiled by exaggeration and caricature. Pickwick's companions, Winkle, Snodgrass, and Tupman, are very uninteresting personages,—having peculiarities rather than characters—useless incumbrances, which the author seems to have admitted hastily among his *dramatis personæ* without well knowing what to do with them. The swindler Jingle and his companion want reality; and the former talks a disjointed jargon, to which some likeness may be found in farces, but certainly none in actual life. The young ladies in the *Pickwick Papers* are nonentities. The blustering Dowler, and the Master of the Ceremonies at Bath, are mere caricatures. The medical students are coarsely and disagreeably drawn. Wardle, though a tolerably good country squire, is hardly a modern one; and it may be doubted if Mr. Weller, senior, can be accepted as the representative of any thing more recent than the last generation of stage-coachmen.

On the other hand, there are many characters truly excellent. First stand Pickwick and his man Weller,—the modern Quixote and Sancho of Cockaigne. Pickwick is a most amiable and eccentric combination of irritability, benevolence, simplicity, shrewdness, folly, and good sense—frequently ridiculous, but never contemptible, and always inspiring a certain degree of respect even when placed in the most ludicrous situa-

tions, playing the part of butt and dupe. Weller is a character which we do not remember to have seen attempted before. He is a favourable, yet, in many respects, faithful representative of the Londoner of humble life,—rich in native humour, full of the confidence, and address, and knowledge of the world, which is given by circumstances to a dweller in cities, combined with many of the most attractive qualities of the English character,—such as writers love to show in the brave, frank, honest, light-hearted sailor. His legal characters, Sergeant Snubbin, Perker, Dodson, Fogg, and Pell, are touched, though slightly, yet all with spirit, and a strong appearance of truth. Greater skill in drawing characters is shown in 'Oliver Twist,' and 'Nicholas Nickleby,' than in 'Pickwick.' His Ralph Nickleby, and Mrs. Nickleby, deserve to be noticed as peculiarly successful.

But Mr. Dickens's forte perhaps lies less in drawing characters than in describing incidents. He seizes with great skill those circumstances which are capable of being graphically set before us; and makes his passing scenes distinctly present to the reader's mind. Ludicrous circumstances are those which he touches most happily; of which the *Pickwick Papers* afford many examples; such as the equestrian distresses of Pickwick and his companions, the pursuit of Jingle, and Pickwick's night adventures in the boarding-school garden,—incidents richly comic and worthy of Smollett; and which are narrated with Smollett's spirit, without his coarseness. His descriptions of scenery are also good, though in a minor degree; and among these the aspect of the town is perhaps better delineated than that of the country; and scenes which are of an unattractive kind with more force and effect than those which are susceptible of poetical embellishment.

Hitherto we have dwelt on the characteristics of the author rather than on the merits or demerits of any one of his works. The examination of them is of secondary importance, because the most popular among them owed its success, certainly not to its merits as a whole, but to the attractiveness of detached passages. The '*Pickwick Papers*' are, as the author admits in his preface, defective in plan, and want throughout that powerful aid which fiction derives from an interesting and well constructed plot. 'Nicholas Nickleby' appears to be commenced with more attention to this important requisite in novel-writing; and if the author will relieve the painful sombreness of his scenes with a sufficient portion of sunshine, it will deserve to exceed the popularity of *Pickwick*. But 'Oliver Twist,' a tale not yet completed, is calculated to give a more favourable impression of Mr. Dickens's powers as a writer of fiction than any thing else which he has yet produced. There is more interest in the story, a plot better arranged, characters more skilfully and carefully



drawn, without any diminution of spirit, and without that tone of humorous exaggeration which, however amusing, sometimes detracts too much from the truthfulness of many portions of the 'Pickwick Papers.' The scene is laid in the humblest life: its hero is a friendless, nameless, parish orphan, born in a workhouse; at a time when workhouses were not subjected, as now, to the control of a central superintending board, and when attention was comparatively little directed to the condition of the poor.\*

Such are the disastrous circumstances under which the hero enters the world. A name is given him by the parochial beadle according to an alphabetical arrangement upon which that functionary greatly prides himself. After a few years of pretended care, but real neglect, the boy narrowly escapes being bound apprentice to a chimney-sweeper; and the parochial authorities, failing in their attempt to get him off their hands thus, contrive to place him with an undertaker. The first funeral to which Oliver accompanies his master is that of a pauper; and the description of it, with its preliminaries and accessories, is so good a specimen of Mr. Dickens's powers in the tragic department of fiction that we cannot forbear from extracting it. But, first, we must give the following introductory communication between the beadle and the undertaker.

Oliver and his master then repair to the scene of death.

This is admirably told. There is no unwise attempt to give force and impressiveness to the gloomy picture by dwelling long and painfully on loathsome details; or by an abundant use of exaggerated expressions. He has wisely trusted to those better means of producing effect—a skilful selection of circumstances, and an earnest simplicity of language. Oliver's companion, a charity-school boy, attempts to tyrannize over him, with all the insolence of a base nature proud of finding himself in contact with one still weaker, and, as he thinks, humbler in station than himself. Oliver resists, is unjustly punished by his employer—runs away to London—is found, tired, houseless, penniless, and almost famished, by a young thief, who decoys him to the house of a Jew, a receiver of stolen goods, who keeps and trains up boys for plunder. Here the unsuspecting Oliver, touched by the apparently disinterested kindness with which he is treated, is subjected to a cautious and gradual initiation into the practice of larceny.

Oliver is at length allowed to accompany the two young pickpockets in the pursuit of their vocation, the real nature of which he had never understood, and

which he at length, to his horror, discovers. The young thieves slink off with their booty, leaving Oliver to be pursued, taken, and carried to a police-office, where a scene ensues which, we trust, is a very exaggerated representation of the mode in which the law was recently administered. Oliver is exonerated from the charge, and rescued from his horrible situation by the humanity of the person robbed, who gives him an asylum in his own house. Going out on an errand, he is kidnapped by the Jew's associates, and carried back to the Jew's house, where he is kept in strict confinement, under a hope that his spirit may at length be broken, and that, with a view to better his condition, he may become a willing participator in crime. Throughout all this part of the story the machinery of crime is very skilfully and strikingly unfolded. At length occurs the following dialogue between a house-breaker and the Jew.

It is suggested that Oliver may be made serviceable, and he is consigned to the tender mercies of the burglars, to be used as their instrument on this occasion. The attempt fails; the burglars escape; Oliver is wounded and left; and once more his rescue from the fangs of his instructors in crime appears to be achieved.

We have given the foregoing faint outline chiefly for the purpose of making our extracts more intelligible—but it can afford very little idea of the interest of a story of which the merit lies chiefly in the details; and in which, moreover, there are sundry incidents which it is not necessary to mention here, which seem to point to the possible discovery of Oliver's parentage, and invest it with much of that mysterious interest which is always a useful ingredient in fiction. The author, however, must beware lest he converts a certain Mr. Monks who figures in the latter chapters, into a mere melo-dramatic villain of romance. There is such perfect truthfulness in the generality of his characters, that deviations from nature are less tolerable than when found in other works. Unfinished as this tale still is, it is the best example which Mr. Dickens has yet afforded of his power to produce a good novel; but it cannot be considered a conclusive one. The difficulties to which he is exposed in his present periodical mode of writing are, in some respects, greater than if he allowed himself a wider field, and gave his whole work to the public at once. But he would be subjected to a severer criticism if his fiction could be read continually—if his power of maintaining a sustained interest could be tested—if his work could be viewed as a connected whole, and its object, plan, consistency, and arrangement brought to the notice of the reader at once. This ordeal cannot be passed triumphantly without the aid of other qualities than necessarily belong to the most brilliant sketcher of detached scenes. We do not, however, mean to express a doubt that Mr. Dickens can write with judgment as

\* As the whole of *Twist and Nickleby*, so far as published, have been printed in the Museum, we omit the extracts.

well as with spirit. His powers of observation and description are qualities rarer, and less capable of being acquired, than those which would enable him to combine the scattered portions of a tale into one consistent and harmonious whole. If he will endeavour to supply whatever may be effected by care and study—avoid imitation of other writers—keep nature steadily before his eyes—and check all disposition to exaggerate—we know no writer who seems likely to attain higher success in that rich and useful department of fiction which is founded on faithful representations of human character, as exemplified in the aspects of English life.

#### ROBBY BELL AND HIS ASSES.

Some years by-gone, the above singular character was wont to travel in several of the southern counties of Scotland, accompanied by an old and faithful long-eared friend, bearing two enormous panniers, containing Robby's merchandise. This consisted of wooden, pewter, and horn spoons, needles and thread, pins, twopenny penknives, superb glittering brass rings and brooches, old ballads—in short, the most motley and miscellaneous collection of articles ever offered to the vulgar gaze. These, made up into bundles, Robby used to call his *pingles*. As he and his ass were doulcely jogging along, under the genial influence of a fine May morning, the drooping ears of the latter were suddenly and majestically erected at the sound of an astounding braying on the other side of the hedge. In proof that even asses are not devoid of companionable qualities, away brushed the mercantile one through a gap in the hedge, scattering panniers and pingles to the four winds of heaven. Robby, who, with bonnet on head, and hands contemplatively screwed behind his back, had been trudging in the rear, witnessed the behaviour of the brute, and its direful consequences, with feelings of mingled rage and despondency. But praisious to trying to regather the unfortunate pingles, prudence suggested the propriety of catching the delinquent. So unwearied and agile was the plaguy animal in his gambols, that an hour elapsed, and an acre of young wheat was completely trodden under foot, before he was clutched in the grasp of his unjustly incensed master. Crying with vexation, Robby next proceeded to collect his pingles, lying in heart-breaking confusion over the whole terrene surface; but he had scarcely commenced this agreeable task, when the lord of the manor appeared, and claimed the ass as a stray, or trespasser. Poor Robby, fairly at his wits' end, cried out in a fury, "It sets ye weel to speak that way o' my *cuddie*, when it was your ain deevil o' a *cuddie's* menseless thrapple brocht him ower. If yours had keepit his confounded cleck to himsel, naether me nor mine wad hae seen you or your wheat, but been five mile farrer on our gate." "Weel, Robby," said the laird, "a' this passion o' yours will no pay me for my acre o' wheat; but as I believe ye are an honest man, I'll let you gang wi' your bread-winner ('deil be in his feet!' muttered poor Robby,) but no before you gie me your word to meet me at the Jeddart court, to answer this trespass, conformable to law!" There was no remedy, and the unfortunate vender of pingles was obliged to promise he would do so. When the trying hour arrived, he made his appearance before Lords G— and H—, at that time on the Jedburgh circuit. Robby, it seems, had been in trouble before, and given more than one guinea

to counsel without effect. He was now resolved to speak for himself. The prosecutor's charge for assine delinquency was easily made, when Robby was called upon for his defence. He went on about the two asses in such an unintelligible rigmarole way, that the worthy judges were completely at fault. "My good man," said Lord G., "I am most willing to hear what you have to say, but really I do not understand you." "No understand me!" bellowed like a furnace the incensed Robby; "weel, man, gin you will ha' it, suppose ye were an ass an' that man (pointing to Lord H.) another, an' ye were to *bray*, and he were to rin after ye, hoo the deil could I help it?" Then writhing himself a little aside in his vexation, he muttered, "A pair o' hairy, lang-lugged land-loupers too, by my faith!" Robby came off victorious.—*Literary Gazette*.

#### ESCAPE FROM ROTHSAJ JAIL.

The following anecdote, which appeared a few years ago in the newspapers, is worthy of preservation as a curious illustration of the maxim with respect to keeping a thing seven years in the hope of finding an use for it—"A man of the name of Douglas was tried at Inverary for some petty depredation, and sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment in Rothsay jail. But the culprit had been accustomed to a roving life, and as his new quarters by no means accorded with his ideas of comfort, the thought soon struck him that it was possible to change them. His cell happened to be on what is called the ground-floor; and, in addition to a chair, table, and bedstead, displayed an old-fashioned rusty grate, which, for years on years, had to all appearance chased away no contiguous damp—emitted no cheerful blaze. From this grate he wrenched one of the ribs, or bars, and although the instrument was not above nine inches long, and one in diameter, he made so good a use of it, that, in the course of a very few hours, he fairly undermined the wall of his prison. The aperture, though small, enabled him to drag his body through; but after creeping out, he had the temerity to creep in again, and, from whatever motive, secreted the disparted portion of the grate in a corner of the yawning chasm above. Afterwards he found his way to Greenock, was allowed to work his passage in a vessel bound to North America, and remained in that country several years. Tiring, however, of the new world, he revisited Scotland; and in the hope, no doubt, that both his crime and his escape had been forgotten, ventured once more among the wilds of Argyleshire. The fiscal of the district, unaware, perhaps, of the man's return, or not deeming the matter of much importance, offered him no molestation at first; but he was soon caught in a new offence, and from necessity or oversight re-lodged in the identical cell he had broken. All the world have heard of Monsieur Tonson's witty tormentor; and as the first thing he did on his return from India was to ring the astounded Frenchman's bell, so our hero had no sooner been left to himself than he began to explore the area of the chimney in quest of an old and valued acquaintance, which had served him at a pinch, and might do so again. And he found the instrument where he had left it! as fit for mining work as ever, and with fewer changes on its substance or surface than time and climate had made on his own weather-beaten frame. To work, therefore, he set a second time, and was again so successful, that he had his foot on the heath, and saw the sun rise on his native mountains, at an early hour on the following morning. As the circumstance excited a good deal of interest, diligent search was made for the Baron Trenck of the Isle of Bute; but it was all to no purpose. He escaped to a distant part of the country, and betook himself to more lawful courses, not having faith, it would appear, that good fortune would serve him so well a third time."

*From the Spectator.*

### CHINA OPENED.

*China Opened; or a Display of the Topography, History, Customs, Manners, Arts, Manufactures, Commerce, Literature, Religion, Jurisprudence, &c. of the Chinese Empire.* By the Rev. Charles Gutzlaff. Revised by the Rev. Andrew Read, D. D. In 2 vols. Smith and Elder.

Mr. Gutzlaff, the author of these volumes, is a missionary to China, already well known for a narrative of his personal adventures in two coasting voyages along that country, as well as for his publication on Chinese history. The object of the present work is much more extensive than either of the author's previous productions, embracing a view of the physical features of China and its dependencies; a précis of its history, religions, and institutions; an account of its commerce, arts, agriculture, and finances; a description of the manners, customs, and character of the people, together with a review of their language, literature, science, and philosophy.

In the execution of so extensive a design, Mr. Gutzlaff has the advantage of familiar acquaintance with his subject, acquired by personal observation of China and the Chinese, and by a study of the works of his predecessors both native and foreign. Unluckily, however, he is unable to turn these advantages to full account, wanting many qualities both of nature and art. He is deficient in comprehension of view; he has scanty powers of generalization; and beyond the externals of the individual object before him, his perception is weak, and not always true. These intellectual failings, not remedied by cultivation, often involve the writer in apparent contradictions, which every reader will not be able to reconcile, even where they happen to be reconcilable; they have sometimes prevented him from selecting the most worthy or the most striking objects for description; whilst a lack of literary judgment and taste has caused him to jumble together things of unequal magnitude and importance, and to overlay his subject with a variety of collateral matter, till the principal is lost sight of in the accessories. Perhaps, too, there is an undue professional disposition to trace things up to Divine interference, when the human causes are sufficient to account for them. Hence, though containing a good deal of important information, and suggesting various reflections, *China Opened* is rather to be studied than read, and will be studied to most advantage by those who can weigh and test the statements of the author.

This criticism especially applies to his description of the physical character of China; which, instead of presenting the natural and artificial features of the country, consists of enumerations of latitudes and longi-

tudes, lengths and breadths, or a dry catalogue of uncouth names suggestive of neither ideas nor associations to Englishmen, and the proper place for which is a map or a table. The topographical survey of the various countries belonging to the empire is distinguished by similar defects, except where the author describes places he himself has seen. The account of the natural productions, is somewhat more attractive, but contains not much beyond the summaries of a book of geography; and the chapters on the manners and customs, although containing many novel points, are wanting in pith and conclusiveness. The history is clear, and sufficient for its purpose; and the many chapters on the government and its ramifications, though minutely dry, are full of statistical and curious details, as is likewise the account of the foreign commerce. Of the review of literature and science, the best perhaps that can be said of it is, that it is better than nothing. To the chapter on language we shall refer presently.

One of the most curious speculations in which the human mind can engage, is to trace the origin of national character,—to endeavour to estimate the respective influences of nature and custom; conjecturally apportioning a share to the disposition of the race; another to the physical circumstances of climate, soil, &c. and the pursuits which they generated; a third to the influence of the national literature and institutions, as well as to the historical events with which the people have been connected; though all these last must be taken with an allowance, as receiving an influence from the other causes. To approach this subject with even the appearance of success, requires the data of original authority; and it is one good feature of Mr. Gutzlaff's book, that points will be found scattered up and down its pages which throw a light upon this singular subject. The climate of China Proper is temperate, but neither warm enough to dispense with clothes, (when they can be got,) nor cold enough to prevent, by its severity, the subsistence of a dense population. The land often yields a vast return to the laborious cultivator, but does not appear to possess that spontaneous fertility which fosters the lazy luxury of the Negroes, and it is not adapted to the nomadic life of the Tartars. Hence, a people settling in such a country, if sufficiently advanced in civilization to pursue the useful arts, to establish a certain degree of security for life and property, and to protect themselves from their neighbours, would naturally increase with rapidity, whilst "the pressure of population against the means of subsistence" would as naturally stimulate improvements in arts essential to corporal uses or to worldly wellbeing, in which alone the Chinese excel. If we abstract, as much as possible, all prejudices of habit and education, and look only at the eternal nature of things, the Chinese productions in the belles lettres appear dry, literal, and feeble



copies of commonplace every-day life; but their philosophy, even without any national allowance, is distinguished beyond all others for worldly wisdom and practical utility. The fine arts admit of a more tangible test than literature, and in all the higher departments the Chinese are very deficient; but their mere mechanical *cutting* in sculpture is as excellent as their colours are in painting, both of which excellences are available in the immediate business of life. In the useful arts, however, the Chinese, ages ago, excelled all other nations, and, despite their stationary condition, equal them in many things now. With them, irrigation, terraced cultivation, manuring, and all the agricultural resources by which art overcomes natural obstacles, were first advanced to a state that even now leaves the most improved nations behind. "The Chinese art of husbandry," says Mr. Gutzlaff, "may be explained in few words,—to keep the lands clean, and in fine tilth; to manure them richly, and make a farm resemble a garden as nearly as possible. No fields are laid down in pasture in order to be recruited, or are suffered to be fallow for even a quarter of a year, lest any of the resources of the soil should thereby be lost." The art of weaving seems indigenous to every country whose inhabitants have advanced beyond the hunter's life; but China has the best claim to have first perfected the art, and raised it to a manufacture; even now her silk and cotton fabrics equal if they do not excel those of all other countries, in texture, colour, and durability, although inferior in design. Ship-building, practical hydraulics, and many other mechanical arts, are with them of great antiquity. Paper they invented in the first century of our æra; printing, gunpowder, suspension-bridges, umbrellas and parasols, and the elegant manufacture of porcelain ware, which has put within the means of most civilized nations an excellent substitute for the monarch's gold and silver *plate*, were, with the silk trade, given by China to Europe. As far as history records or well-grounded conjecture can penetrate, China has never possessed any privileged castes, nor has labour ever been considered degrading; merit, or at least acquirement, has been the patent of nobility, which is open to all except persons of infamous life or birth.\* Of unknown antiquity, they offer the singular spectacle of a nation obeying for 2300 years the instructions of a philosopher. With an empire more populous than that of the Romans, one written character, be the variety of dialogues what they may, serves for the communication of thought; and the laws or exhortations of the Imperial Council are easily read by three hundred and sixty millions of people,—a vast population, but of whose vastness the mind will have a clearer idea, if it reflect that the present generation

\* Such as criminals, stage-players, the offspring of courtisans.

of Chinese consists of nearly as many persons as have lived in Great Britain since the creation of man.

The circumstances we have touched upon throw much light upon the Atheism of this people. A nation so early advanced in the useful arts, and possessing a written literature from 2500 to 3000 years ago, if not earlier, could scarcely be enthralled by any absurd and vulgar superstition. The struggle for subsistence, forced upon all, would prevent them from giving the time necessary to a faith with ceremonials constantly occurring; or from engaging in deep speculations upon a subject which, their sagacity taught them, unassisted reason could not resolve, and which would have been productive of no *worldly* advantage. Mr. Wilberforce has recorded that Mr. Pitt had not time to give much attention to theological matters; and such seems to be the case with the Chinese, who are too *busy* to be religious. Mr. Gutzlaff, indeed, attributes to Confucius the Atheism and social qualities of the Chinese, as well as their political institutions: but such an achievement is beyond the power of any individual mind—not to mention that many parts of this great man's writings are taken from or founded upon those of his predecessors, by which no doubt he was in a measure formed. Philosophers sway mankind by discovering what is best adapted to their nature and circumstances, not by directing them to follow some laboured or artificial inventions of their own. The true merit of Confucius is the extraordinary penetration by which he read the character of his countrymen, and the skill with which he adapted his philosophical system to it.

How far the language of China contributed to influence the character of its inhabitants—how far their character might react upon their language—is difficult to determine. But their national peculiarities are strongly expressed in their tongue, and appear to offer insuperable difficulties to the Missionaries; because a people so cautious, scrutinizing, and worldly-minded as the Chinese, will not, like a more barbarous race, trust any thing to generalization; and their language fails to note accurately the nice distinctions requisite in scientific theology. Here is part of Mr. Gutzlaff's account of it.

#### CHINESE SOUNDS.

We might be almost led to suppose that the Chinese ancestry, after having produced 487 different sounds, despaired of the power of the organs of speech to make any additions to them. In almost every other language, there is a number of radicals, by the composition of which an immense number of words is formed; yet this expedient never occurred to the Chinese. To what a state the oral medium of communication has been thus reduced, we cannot better show, than by producing some examples. The sound E has at least 2,000 significations. It expresses to kill, to finish, by, barley, obstinate, to be pleased, to communicate, to leave, gruel, clothes, to rely, posterity, barbarian, he, to cure, to extirpate, disperse, incline, a chair, virtue, thought,



intention, easy, becoming, to study, doubt, &c.; in fact, one might write a perfectly intelligible treatise in which only the sound E was employed.

Che has about a thousand significations; it may mean to know, wisdom, folly, to arrive, effect, govern, pierce, impede, stop, foundation, toes, of, a branch, elegant, grass, present, &c.

Several of these sounds, moreover, are scarcely to be distinguished from each other, especially when they are rapidly pronounced; for instance, teih tih, sze tsze, gang gang, e yih, fan fang, &c.

To remedy all these imperfections, the ancients invented a system of intonation, and in many instances used two synonymous characters to express a single idea.

The intonation is twofold—Ping, the even, and Tsih, the deflected. Ping is sub-divided into tsing and chō—the former clear, the latter drawn out; whilst the Tsih is either shang, high, or shrill, like the acutus; ken, low, like the gravis; or juh, short and abrupt. Chā, dregs, has the tsing; chá, to inquire, the chō; chā, a branch, the acutus; chā, to deceive, the acutus; and chā, an official letter, pronounced very abrupt, the juh or short sound. In the same order stands yā, forked; yā, teeth; yā, elegant; yā, the second in order, and yā to convey. If each of the sounds had these five intonations, there would be at least 2,435 various words for expressing ideas; but many have only one, two, or three of them, and the treasure of articulated sounds amounts to about 1,500. With these the Chinese have to convey all their wants, and to communicate the most abstract sciences. However accurate the distinction, it falls very short of what is actually required, and the oral medium of communication remains deficient. A Chinaman marks, with the greatest ease, the difference of intonation, but a foreigner has to encounter immense difficulties before he can in any degree distinguish them. We may compare these intonations to our notes in music. Their existence is, however, to an unpractised ear almost perceptible, because the language, when spoken well, is always pronounced in a singing tone.

The poverty to which the spoken language is reduced, is such as to occasion misunderstandings in sentences of the most frequent occurrence, and to make conversation so exceedingly monotonous as to comprise only the ordinary objects of life. Whenever any attempt is made to discuss more abstruse subjects, recourse must be had to ink and paper, and the speaker will be obliged either to define the sounds by synonyms, or write them down. The writer has often sat for hours and heard the Chinese telling stories; these were either exceedingly simple and soon understood after cross-questioning, or the speaker was obliged to use figures, in order to render his discourse intelligible. There are no orators, nor do the masters of schools give oral instructions; and it would be next to impossible to preach sermons of any length, without familiarizing the auditors with the subject. Nothing tends so much to counteract the progress of civilization as the poverty of the oral medium, and the consequent paucity of ideas. No new subject of any importance can be introduced; and the human mind recoils from treating of things which are not understood. Hence, the Chinese are more sensual than their comparative state of civilization would lead us to suppose. Every thing beyond the range of sight is difficult to be de-

scribed by them, and even when represented it can be scarcely understood.

None of the cognate languages have carried this system so far. The Chinese, by adhering so strictly to it, prove that they possess more refined organs of hearing than any other nation: they are, however, not musical, and know nothing about the harmony of sound beyond their intonation. Foreign languages are with the greatest difficulty acquired by them; they are unable to pronounce a number of letters, especially *n* and *l*, and two consonants at the beginning of a word. Their curious way of forming words has insulated them entirely from other nations, and rendered many attempts to enlighten them abortive. If the Chinese were once to establish a parliament, the orators would be obliged to distribute their speeches to the members previously to pronouncing them. It would be difficult, if not impracticable, to carry on intellectual intercourse to any length, and to read lectures or discuss points in public.

Some of this is perhaps exaggerated, through the difficulty which a foreigner must feel in conversing in such a language. At all events, the Mandarin dialect is capable of expressing with precision, just and elevated thoughts; as in this specimen of a translation of the

#### CHINESE NOTION OF A GREAT MAN.

He may be called a great man who, whilst in a prominent station in the state, occupies his rank in the empire, and practises the general and great principles—is benevolent, decorous, and just. If the people are conformably with his principles, he accords with them; but if they deviate, he alone practises them. Riches cannot corrupt him, poverty does not move him, and grandeur and military display cannot intimidate him."

It may, however, be taken as a characteristic proof of the Chinese mind, that Mr. Gutzlaff conceives Aristotle could be translated, but Homer certainly not. The nation has thought like philosophers, but not like poets.

The present condition of China has often struck us as bearing a strong resemblance to Ireland in the numbers of the people compared with the means of subsistence and the general poverty of the masses; except that the Chinese display more industry, adaptability, and resources, in making the most of what they have. However dirty their dwellings, too, their fields are always clean: but in other respects part of this extract might apply to Ireland.

In domestic economy, they are not surpassed by any nation: there is no waste, no profusion in any branch; and the most trifling things are turned to advantage, and the very offals are relished. Contentment reigns even amongst the wretched; they sit down to a meal consisting of a little boiled grass and potatoes with cheerfulness, because they know no better. However poor, they are fond of inviting a passing stranger, and offering him a share of their meagre repast.

Their dwellings vary much less than the extent of the empire would lead us to believe. Much depends on the materials which can be procured on the spot.

Millions of people live in small mud hovels, where granite does not abound; whilst in places where this is common they are almost entirely composed of solid rock. They possess great skill in cutting and joining it; so that the seam is hardly visible. In the Southern regions, the poorer classes live in huts made of kajan leaves. In woody districts the houses are built of planks. The foundation is not very deep, and commonly consists of granite. Bricks are made in great perfection by the Chinese. They join them together beautifully, so as to form triangles, squares, circles, figures of flowers, &c.; which gives to the exterior a very finished appearance. It is a very general custom to raise a mud wall and plaster it with bricks; but houses of that description are soon soaked through and overthrown by gales. Brick houses are covered with thick ridges of tiles, with the convex part downwards, and the chinks by laying others athwart. The spars are round and flat; upon these they either put thin bricks or square tiles, well joined with mortar, so as to admit no rain. The Chinese are a peculiar people even in their mode of building; the hearth is one of the first parts they construct, but they forget to add a chimney.

The interior of the houses of the poor is wretched enough, and such are by far the majority. They consist of one room, which serves the purposes of kitchen, sleeping apartment, parlour, and stable, the floor not being paved. In the cold regions a flue runs along the room, which serves as an oven for cooking the victuals and warming the apartment. The pigs lodge in the snuggest corners; and goats, asses, and colts, share the dwellings of their masters. Such are the hovels of the common peasantry.

In adorning their rooms they are equally economical. A few pictures hung around, occasionally a mirror, and a few grotesque drawings upon the white wall, are the most common ornaments. Lackered and polished wooden chairs, some tables, a couch, some painted or lackered screens, constitute the furniture. Mud-houses are beautifully pasted with paper. The floors, which are generally paved with bricks, are covered with excellent mats, or in winter with carpets or felt. The houses are crowded with inhabitants, who must be content with a very little space. Europeans could not live in such narrow holes, but Chinamen feel very little inconvenience from them. No class is remarkable for cleanliness; and the houses appear worse than stables if beasts have their abode in them. The inhabitants of the city keep their dwellings in better order, and merchants and shopkeepers excel in tastefully adorning their shops and laying out their wares; but there is, nevertheless, with much show, a want of neatness in the interior of the buildings.

The following account of Chinese clanship is new to us:

In tracing the way in which society is constituted, we shall be struck with its divisions into great families, who, though numbering many thousand members, all bear the same surname, and consider one another as relations. These clanships resemble those of the Scottish Highlanders, though they do not strictly partake of the feudal system. There are in China about four hundred and fifty-four surnames, and consequently as many clans; thirty of these surnames consist of two characters or syllables, whilst the rest are monosyllabic. All belonging to the same clan consider each other as

cousins, and there exists a silent contract to help each other, as if related by the ties of blood. When the author became a naturalized citizen of the Celestial Empire, he very naturally entered a clan, and was suddenly surrounded with a host of cousins, who generally laid a claim to his charity, and occasionally very readily assisted him. No man is permitted to marry a woman of the same clan; he must seek a bride in a different family, and thus acquire the privilege of uniting two surnames. Clanship is of very ancient date. It is said to have arisen when China was divided into many feudal states; so that there were no less than 1,773. It is, however, far more probable that it originated with the first progenitors of the human race, who transmitted their names to their descendants.

Though this institution has great disadvantages, it exercises a most salutary check on the measures of an arbitrary government. The most numerous clans in the various districts often combine to resist extortions, and to terrify magistrates into concessions. If any member be unjustly prosecuted, the clan stands forward and insists on the release of their kinsman. On the other hand, the smaller clans are in a most wretched condition; they have to bear not only the oppressive measures of government, but the insults of the more powerful clans. The Chinese Government has often endeavoured to put down these associations, but it has never fully succeeded. This institution is too much interwoven with the whole being of the nation to be overthrown by the mere exercise of despotic power. A magistrate who could sentence his clansman to a heavy punishment, would be considered a monster, and be shunned by his superiors. There is in this respect more nepotism in China than in any other country. Confucius himself connives at committing an injustice in favour of a relation. But even if he had not done so, the ties of blood amongst the Chinese are very strong; and the love of their relations, with utter indifference towards society at large, is almost constitutional. Mencius rejected with equal disdain egotism and general philanthropy, and taught that our undivided love ought to be bestowed on our relations. No one of his precepts has been so strictly followed as this.

*From Bentley's Miscellany.*

## THE NARRATIVE OF JOHN WARD GIBSON.

### CHAPTER VI.

*Concluded from page 549, Vol. V., New Series.*

To some natures human, perhaps I should say physical, considerations are the first that, in cases of emergency, present themselves. My nature was of this kind. What had I done? I had killed a man in self-defence—one who would have plundered, and who had attempted to murder me. It was justifiable homicide. Who, under the circumstances, could have acted otherwise? Besides, the spectacle before me could not now unnerve me. The excitement of the recent struggle between us had not altogether subsided, and I had suffered so much for years past from another event, which Steiner himself had forced upon

me, that I would not permit myself to be overwhelmed by this accident. I felt also that my hatred of Steiner had only lain dormant thus long; that his murderous assault upon me on the previous night had quickened, had revived, and, if possible, had strengthened it; and I felt, ay, even as I gazed upon the lifeless body, that no time, no years passed in this world could obliterate or destroy it. I now bethought me what course was to be pursued. I must rescue myself from the imputation that might lie against me of having murdered Steiner; I must do more—I must establish the charge against the deceased, and hold up his name and his memory to execration and ignominy. No thought of Mrs. Steiner or of the boy obtruded itself upon me at the moment, or if it did, I rejected it. Justice must be done: I had always loved justice—I had practised it hitherto, and they had felt it.

Thus resolved, I had sat myself down in a chair, and awaited, not calmly but callously, the arrival of the old woman who attended upon me, and who came regularly at seven o'clock. The pain in my arm was great, but that I heeded not; on the contrary, it supplied me with a motive for suppressing any regret I might be weak enough to feel (but there was little danger of that) in consequence of what had occurred.

A sudden thought flashed through my brain. Why was I seated inactive, when prudence pointed out the expediency of alarming the neighbourhood? As it was, I had tarried too long. Every moment of farther delay would materially alter the complexion of the case, as it would present itself to indifferent witnesses. Would they indeed believe the story I had to relate? I turned faint and sick when that doubt proposed itself to me. The seclusion in which I had lived was calculated to increase suspicion against me, which doubtless had been long engendered, and Steiner's vengeance would at length be fulfilled.

Were these fears reasonable? I think not; and yet having once, and in an evil moment, entertained them, they grew upon me, and altogether paralysed my faculties. I felt intensely the necessity of immediate action, but was utterly deprived of the power to act.

Hardly conscious of the motive that prompted me, I drew the body of Steiner into the back-room, and covering it with a cloak, thrust it under a sofa, before which I placed some chairs, and returning to the parlour, I set the furniture hastily in its accustomed order, and retired to my chamber, where I dressed the wound in my arm, washed myself, and endeavoured to counterfeit a calmness which, at any rate, might impose upon my servant.

It was now too late to recede. To decide upon any course of action in trying circumstances is a relief; and the weakness of yielding to imaginary fears, and the difficulty and danger of concealing from the world all knowledge of this unfortunate occurrence, were for

a time forgotten. They were too soon impressed upon me, and in a manner I had not foreseen, and could not now avert.

A knock at the door summoned me down stairs. As I proceeded along the passage, I thought I could distinguish the tones of two voices in conversation. I listened, transfixed to the spot with the hideous conviction that they—who, I knew not—were come to search the house in quest of the body which I had concealed, and which, therefore,—for that inference must be invincible,—I had murdered. It was a moment of agonizing suspense; but the voices had ceased, the knock was renewed, and I knew it to be that of my attendant.

My agitation must have been but too visible when, on opening the door I beheld Mrs. Steiner.

"The lady wishes to speak to you, sir," said the old woman, entering.

I motioned her to retire to the kitchen, and turned in silent perplexity towards Mrs. Steiner.

"God heavens! Mr. Gibson," she exclaimed, "how dreadfully pale you look! What is the matter?"

I might have remarked the same of her also; but I had no power to speak.

"You do not answer," she resumed. "Oh God! it is—it must be as I suspected!"

"What—what do you suspect?" I dared not look upon her, but retired in confusion into the parlour. She followed me, and sunk upon a chair.

There was a vagueness, almost a wildness in her eye, as she glanced hurriedly around the room, which disconcerted me not a little. She looked as though she had expected to see some person whom she feared to meet.

"You have nobody in the house, Mr. Gibson!" she inquired in a half whisper, pointing to the door of the back-room.

"Nobody but my servant, who entered with you," I replied, the blood rushing violently to my face. "You have brought the letter, madam, I suppose, for Frederick?"

"Frederick!"—she gazed upon me listlessly—"Oh yes, I have. My God! what weakness is this!" and she pressed her hand upon her forehead. "Here it is—I hardly know what I have written." She drew it from her reticule and handed it to me.

"Oh, Mr. Gibson," she resumed, as I sat, my eyes bent vacantly on the superscription, "I have been so alarmed."

"Indeed! What has alarmed you, Mrs. Steiner?" The letter dropt from my hand.

"He has been here—your looks tell me so!" she exclaimed. "My husband—Steiner has been here!"

I arose suddenly—"No—no—he has not been here; I have not seen him, as Heaven is my witness. Why should you think so?"

This assurance appeared to relieve her.

"He called yesterday at my former lodging," she continued; the woman saw him, and would not tell him where I resided."

"Compose yourself," I said; "he will not be able to discover your lodging—I am sure he will not. What motive," I added, "can induce him to seek me?"

"Oh, sir!" she replied, "he inquired your address of the woman, and she told him."

"He will not venture to see me, depend upon it," I said hastily. "Be calm, I beseech you, and go home now: you have nothing to fear from him."

Mrs. Steiner, while I was speaking, sat with her hands clasped, and her eyes raised to mine. She burst into tears when I had concluded.

"Mr. Gibson," she exclaimed, "you will think me a foolish, weak woman, but I hardly dare go home. I know I shall hear something—I am certain of it—it is horrible to think of! I had such a dream last night!"

"My dear madam," said I, interrupting her, "this is indeed weakness. Are you the slave of empty and unmeaning dreams?"

"Ha!" she cried, starting from the chair, "somebody is coming to the door!—I hear his tap outside!" and she listened with an appearance of intense anxiety that almost equalled my own.

It was a double knock at the door. Who could it be? A short interval of fearful suspense succeeded.

"A Mr. Hartwell wishes to see you, sir," said the servant, entering the room.

An exclamation of terror was about to burst from the lips of Mrs. Steiner, but she checked it. She flew towards me, and held me by the arm.

"Who is this man, Hartwell?" I said. "I do not know him. Tell me, do you know him?"

She motioned me to close the door. "He was the friend—no, no,—the companion of Mr. Steiner, and brought us to misery. It was he who led Frederick into vices that—oh, sir! I must not see him for the world! Where shall I conceal myself? Oh, yes! in here."

"Not there!—not there!" I exclaimed, seizing her hand as she was about to open the door of the back-room. "Tell the gentleman," I turned to the servant, "that I will see him directly."

"I would not he should see me *here* for the world," she cried. "Oh! Mr. Gibson, you must permit me—"

I had no strength to struggle with her. The door was opened.

"Sit there," I whispered, pointing to a chair. "Do not stir—promise me, swear you will not stir."

"My God! how strange!—my dream last night!—so like this—it *was* this!"

I fled into the parlour at these words, and threw

myself into a chair. In a moment more a tall man of genteel appearance walked into the room.

"I beg pardon for the liberty I have taken, sir," said he; "my name is Hartwell. I fear I find you extremely unwell."

"I am so," I answered faintly, as I motioned him to take a seat, "What may be your business with me, Mr. Hartwell?"

"Why, sir," said he, "my friend, Steiner, called upon you last night."

"No, no, he did not," I exclaimed hastily.

Hartwell smiled, and shook his head. "Pardon me, my dear sir," he returned blandly, "I am certain that he did, because I accompanied him to the door."

"Hush! hush! do not speak so loud," and I arose from my seat; "I have an invalid in the next room. I thought," I added hesitating—(I wonder even now at the presence of mind which enabled me to hit upon that)—"I thought perhaps—for all Mr. Steiner's acquaintance are not friends—that he might not wish you to know he had been here."

"Oh, Lord bless you, no," said Hartwell; "we are very good friends, I assure you. He promised to call upon me after he had seen you, and I am surprised he should not have kept his word with me. Pray, Mr. Gibson, when did he leave you?"

"Leave me!"—I started—"oh, about two hours ago."

"Very strange!" cried Hartwell; "he was to sail for Hamburg this morning."

"He is gone, then, no doubt!" This propitious intimation, unexpected as it was, eased me beyond expression. Hartwell, however, seemed greatly perplexed.

"I cannot think he would deceive me," he said at length. "Will you allow me to inquire, sir, whether Mr. Steiner had reason to be satisfied with the result of his visit to you?"

"I do not understand—"

"He came to borrow money, I think," he continued; "did he succeed, Mr. Gibson?"

"He did."

"D—— the fellow! it's so like him. And yet,"—he mused,—"*I cannot but believe I shall see him yet.* Good morning, Mr. Gibson; I am sorry to have troubled you."

I know not how I bore my part in the foregoing conversation; not with much address or self-possession, I suspect; for I detected Hartwell gazing at me with seeming surprise upon one or two occasions. I thanked God when he was well gone. It was not likely I should see him again. Steiner had sailed for Hamburg; he would conclude so, and I should hear no more of him.

Nothing now remained but to dismiss Mrs. Steiner



as speedily as possible, and afterwards to dispose of the body so secretly that it should never see the light. It would be well to treat Mrs. Steiner's vague apprehensions with levity, lest at some future time, hearing no tidings of her husband, she might be led to couple, and perhaps to connect, my extreme confusion of manner with the date of Steiner's expected appearance in London, and to infer thence, and speedily to conclude, that I was in some measure the cause of his absence. She never would have suspected me of having murdered him, I felt assured of that; and this conviction sufficed to fortify me against the short scene that was, as I believed, about to ensue between us.

I had opened the door softly. Oh God! what a spectacle encountered me when I was about to enter the room. She had removed the chairs from before the sofa, and was at that moment kneeling, or rather crouching, on the ground. Leaning forward, supported on one hand, every limb of her body quivering with the agony of prophetic fear, her other hand was stretched forward, and was about to grasp the cloak that concealed the remains of her husband. Ha! she had already laid hold upon it ere I could rush forward to prevent her.

I grasped her shoulder with the fury, with the strength of a wild beast. She flung herself backward, drawing the cloak with her, towards her. The body—the face had been seen!

It was not a scream—a shriek—I shall never hear its like again in this world. The echo of it—the imitation, if such could be—of that dreadful appeal, or imprecation, would make a madman of me now. Its remembrance shuts out hope from me for ever.

And yet the instinct of self-preservation was then present to me. I threw the cloak once more over the body, replaced the chairs, and raising the senseless form from the floor, carried it into the parlour before the servant, who had been alarmed by the outcry, could make her appearance. The old woman speedily busied herself in applying those common remedies which are always at hand, but which are not always efficacious; nor were they in this instance.

"I will carry her to my own room," said I; "she will get better presently, I dare say."

"What is the matter with the lady?" inquired the woman. "Is she often so?"

"She is mad," said I impressively, "Mrs. Watkins, mark me, she is mad. You must not heed what she says. She will perhaps rave, and utter strange things; you must pay no attention to them."

So saying, I took Mrs. Steiner in my arms, and, followed by the woman, conveyed her to my chamber.

"Had not a doctor better be sent for?" suggested the woman; "she still remains insensible."

"No; no occasion for one at present," I replied;

"she is thus sometimes for hours. Do not leave her side, and when she comes to herself call me."

I retreated down stairs. What I suffered on that day it is past imagination to conceive: a second endurance of it no human being could withstand. I took no sustenance, but remained closed in, in frightful companionship with the body. To wring the hands, to tear the hair, to beat the bosom, were no employments of mine. I felt no remorse; I was not even sorry for what I had done, or for what it had led to; it was sheer, absolute, simple fear. The dread of detection—of conviction—of an ignominious death—it was this, and this alone.

In the afternoon Mrs. Watkins suddenly came to me, and beckoned me to follow her. I did so. She led the way to the chamber. Mrs. Steiner lay on the bed; her eyes were open now, but motionless; and her hands at intervals were convulsively clenched. I observed her in awe-stricken silence for some time.

"Has she spoken yet?" I inquired.

"No: she will never speak again," replied the woman. "It doesn't signify, Mr. Gibson; a doctor must be sent for; I will not permit the poor lady to die without assistance."

I knew not what I said. "To die without assistance!—ha! ha! Doctors are good assistants to death. No—no doctors."

"Shameful!" cried the woman; "you don't know what you're talking about. For heaven's sake, sir, call in Mr. Greaves! Go for him, dear Mr. Gibson, instantly."

"I go for him!" I thought of the body below. "She cannot speak?" The woman shook her head. "Go, then, for Greaves; tell him to come instantly."

"I cannot leave the lady—I ought not, sir," she said in a tone of remonstrance.

"You must," I exclaimed; "I myself will watch her while you are gone. Be quick—lose not a moment."

Mrs. Watkins retired in apparent dissatisfaction, but returned shortly with the doctor. He examined her with deep attention and concern for a considerable period. Turning to me at length, he said,

"Good God! sir, your servant tells me that the lady has been in this state since an early hour this morning, and that you have repeatedly resisted calling in a professional man."

"I did not think, sir—"

"You must be mad not to think."

"I am not mad, sir," said I doggedly.

"Pshaw!" cried Greaves, again returning to the bed, "if she had been bled instantly, she might have been saved," he continued; "but it is useless now."

Greaves now began to interrogate me closely as to any cause or supposed cause of Mrs. Steiner's present

state. I could not satisfy him. I had only to say that she had called upon me early on that morning, and that she told me she had been much agitated by hearing that her husband had returned to England, and was now in London. I added, that she had reason to dread any farther connection with him.

The doctor heard me with evident distrust. "This can hardly account, sir," he said, "for the state in which I find her. Some sudden shock—some frightful communication—"

"Which," said I, interrupting him, "I did not make."

"Well, sir," he returned, "where are her friends? They have been sent for, of course?"

"She has none—that I am aware of."

"Good God! sir, you are a very strange person," cried Greaves in disgust. "Where does she live?"

I satisfied him.

"Now," he continued, "couldn't you easily put on your hat, and tell the good woman of the house to come hither? She perhaps knows more of her friends than you appear to do, or seem disposed to acknowledge."

Greaves uttered the last few words with an emphasis that left me in little doubt as to the construction it was intended I should put upon them. It was necessary that I should cut short this conversation, which I felt, if prolonged, was likely to involve me still deeper in suspicion.

"Mr. Greaves," said I, with a composure for which the doctor was not prepared, and which even surprised myself, forming, as it did, so perfect a contrast to my former restlessness and perturbation:

"Mr. Greaves, this lady is, and has been for some years, under my protection. Her only son is also under my care, and is being educated at my expense. I owe it to him, to her, and to myself, not to leave her for one moment on so critical an occasion as the present. If I have done wrong in not applying to you before, I am sorry for it; ascribe it to excess of anxiety on my part, and you will be right in so doing. My servant shall go for the woman of the house at which she resides."

I wrote the address on a card, and gave it to Mrs. Watkins.

"My character will bear investigation, sir," I resumed, when the woman had left the room. "I am known, and where I am known I am respected."

Greaves was deeply impressed, not more by what I had said than by my manner of saying it.

"I see now," he said; "I beg pardon if I am wrong in my conjecture why this unhappy lady should dread the sight of her husband—"

I started and turned pale. "The sight of her husband, sir?"

"I did not mean to offend," said Greaves kindly.

"Ah!" said I, "I see what you mean now." I was willing he should continue in that error.

The doctor shortly left me to prepare something for his patient, which, however, he frankly told me he did not expect would be of much avail, promising to call again at night.

It was now nearly dark; my servant could not return in less than an hour; no time was to be lost. I descended into the garden, and digging a grave in a remote corner, silently committed Steiner's remains to the ground. It was a part of the garden never frequented; and I contrived so to overlay it with old lumber and broken garden-chairs which were strewn about in its vicinity, that nobody could have perceived that any recent labour had been performed there.

Mrs. Steiner died on that night, silently, without the utterance of a word. Not a glance revealed to me what she had seen, and what had killed her. I was safe, therefore,—safe—that one assurance possessed me.

In the solitude of my own chamber, and on my knees, I thanked Heaven for that. I could not then think on the fearful and mysterious accident which had deprived me of my only friend in the world. The sole depositary of a secret, whose utterance would destroy me, had been taken hence, and I was once more secure. Could it be supposed that any joy could be extracted from such circumstances, then I did rejoice that she was no more.

#### CHAPTER VII.

If I have dwelt upon no event of my life since I had occasion to mention Steiner, that has not in some measure referred to or been controlled by him, it is because there was not one worthy even of the name of incident which he did not directly or obliquely influence. Oh! that I had left Bromley's service when Steiner first entered into partnership with him! How different my life must, how happy it might have been.

It was shortly after the funeral of Mrs. Steiner that I began to hear that whispers were rife in the neighbourhood respecting me. These surmises—set afloat, doubtless, by my servant—bore exclusive reference to Mrs. Steiner, and to my supposed treatment of her; some even going so far as to hint their belief that she had not come by her death fairly. Hartwell also had called upon me several times pending Mrs. Steiner's funeral; and was, and with reason, much surprised and shocked to hear of her sudden death under such circumstances as I chose to detail to him. He was, if possible, still more surprised to have heard nothing of Steiner; but, as he hinted no suspicions that affected myself;—as, indeed, he expressed none at the time,—and as, moreover, he perfectly well knew the character and habits of his friend, I did not seek to conceal

that he had attempted to extort money from me by threats. I added, however, that being alone and unarmed, I had been constrained to give him the money he required; and I expressed my opinion—an opinion in which Hartwell concurred—that he had set sail for Hamburgh early in the morning, and that we should probably never see him again.

There was a serenity, united with perfect ease, in the manners of Hartwell, that indicated an intimate acquaintance with good society. It is true I knew little of the man, except from the hasty and confused report of Mrs. Steiner; an account which, coupled with the fact of his friendship for her husband, was not likely to predispose me much in his favour. But I knew well, at the same time, that he was the only man living whose suspicions, once excited and concentrated upon me, could bring my conduct and character in question. I was in no situation—in no mind likewise—to assist myself at present: he was, or appeared to be, perfectly satisfied with the explanations I had offered; and as he had called upon me often, and unasked on my part, and gradually dropt the name of Steiner altogether, I suffered at first, but soon began to countenance his visits.

In the mean while it became necessary, for more reasons than one, that I should change my residence. Two years had now elapsed since the death of Mrs. Steiner. The surmises in the neighbourhood had subsided: the whispers—if there were any—did not reach my ears; but, whenever I walked abroad there was a timid scrutiny of my person on the part of some, and an audacious intentness of gaze from others, that rendered my residence at this place for any longer period inconvenient and irksome. I cannot say that I felt very acutely these indications,—for a man who lives out of the world can easily dispense with its good opinion; my private belief being, that, were not such good opinion indispensable to an individual's advancement and pleasure in life, he would be little disposed to regard it for its own sake.

My chief reason was one with which the world had nothing to do. It was not when I walked abroad, but at home—in the quietness and solitude of the house—in the silence of my own memory, and at the mercy of the harrowing scene it conjured up,—it was then that I felt, if life and reason were longer to co-exist, I must abandon, fly from the accursed place for ever. Such expiation as horror could afford had been paid long ago: and it was time that the past should be unremembered, if not forgotten.

There was yet another motive. It was a dreary abode for the boy, young Frederick Steiner, when he came home for the holidays. He was now with me; and during his stay I had been laying out plans for his future life in accordance with his own wishes,—

for I passionately loved the boy. My affection for this lad, which he returned with all the warmth and freshness of a young and generous nature, was one of the inexplicable mysteries of my life. I had no cause to love him, save for his own sake; and there were reasons why I should both hate and fear him; and yet, strange to say, my remembrance of Steiner, as his father, transferred no bitterness to him; or, was it that his mother's memory assuaged, destroyed it? I know not. And yet—but it will be told in good time. But little intervenes.

Frederick had expressed a stray desire to enter the army,—a destination for him to which I was at first much opposed, until at length I was won over by his importunities. I had let the house, and was about to remove to a house in Berner's street on the next day, at which time my nephew—for so I called him—was to depart for the Military College at Addiscombe.

Hartwell was dining with me on that day. I introduced the boy to him. He received him with great kindness; partly, perhaps, out of friendship for his late father, partly out of complaisance to myself.

"No very perceptible likeness, I think!" he observed.

"To his father, none."

"I had not the pleasure of knowing Mrs. Steiner."

"Oh, no. I remember you had not." I should not have mentioned this trivial talk, but that it was adverted to afterwards.

After dinner Hartwell proposed that we should take our wine in the garden. We retired thither.

"After all," said he, casting his eyes around, "although you are, I dare say, quite right in leaving this house of yours, what a pleasant place might be made of it. It is just the thing for a respectable family."

"A family has taken it," I remarked.

"For instance," pursued Hartwell, "you have let the garden run to waste sadly. You're not much of a florist, Gibson. Look there, at that disgraceful hole in the corner," and he pointed to the spot where I had buried Steiner; "that'll be dug up, and replanted in less than a month, I'll be sworn. What say you, Master Frederick?" and he turned to the boy; "shouldn't you like to have a hand in it?"

"Indeed I should," said the boy. "What ails you, uncle? you look ill."

"The air is chilly; the wine has not agreed with me!" I stammered. "Let us go in."

How incredible it seems to me now, that I should never have thought of that. I almost felt grateful to Hartwell that he had unwittingly reminded me of it. It seemed as though some special Providence interfered in my behalf, and would not suffer me to meet detection. Suffice it to say, I effectually removed—a frightful employment!—all that could betray me.

I must now pass over several years, merely touching upon one or two points, the omission of which would render this portion of my narrative unintelligible.

Frederick Steiner returned from India at the conclusion of the Burmese war, on a leave of absence for three years. He was grown a very fine young man, of impetuous temper, but of warm affections, and with a noble heart. During the period of his absence I had mixed much in society of a certain class,—of that class into which a man is almost necessarily thrown who can find no pleasure in domestic life. An intimacy—it cannot be termed friendship—had subsisted all along between Hartwell and myself, founded upon and cemented by the similarity of our tastes and habits. Among other vices he had imbued me with a passion for gaming,—a passion which, like that of love, is often stimulated rather than destroyed by ill-success. I was now in comparatively reduced circumstances; but I had done nothing hitherto to impair my credit, or to compromise my character. Sometimes, indeed, desperate with my bad fortune, I would unadvisedly throw out strange things, which were forgotten the next day by myself; but which, it would seem, had deeply impressed themselves upon Hartwell. They were nothing more than denunciations of human nature in the mass, and doubts as to the wisdom of permitting one's-self to be trammelled by moral obligations,—phrases which, I doubt not, every losing gamester relieves himself by uttering.

On Frederick's arrival in England, Hartwell attached himself to him with a closeness almost amounting to pertinacity. He had formerly been in the army; had seen a great deal of the world in all its various and shifting forms; his manners were prepossessing; and his conversation just such as easiest recommends itself to the attention of a young man of spirit and feeling, being free, without grossness; sometimes, although not often, grave, and never dull. I never could exactly account for the great pains Hartwell was at to secure this young man's friendship. He could not hope to gain much money from him; indeed, he never attempted it: could it be that he was the son of his former friend? No. Hartwell had himself often confessed to me that his intimacy with Steiner had been held together merely by a community of interest.

Be this as it may, I hardly wonder that Frederick should have preferred Hartwell's company to mine. There was little in me to attract to myself the time of a vivacious young man, whose sole pursuit was pleasure; and I had too much affection for him to wish to do so. I had, besides, so full a belief of his affection for me, that the notion of Hartwell's supplanting me was altogether out of the question. They grew, however, more intimate daily; and thus matters went on for some months.

One morning Hartwell called upon me, and solicited my attention to a business, as he called it, of very great importance.

"Have you a mind to make your fortune, Gibson?" said he, with a confident, and a confidential smile, that argued some proposition of a novel nature.

I answered in the affirmative.

"You are a man of the world," he resumed; "and, therefore, few words will suffice. I know, also, you are not over particular."

"What do you mean, Mr. Hartwell?" I replied.

"As to the means whereby—" he rejoined.

"So long as those means are—"

"Safe," cried Hartwell: "I understand. They are so."

He now opened to me a scheme of villany—a system of plunder, so well laid down, so exquisitely arranged; and entered into the *minutiae*, the *pros.* and *cons.*, all that could be urged for and against, so earnestly, and, at the same time, with so much coolness and deliberation, that I was unable, when he concluded, to consider him in jest.

I took the precaution, however, of putting that question to him.

"In jest? no!" cried Hartwell, in extreme astonishment. Look ye, Gibson. You have lost large sums of late: you are crippled, I know. I put you in the way of retrieving yourself; and, instead of thanking me, as you ought—"

He paused, in perfect bewilderment at my prolonged gravity.

"You do not seem to understand me," he continued after a while. "Our accomplices—agents, I mean—will manage the whole under my superintendence. You will have nothing to do but to furnish the cash, and that but for a short time."

"I do not know what you have hitherto mistaken me for, Mr. Hartwell," I said at length, "or what, in my recent conduct, has led you to infer that I could be brought into a conspiracy like this."

"How?" cried Hartwell.

"For instance," I resumed, "you yourself are under many pecuniary obligations to me, for which I have never troubled you, and which I now only mention to prove to you that money cannot tempt me to commit dishonourable actions."

Hartwell sat silent for some time, and bit his lips with vexation.

"You have betrayed me, Mr. Gibson," he said at length.

"How so? Rather, you have betrayed yourself, Mr. Hartwell."

"It's true, by G—! I have so:" and he arose. "But, who could have thought that you,—I never would have spoken of it, but you compel me to do so,—that



you, who have committed crimes that should have hanged you, could have sported a conscience, even in jest, or in your cups."

I was about to speak.

"Pshaw!" he continued in disgust. "Steiner told me,—and I know it,—that you—"

"Set fire to his house," said I, interrupting him. "It is well he could get one to believe that, not including himself. He could hardly expect that."

"What could he hardly expect?" retorted Hartwell; "to be murdered for it? Perhaps not. And his wife—that tale was well told, Mr. Gibson. Do not turn pale: blush now, and look white at the—elsewhere, I mean. Good morning, sir."

I let him go in silence. These were empty threats, which he would repent in due time. He waited upon me again in the afternoon, and, expressing some regret for his former warmth, sounded me once more respecting his project. I resisted entertaining it, even more strongly than before.

Hartwell was wrought to a pitch of fury by my obstinacy, which appeared to him perfectly incomprehensible. He repeated the same charges, with the addition of others; one, for instance, involving a doubt of the paternity of young Steiner; and left me with threats, as before,—threats which I despised. He had now committed himself. I was assured he *knew* nothing, which his language of the morning, conveying so much truth, spoken at random, had for a moment led me to fear.

I was not mistaken when I foresaw that Hartwell would not dare to bring charges against me publicly which he had no means whatever of substantiating. I had not, however, conceived the possibility of his tampering,—of his disposition to do so I was well aware, but of his being permitted to tamper,—with young Steiner. A few days, nevertheless, convinced me that he had done so; and a watchful scrutiny of the manners and behaviour of the young man taught me to believe that he had done so successfully; that he had rendered him suspicious, distrustful of me; that, by means of an incongruous collection of charges,—for they were so, and would so have appeared to the world at large,—he had made himself the too easy instrument of utterly alienating Frederick's affections from his friend, his guardian, and his benefactor.

I watched the young man closely, I have said, and I was confirmed in my suspicions. He knows but little of my nature who supposes I could bear that certainty with patience. His constraint in my presence became more and more manifest; I could see that he felt it more. He was uneasy, embarrassed in my company; I, on my part, was taciturn, gloomy, and morose. I had collected materials on which to act; it was now my purpose to put them into shape.

That he—the only being in the world for whom I cared a rush—against whom the whole world would have weighed as lightly,—that he, who had been indebted to me, as an infant, for his life; as a boy, for his maintenance and protection; as a man, for his station and prospects in the world; who owed me more affection than he could have repaid by gratitude, if he did not repay it, as I had hoped, with affection; that he should have turned against me—silently, without inquiry, without scruple: this was more than I could bear. It stung me; no, no—it maddened me! And yet, what was to be done! No more wild justice,—no more revenge. I could execute that no longer. I strove, for once in my life, to think and to act calmly and dispassionately, and to be directed by the result of sober reflection, and the result of my reflections was madness,—and yet I pondered deeply, too.

Hartwell I despised too much to hate: I contemned and forgave him. Steiner was yet very young. I had hitherto given him credit for generosity of nature: inexperienced as he was, the subtle plausibility of a villain might have misled him. I had suffered so much from falsehood heretofore, I would now see what effect truth might have,—the whole truth.

Frederick was too young when his father left England to remember him, and, consequently, he would not regret his loss. His mother had been dead many years. He should know all; the physical calamity that, when injured, converted me into a madman; the injuries I had endured; all—he should know all. If, after hearing, he hated me, could he respect Hartwell?—I had no longer a wish to live. If he was generous he would pity me; if otherwise, he might, if he so pleased, betray me. I made myself up for that, and I was pleased with it.

I met him early on the following morning. He entered the room hastily, looking wild and haggard.

"You were late last night, sir," I remarked.

"I did not come home," he answered vaguely.

"With Hartwell, I presume? He has told you something new respecting me."

"He will tell me no more," said he: "I have heard too much already."

"Not enough," I replied, smiling bitterly: "I also have something for your private ear. Sit down, sir!" and I seized him by the arm.

"Let me go!—I must not stay here!" he exclaimed, striving to break from me; but I held him fast.

"Nay, but, Frederick Steiner, you must stay. Promise me that you will hear me patiently: I will not detain you long."

He sat down, covering his face with his hands. "I obey you, sir."

"You must not interrupt me," I said.

Calmly,—for madness is sometimes calm,—and

with a studied emphasis,—for I had rehearsed it on the previous night,—I confessed every thing, and paused, awaiting his answer.

I noted well the gaze, the immovable gaze, which was lifted up to me when I detailed the circumstances of my first crime; that gaze, which continued without intermission, without alteration, without meaning. I awaited his answer. Some minutes elapsed. I became alarmed, and, rising, took him by the shoulder.

He shook me from him as though I had been a reptile, and bounded to his feet.

"What have I done?" he exclaimed, suddenly recollecting himself. "My great God! what have I done!—Come not near me! come not near me!"

I approached to pacify him. He seized me by the shoulders, and, dashing me violently to the ground, rushed from the room. I had scarcely risen from the floor when he returned, and, falling at my feet, clasped my knees.

"Oh, my benefactor, my friend, my father, forgive me!" he exclaimed. "I knew not what I did! What a dreadful, miserable mistake is this! I see it all now. You suspected me of having listened to Hartwell, of having believed him, which I never did. I thought from your manner you felt aggrieved by his calumnies—for calumnies, yes, by Heaven, they were! I met him this morning."

There was a knocking at the door. "Rise! for God's sake, rise!" I exclaimed. "No one should see you thus!"

A young gentleman entered the room.

"Well, Harris?" cried Frederick, and he sprang towards him.

"You must fly!" cried the other. "Hartwell is dead!"

He staggered backward, and fell heavily to the earth.

"What does this mean?" said I wildly.

"Has not your nephew told you, sir," said Harris, raising his friend, "of the duel between Hartwell and himself this morning? The man is dead. Prevail upon your nephew to fly."

"Yes, I must fly!" cried Frederick, breaking from him; "I must fly; but whither, and from whom? Oh, sir!" and he cast an imploring gaze towards me, "I am a murderer—a murderer!"

I was affected. He perceived it, and fell upon my neck; and, taking my hands between his own, he raised and kissed them.

"Oh, my best, my only friend, forgive me! as I shall pray, as I do now pray—what did I say!—for forgiveness for you."

He said no more, but hastened up stairs.

"Is he not rather long gone, sir?" said Harris. "He need make no preparation under circumstances like these."

"Gone!—where?" said I. I had not been heeding the time.

A thought, almost a conviction, flashed across me.

"Run up stairs instantly!" I exclaimed, "or you will be too late."

The words were scarce spoken ere the report of a pistol was heard. Harris had come too late. He had shot himself through the heart!

What followed I cannot tell. I knew not—I felt not that he was dead for months afterwards.

Need I add more? What I have been the reader will conclude. What I am it were needless and profitless to tell. What I feel—if I feel aught now—may be best expressed in the words of an obscure author, whose name I have forgotten, but whose lines I remember.

"But we are strong, as we have need of strength,  
Even in our own default, and linger on,  
Enduring and forbearing, till, at length,  
The very staple of our griefs is gone,  
And we grow hard by custom—'tis all one.  
Our joys, deep laid in earth, our hopes above,  
Nor hope nor joy disturbs the heart's dull tone;  
One stirs it not, nor can the other move,  
While we keeps tearless watch upon the grave of love."

*From the Nickleby Papers.*

NICHOLAS NICKLEBY.

(CONTINUED.)

CHAPTER XXI.

*Madame Mantalini finds herself in a situation of some difficulty, and Miss Nickleby finds herself in no situation at all.*

The agitation she had undergone rendered Kate Nickleby unable to resume her duties at the dress-maker's for three days, at the expiration of which interval she betook herself at the accustomed hour, and with languid steps, to the temple of fashion where Madame Mantalini reigned paramount and supreme.

The ill will of Miss Knag had lost nothing of its virulence in the interval, for the young ladies still scrupulously shrank from all companionship with their denounced associate; and when that exemplary female arrived a few minutes afterwards, she was at no pains to conceal the displeasure with which she regarded Kate's return.

"Upon my word!" said Miss Knag, as the satellites flocked round to relieve her of her bonnet and shawl; "I should have thought some people would have had spirit enough to stop away altogether, when they know what an incumbrance their presence is to right-minded persons. But it's a queer world; oh! it's a queer world!"

Miss Knag having passed this comment on the

world, in the tone in which most people do pass comments on the world, when they are out of temper, that is to say, as if they by no means belonged to it, concluded by heaving a sigh, wherewith she seemed meekly to compassionate the wickedness of mankind.

The attendants were not slow to echo the sigh, and Miss Knag was apparently on the eve of favouring them with some further moral reflections, when the voice of Madame Mantalini, conveyed through the speaking tube, ordered Miss Nickleby up stairs to assist in the arrangement of the show-room; a distinction which caused Miss Knag to toss her head so much, and bite her lips so hard, that her powers of conversation were for the time annihilated.

'Well, Miss Nickleby, child,' said Madame Mantalini, when Kate presented herself; 'are you quite well again?'

'A great deal better, thank you,' replied Kate.

'I wish I could say the same,' remarked Madame Mantalini, seating herself with an air of weariness.

'Are you ill?' asked Kate. 'I am very sorry for that.'

'Not exactly ill, but worried, child—worried,' rejoined Madame.

'I am still more sorry to hear that,' said Kate, gently. 'Bodily illness is more easy to bear than mental.'

'Ah!' and it's much easier to talk than to bear either,' said Madame, rubbing her nose with much irritability of manner. 'There, get to your work, child, and put the things in order, do.'

While Kate was wondering within herself what these symptoms of unusual vexation portended, Mr. Mantalini put the tips of his whiskers, and by degrees his head, through the half-opened door, and cried in a soft voice—

'Is my life and soul there?'

'No,' replied his wife.

'How can it say so, when it is blooming in the front room like a little rose in a demitison flower-pot?' urged Mantalini. 'May its poppet come in and talk?'

'Certainly not,' replied Madame; 'you know I never allow you here. Go along.'

The poppet, however, encouraged perhaps by the relenting tone of this reply, ventured to rebel, and, stealing into the room, made towards Madame Mantalini on tiptoe, blowing her a kiss as he came along.

'Why will it vex itself, and twist its little face into bewitching nut-crackers?' said Mantalini, putting his left arm round the waist of his life and soul, and drawing her towards him with his right.

'Oh! I can't bear you,' replied his wife.

'Not—oh, not bear me!' exclaimed Mantalini. 'Fibs, fibs. It couldn't be. There's not a woman alive that could tell me such a thing to my face—to my own

face.' Mr. Mantalini stroked his chin as he said this, and glanced complacently at an opposite mirror.

'Such destructive extravagance,' resumed his wife, in a low tone.

'All in its joy at having gained such a lovely creature, such a little Venus, such a demd enchanting, bewitching, engrossing, captivating little Venus,' said Mantalini.

'See what a situation you have placed me in!' urged Madame.

'No harm will come, no harm shall come to its own darling!' rejoined Mr. Mantalini. 'It is all over, there will be nothing the matter; money shall be got in, and if it don't come in fast enough, old Nickleby shall stump up again, or have his jugular separated if he dares to vex and hurt the little—'

'Hush!' interposed Madame. 'Don't you see?'

Mr. Mantalini, who, in his eagerness to make up matters with his wife, had overlooked, or feigned to overlook, Miss Nickleby hitherto, took the hint, and laying his finger on his lip, sunk his voice still lower. There was then a great deal of whispering, during which Madame Mantalini appeared to make reference more than once to certain debts incurred by Mr. Mantalini previous to her coverture; and also to an unexpected outlay of money in payment of the aforesaid debts; and furthermore, to certain agreeable weaknesses on that gentleman's part, such as gaming, wasting, idling, and a tendency to horseflesh; each of which matters of accusation Mr. Mantalini disposed of by one kiss or more, as its relative importance demanded, and the upshot of it all was, that Madame Mantalini was in raptures with him, and that they went up stairs to breakfast.

Kate busied herself in what she had to do, and was silently arranging the various articles of decoration in the best taste she could display, when she started to hear a strange man's voice in the room; and started again to observe, on looking round, that a white hat, and a red neckerchief, and a broad round face, and a large head, and part of a green coat, were in the room too.

'Don't alarm yourself, Miss,' said the proprietor of these appearances. 'I say; this here's a mantie-making con-sarn, a'nt it?'

'Yes,' rejoined Kate, greatly astonished. 'What did you want?'

The stranger answered not; but first looking back, as though to beckon to some unseen person outside, came very deliberately into the room and was closely followed by a little man in brown, very much the worse for wear, who brought with him a mingled fumigation of stale tobacco and fresh onions. The clothes of this gentleman were much bespeckled with flue; and his shoes, stockings and nether garments, from his heels to the waist buttons of his coat inclusive, were pro-

fusely embroidered with splashes of mud, caught a fortnight previous—before the setting-in of the fine weather.

Kate's very natural impression was, that these engaging individuals had called with the view of possessing themselves unlawfully of any portable articles that chanced to strike their fancy. She did not attempt to disguise her apprehensions, and made a move towards the door.

'Wait a minnit,' said the man in the green coat, closing it softly, and standing with his back against it. 'This is an unpleasant business. Vere's your guvvernor?'

'My what—did you say?' asked Kate, trembling; for she thought 'governor' might be slang for watch or money.

'Mister Muntlehinney,' said the man. 'Wot's come of him? Is he at home?'

'He is above stairs, I believe,' replied Kate, a little reassured by this inquiry. 'Do you want him?'

'No,' replied the visitor. 'I don't exactly want him, if it's made a favour on. You can jist give him that 'ere card, and tell him if he wants to speak to me, and save trouble, here I am, that's all.'

With these words the stranger put a thick square card into Kate's hand, and turning to his friend remarked, with an easy air, 'that the rooms was a good high pitch;' to which the friend assented, adding by way of illustration, 'that there was lots of room for a little boy to grow up a man in either on 'em, without much fear of his ever bringing his head into contract with the ceiling.'

After ringing the bell which would summon Madame Mantalini, Kate glanced at the card, and saw that it displayed the name of 'Scaley,' together with some other information to which she had not had time to refer, when her attention was attracted by Mr. Scaley himself, who, walking up to one of the cheval glasses, gave it a hard poke in the centre with his stick, as coolly as if it had been made of cast iron.

'Good plate this here, Tix,' said Mr. Scaley to his friend.

'Ah!' rejoined Mr. Tix, placing the marks of his four fingers, and a duplicate impression of his thumb on a piece of sky-blue silk; 'and this here article warn't made for nothing, mind you.'

From the silk Mr. Tix transferred his admiration to some elegant articles of wearing apparel, while Mr. Scaley adjusted his neckcloth at leisure before the glass, and afterwards, aided by its reflection, proceeded to the minute consideration of a pimple on his chin: in which absorbing occupation he was yet engaged when Madame Mantalini entering the room, uttered an exclamation of surprise which roused him.

'Oh! Is this the missis?' inquired Scaley.

'It is Madame Mantalini,' said Kate.

'Then,' said Mr. Scaley, producing a small document

from his pocket and unfolding it very slowly, 'this is a writ of execution, and if it's not convenient to settle we'll go over the house at wunst, please, and take the inventory.'

Poor Madame Mantalini wrung her hands for grief, and rung the bell for her husband; which done, she fell into a chair and a fainting fit simultaneously. The professional gentlemen, however, were not at all discomposed by this event, for Mr. Scaley, leaning upon a stand on which a handsome dress was displayed (so that his shoulders appeared above it in nearly the same manner as the shoulders of the lady for whom it was designed would have done if she had had it on), pushed his hat on one side and scratched his head with perfect unconcern, while his friend Mr. Tix, taking that opportunity for a general survey of the apartment preparatory to entering upon business, stood with his inventory-book under his arm and his hat in his hand, mentally occupied in putting a price upon every object within his range of vision.

Such was the posture of affairs when Mr. Mantalini hurried in, and as that distinguished specimen had had a pretty extensive intercourse with Mr. Scaley's fraternity in his bachelor days, and was, besides, very far from being taken by surprise on the present agitating occasion, he merely shrugged his shoulders, thrust his hands down to the bottom of his pockets, elevated his eyebrows, whistled a bar or two, swore an oath or two, and, sitting astride upon a chair, put the best face upon the matter with great composure and decency.

'What's the demd total?' was the first question he asked.

'Fifteen hundred and twenty-seven pound, four and ninepence ha'penny,' replied Mr. Scaley, without moving a limb.

'The halfpenny be demd,' said Mr. Mantalini, impatiently.

'By all means if you vish it,' retorted Mr. Scaley; 'and the ninepence too.'

'It don't matter to us if the fifteen hundred and twenty-seven pound went along with it, that I know on,' observed Mr. Tix.

'Not a button,' said Scaley.

'Well,' said the same gentleman, after a pause, 'Wot's to be done—anythink? Is it only a small crack, or a out-and-out smash? A break-up of the constitootion is it—werry good. Then Mr. Tom Tix, esk-vire, you must inform your angel wife and lovely family as you won't sleep at home for three nights to come, along of being in possession here. Wot's the good of the lady a fretting herself?' continued Mr. Scaley, as Madame Mantalini sobbed. 'A good half of wot's here isn't paid for I des-say, and wot a constelation oughtn't that to be to her feelings!'

With these remarks, combining great pleasantry with sound moral encouragement under difficulties,



Mr. Sealey proceeded to take the inventory, in which delicate task he was materially assisted by the uncommon tact and experience of Mr. Tix, the broker.

'My cup of happiness's sweetener,' said Mantalini, approaching his wife with a penitent air; 'will you listen to me for two minutes?'

'Oh! don't speak to me,' replied his wife, sobbing. 'You have ruined me, and that's enough.'

Mr. Mantalini, who had doubtless well considered his part, no sooner heard these words pronounced in a tone of grief and severity, than he recoiled several paces, assumed an expression of consuming mental agony, rushed headlong from the room, and was soon afterwards heard to slam the door of an up-stairs dressing-room with great violence.

'Miss Nickleby,' cried Madame Mantalini, when this sound met her ear, 'make haste for Heaven's sake, he will destroy himself! I spoke unkindly to him, and he cannot bear it from me. Alfred, my darling Alfred.'

With such exclamations she hurried up stairs followed by Kate; who, although she did not quite participate in the fond wife's apprehensions, was a little flurried nevertheless. The dressing-room door being hastily flung open, Mr. Mantalini was disclosed to view with his shirt-collar symmetrically thrown back, putting a fine edge to a breakfast knife by means of his razor strop.

'Ah!' cried Mr. Mantalini, "interrupted!" and whisk went the breakfast knife into Mr. Mantalini's dressing-gown pocket, while Mr. Mantalini's eyes rolled wildly, and his hair floating in wild disorder, mingled with his whiskers.

'Alfred,' cried his wife, flinging her arms about him, 'I didn't mean to say it, I didn't mean to say it.'

'Ruined!' cried Mr. Mantalini. 'Have I brought ruin upon the best and purest creature that ever blessed a demnition vagabond! Demmit, let me go.' At this crisis of his ravings Mr. Mantalini made a pluck at the breakfast knife, and being restrained by his wife's grasp, attempted to dash his head against the wall—taking very good care to be at least six feet from it, however.

'Compose yourself, my own angel,' said Madame. 'It was nobody's fault; it was mine as much as yours, we shall do very well yet. Come, Alfred, come.'

Mr. Mantalini did not think proper to come to all at once; but after calling several times for poison, and requesting some lady or gentleman to blow his brains out, gentler feelings came upon him, and he wept pathetically. In this softened frame of mind he did not oppose the capture of the knife—which, to tell the truth, he was rather glad to be rid of, as an inconvenient and dangerous article for a skirt pocket—and finally he suffered himself to be led away by his affectionate partner.

After a delay of two or three hours, the young ladies

were informed that their services would be dispensed with until further notice, and at the expiration of two days the name of Mantalini appeared in the list of bankrupts: Miss Nickleby receiving an intimation per post on the same morning, that the business would be in future carried on under the name of Miss Knag, and that her assistance would no longer be required—a piece of intelligence with which Mrs. Nickleby was no sooner made acquainted, than that good lady declared she had expected it all along, and cited divers unknown occasions on which she had prophesied to that precise effect.

'And I say again,' remarked Mrs. Nickleby (who, it is scarcely necessary to observe, had never said so before), 'I say again, that a milliner's and dress-maker's is the very last description of business, Kate, that you should have thought of attaching yourself to. I don't make it a reproach to you, my love; but still I will say, that if you had consulted your own mother—'

'Well, well, mama,' said Kate, mildly; 'what would you recommend now?'

'Recommend!' cried Mrs. Nickleby, 'isn't it obvious, my dear, that of all occupations in this world for a young lady situated as you are, that of companion to some amiable lady is the very thing for which your education, and manners, and personal appearance, and everything else, exactly qualify you? Did you never hear your poor dear papa speak of the young lady who was the daughter of the old lady who boarded in the same house that he boarded in once, when he was a bachelor—what was her name again? I know it began with a B, and ended with a g, but whether it was Waters or—no it couldn't have been that either; but whatever her name was, don't you know that that young lady went as companion to a married lady who died soon afterwards, and that she married the husband, and had one of the finest little boys that the medical man had ever seen—all within eighteen months?'

Kate knew perfectly well that this torrent of favourable recollection was occasioned by some opening, real or imaginary, which her mother had discovered in the companionship walk of life. She therefore waited very patiently until all reminiscences and anecdotes, bearing or not bearing upon the subject, had been exhausted, and at last ventured to inquire what discovery had been made. The truth then came out. Mrs. Nickleby had that morning had a yesterday newspaper of the very first respectability from the public-house where the porter came from, and in this yesterday's newspaper was an advertisement, couched in the purest and most grammatical English, announcing that a married lady was in want of a genteel young person as companion, and that the married lady's name and address were to be known on application at a certain library at the west end of the town, therein mentioned.

'And I say,' exclaimed Mrs. Nickleby, laying the

paper down in triumph, 'that if your uncle don't object, it's well worth the trial.'

Kate was too sick at heart, after the rough jostling she had already had with the world, and really cared too little at the moment what fate was reserved for her, to make any objection. Mr. Ralph Nickleby offered none, but on the contrary highly approved of the suggestion; neither did he express any great surprise at Madame Mantalini's sudden failure, indeed it would have been strange if he had, inasmuch as it had been procured and brought about chiefly by himself. So the name and address were obtained without loss of time, and Miss Nickleby and her mama went off in quest of Mrs. Witterly, of Cadogan Place, Sloane Street, that same forenoon.

Cadogan Place is the one slight bond that joins two great extremes; it is the connecting link between the aristocratic pavements of Belgrave Square and the barbarism of Chelsea. It is in Sloane Street, but not of it. The people in Cadogan Place look down upon Sloane Street, and think Brompton low. They affect fashion too, and wonder where the New Road is. Not that they claim to be on precisely the same footing as the high folks of Belgrave Square and Grosvenor Place, but that they stand with reference to them rather in the light of those illegitimate children of the great who are content to boast of their connexions, although their connexions disavow them. Wearing as much as they can of the airs and semblances of loftiest rank, the people of Cadogan Place have the realities of middle station. It is the conductor which communicates to the inhabitants of regions beyond its limit, the shock of pride of birth and rank, which it has not within itself, but derives from a fountain-head beyond; or, like the ligament which unites the Siamese twins, it contains something of the life and essence of two distinct bodies, and yet belongs to neither.

Upon this doubtful ground lived Mrs. Witterly, and at Mrs. Witterly's door Kate Nickleby knocked with trembling hand. The door was opened by a big footman with his head floured, or chalked, or painted in some way (it didn't look genuine powder), and the big footman, receiving the card of introduction, gave it to a little page; so little indeed that his body would not hold, in ordinary array, the number of small buttons which are indispensable to a page's costume, and they were consequently obliged to be stuck on four abreast. This young gentleman took the card upstairs on a salver, and pending his return, Kate and her mother were shown into a dining-room of rather dirty and shabby aspect, and so comfortably arranged as to be adapted to almost any purpose except eating and drinking.

Now, in the ordinary course of things and according to all authentic descriptions of high life, as set forth in books, Mrs. Witterly ought to have been in her

*boudoir*, but whether it was that Mr. Witterly was at that moment shaving himself in the *boudoir* or what not, certain it is that Mrs. Witterly gave audience in the drawing-room, where was everything proper and necessary, including curtains and furniture coverings of a roseate hue, to shed a delicate bloom on Mrs. Witterly's complexion, and a little dog to snap at strangers' legs for Mrs. Witterly's amusement, and the afore-mentioned page, to hand chocolate for Mrs. Witterly's refreshment.

The lady had an air of sweet insipidity, and a face of engaging paleness; there was a faded look about her, and about the furniture, and about the house altogether. She was reclining on a sofa in such a very unstudied attitude, that she might have been taken for an actress all ready for the first scene in a ballet, and only waiting for the drop curtain to go up.

'Place chairs.'

The page placed them.

'Leave the room, Alphonse.'

The page left it; but if ever there were an Alphonse who carried plain Bill in his face and figure, that page was the boy.

'I have ventured to call, ma'am,' said Kate, after a few seconds of awkward silence, 'from having seen your advertisement.'

'Yes,' replied Mrs. Witterly, 'one of my people put it in the paper.—Yes.'

'I thought, perhaps,' said Kate, modestly, 'that if you had not already made a final choice, you would forgive my troubling you with an application.'

'Yes,' drawled Mrs. Witterly again.

'If you have already made a selection—'

'Oh dear no,' interrupted the lady, 'I am not so easily suited. I really don't know what to say. You have never been a companion before, have you?'

Mrs. Nickleby, who had been eagerly watching her opportunity, came dexterously in before Kate could reply. 'Not to any stranger, ma'am,' said the good lady; 'but she has been a companion to me for some years. I am her mother, ma'am.'

'Oh!' said Mrs. Witterly, 'I apprehend you.'

'I assure you, ma'am,' said Mrs. Nickleby, 'that I very little thought at one time that it would be necessary for my daughter to go out into the world at all, for her poor dear papa was an independent gentleman, and would have been at this moment if he had but listened in time to my constant entreaties and—'

'Dear mama,' said Kate, in a low voice.

'My dear Kate, if you will allow me to speak,' said Mrs. Nickleby, 'I shall take the liberty of explaining to this lady—'

'I think it is almost unnecessary, mama.'

And notwithstanding all the frowns and winks with which Mrs. Nickleby intimated that she was going to say something which would clench the business at

once, Kate maintained her point by an expressive look, and for once Mrs. Nickleby was stopped upon the very brink of an oration.

'What are your accomplishments?' asked Mrs. Witterly, with her eyes shut.

Kate blushed as she mentioned her principal acquirements, and Mrs. Nickleby checked them all off, one by one, on her fingers, having calculated the number before she came out. Luckily the two calculations agreed, so Mrs. Nickleby had no excuse for talking.

'You are a good temper!' asked Mrs. Witterly, opening her eyes for an instant, and shutting them again.

'I hope so,' rejoined Kate.

'And have a highly respectable reference for everything, have you?'

Kate replied that she had, and laid her uncle's card upon the table.

'Have the goodness to draw your chair a little nearer, and let me look at you,' said Mrs. Witterly; 'I am so very near-sighted that I can't quite discern your features.'

Kate complied, though not without some embarrassment, with this request, and Mrs. Witterly took a languid survey of her countenance, which lasted some two or three minutes.

'I like your appearance,' said that lady, ringing a little bell. 'Alphonse, request your master to come here.'

The page disappeared on this errand, and after a short interval, during which not a word was spoken on either side, opened the door for an important gentleman of about eight-and-thirty, of rather plebeian countenance and with a very light head of hair, who leant over Mrs. Witterly for a little time, and conversed with her in whispers.

'Oh!' he said, turning round, 'yes. This is a most important matter. Mrs. Witterly is of a very excitable nature, very delicate, very fragile; a hothouse plant, an exotic.'

'Oh! Henry, my dear,' interposed Mrs. Witterly.

'You are, my love, you know you are; one breath—' said Mr. W., blowing an imaginary feather away. 'Pho! you're gone.'

The lady sighed.

'Your soul is too large for your body,' said Mr. Witterly. 'Your intellect wears you out; all the medical men say so; you know that there is not a physician who is not proud of being called in to you. What is their unanimous declaration? 'My dear doctor,' said I to Sir Tumley Snuffin, in this very room, the very last time he came. 'My dear doctor, what is my wife's complaint? Tell me all. I can bear it. Is it nerves?' 'My dear fellow,' he said, 'be proud of that woman; make much of her; she is an ornament to

the fashionable world, and to you. Her complaint is soul. It swells, expands, dilates—the blood fires, the pulse quickens, the excitement increases—Whew!' Here Mr. Witterly, who, in the ardour of his description, had flourished his right hand to within something less than an inch of Mrs. Nickleby's bonnet, drew it hastily back again, and blew his nose as fiercely as if it had been done by some violent machinery.

'You make me out worse than I am, Henry,' said Mrs. Witterly, with a faint smile.

'I do not, Julia, I do not,' said Mr. W. 'The society in which you move—necessarily move, from your station, connexion, and endowments—is one vortex and whirlpool of the most frightful excitement. Bless my heart and body, can I ever forget the night you danced with the baronet's nephew, at the election ball, at Exeter! It was tremendous.'

'I always suffer for these triumphs afterwards,' said Mrs. Witterly.

'And for that very reason,' rejoined her husband, 'you must have a companion, in whom there is great gentleness, great sweetness, excessive sympathy, and perfect repose.'

Here both Mr. and Mrs. Witterly, who had talked rather at the Nicklebys than to each other, left off speaking, and looked at their two hearers with an expression of countenance which seemed to say, 'What do you think of all that?'

'Mrs. Witterly,' said her husband, addressing himself to Mrs. Nickleby, 'is sought after and courted by glittering crowds, and brilliant circles. She is excited by the opera, the drama, the fine arts, the—the—the—'

'The nobility, my love,' interposed Mrs. Witterly.

'The nobility, of course,' said Mr. Witterly. 'And the military. She forms and expresses an immense variety of opinions, on an immense variety of subjects. If some people in public life were acquainted with Mrs. Witterly's real opinion of them, they would not hold their heads perhaps quite as high as they do.'

'Hush, Henry,' said the lady; 'this is scarcely fair.'

'I mention no names, Julia,' replied Mr. Witterly; 'and nobody is injured. I merely mention the circumstance to show that you are no ordinary person; that there is a constant friction perpetually going on between your mind and your body; and that you must be soothed and tended. Now let me hear dispassionately and calmly, what are this young lady's qualifications for the office.'

In obedience to this request, the qualifications were all gone through again, with the addition of many interruptions and cross-questionings from Mr. Witterly. It was finally arranged that inquiries should be made, and a decisive answer addressed to Miss Nickleby, under cover to her uncle, within two days. These conditions agreed upon, the page showed them down

as far as the staircase window, and the big footman relieving guard at that point piloted them in perfect safety to the street-door.

'They are very distinguished people, evidently,' said Mrs. Nickleby, as she took her daughter's arm. 'What a superior person Mrs. Witterly is!'

'Do you think so, mama?' was all Kate's reply.

'Why who can help thinking so, Kate, my love!' rejoined her mother. 'She is pale, though, and looks much exhausted. I hope she may not be wearing herself out, but I am very much afraid.'

These considerations led the deep-sighted lady into a calculation of the probable duration of Mrs. Witterly's life, and the chances of the disconsolate widower bestowing his hand on her daughter. Before reaching home, she had freed Mrs. Witterly's soul from all bodily restraint, married Kate with great splendour at Saint George's Hanover Square; and only left undecided the minor question whether a splendid French-polished mahogany bedstead should be erected for herself in the two-pair back of the house in Cadogan Place, or in the three-pair front, between which apartments she could not quite balance the advantages, and therefore adjusted the question at last, by determining to leave it to the decision of her son-in-law.

The inquiries were made. The answer—not to Kate's very great joy—was favourable; and, at the expiration of a week, she betook herself, with all her moveables and valuables, to Mrs. Witterly's mansion, where for the present we will leave her.

#### CHAPTER XXII.

*Nicholas, accompanied by Smike, sallies forth to seek his fortune. He encounters Mr. Vincent Crummles; and who he was is herein made manifest.*

The whole capital which Nicholas found himself entitled to, either in possession, reversion, remainder, or expectancy, after paying his rent and settling with the broker from whom he had hired his poor furniture, did not exceed by more than a few halfpence the sum of twenty shillings. And yet he hailed the morning on which he had resolved to quit London with a light heart, and sprang from his bed with an elasticity of spirit which is happily the lot of young persons, or the world would never be stocked with old ones.

It was a cold, dry, foggy morning in early spring; a few meagre shadows flitted to and fro in the misty streets, and occasionally there loomed through the dull vapour the heavy outline of some hackney-coach wending homewards, which drawing slowly nearer, rolled jangling by, scattering the thin crust of frost from its whitened roof, and soon was lost again in the cloud. At intervals were heard the tread of slip-shod feet, and

the chilly cry of the poor sweep as he crept shivering to his early toil; the heavy footfall of the official watcher of the night pacing slowly up and down, and cursing the tardy hours that still intervened between him and sleep: the rumbling of ponderous carts and wagons, the roll of the lighter vehicles which carried buyers and sellers to the different markets: the sound of ineffectual knocking at the doors of heavy sleepers—all these noises fell upon the ear from time to time, but all seemed muffled by the fog, and to be rendered almost as indistinct to the ear as was every object to the sight. The sluggish darkness thickened as the day came on; and those who had the courage to rise and peep at the gloomy street from their curtained windows, crept back to bed again, and coiled themselves up to sleep.

Before even these indications of approaching morning were rife in busy London, Nicholas had made his way alone to the city, and stood beneath the windows of his mother's house. It was dull and bare to see, but it had light and life for him; for there was at least one heart within its old walls to which insult or dishonour would bring the same blood rushing that flowed in his own veins.

He crossed the road, and raised his eyes to the window of the room where he knew his sister slept. It was closed and dark. 'Poor girl,' thought Nicholas, 'she little thinks who lingers here!'

He looked again, and felt for the moment almost vexed that Kate was not there to exchange one word at parting. 'Good God!' he thought, suddenly correcting himself, 'what a boy I am!'

'It is better as it is,' said Nicholas, after he had lounged on a few paces and returned to the same spot. 'When I left them before, and could have said goodbye a thousand times if I had chosen, I spared them the pain of leave-taking, and why not now?' As he spoke, some fancied motion of the curtain almost persuaded him, for the instant, that Kate was at the window, and by one of those strange contradictions of feeling which are common to us all, he shrunk involuntarily into a door-way, that she might not see him. He smiled at his own weakness; said 'God bless them!' and walked away with a lighter step.

Smike was anxiously expecting him when he reached his old lodgings, and so was Newman, who had expended a day's income in a can of rum and milk to prepare them for the journey. They had tied up the luggage, Smike shouldered it, and away they went, with Newman Nogs in company, for he had insisted on walking as far as he could with them, over-night.

'Which way?' asked Newman, wistfully.

'To Kingston first,' replied Nicholas.

'And where afterwards?' asked Newman. 'Why won't you tell me!'

'Because I scarcely know myself, good friend,' re-



joined Nicholas, laying his hand upon his shoulder; 'and if I did, I have neither plan nor prospect yet, and might shift my quarters a hundred times before you could possibly communicate with me.'

'I am afraid you have some deep scheme in your head,' said Newman, doubtfully.

'So deep,' replied his young friend, 'that even I can't fathom it. Whatever I resolve upon, depend upon it I will write you soon.'

'You won't forget?' said Newman.

'I am not very likely to,' rejoined Nicholas. 'I have not so many friends that I shall grow confused among the number, and forget my best one.'

Occupied in such discourse as this they walked on for a couple of hours, as they might have done for a couple of days if Nicholas had not sat himself down on a stone by the way-side, and resolutely declared his intention of not moving another step until Newman Noggs turned back. Having pleaded ineffectually first for another half mile, and afterwards for another quarter, Newman was fain to comply, and to shape his course towards Golden Square, after interchanging many hearty and affectionate farewells, and many times turning back to wave his hat to the two wayfarers when they had become mere specks in the distance.

'Now listen to me, Smike,' said Nicholas, as they trudged with stout hearts onwards. 'We are bound for Portsmouth.'

Smike nodded his head and smiled, but expressed no other emotion; for whether they had been bound for Portsmouth or Port Royal would have been alike to him, so they had been bound together.

'I don't know much of these matters,' resumed Nicholas; 'but Portsmouth is a sea-port town, and if no other employment is to be obtained, I should think we might get on board of some ship. I am young and active, and could be useful in many ways. So could you.'

'I hope so,' replied Smike. 'When I was at that—you know where I mean?'

'Yes, I know,' said Nicholas. 'You needn't name the place.'

'Well, when I was there,' resumed Smike; his eyes sparkling at the prospect of displaying his abilities; 'I could milk a cow, and groom a horse with anybody.'

'Ha!' said Nicholas, gravely. 'I am afraid they don't usually keep many animals of either kind on board ship, and even when they have horses, that they are not very particular about rubbing them down; still you can learn to do something else, you know. Where there's a will, there's a way.'

'And I am very willing,' said Smike, brightening up again.

'God knows you are,' rejoined Nicholas; 'and if you fail, it shall go hard but I'll do enough for us both.'

'Do we go all the way to-day?' asked Smike, after a short silence.

'That would be too severe a trial, even for your willing legs,' said Nicholas, with a good-humoured smile. 'No. Godalming is some thirty and odd miles from London—as I found from a map I borrowed—and I purpose to rest there. We must push on again to-morrow, for we are not rich enough to loiter. Let me relieve you of that bundle, come.'

'No, no,' rejoined Smike, falling back a few steps. 'Don't ask me to give it up to you.'

'Why not?' asked Nicholas.

'Let me do something for you, at least,' said Smike. 'You will never let me serve you as I ought. You will never know how I think, day and night, of ways to please you.'

'You are a foolish fellow to say it, for I know it well, and see it, or I should be a blind and senseless beast,' rejoined Nicholas. 'Let me ask you a question while I think of it, and there is no one by,' he added, looking him steadily in the face. 'Have you a good memory?'

'I don't know,' said Smike, shaking his head sorrowfully. 'I think I had once; but it's all gone now—all gone.'

'Why do you think you had once?' asked Nicholas, turning quickly upon him as though the answer in some way helped out the purport of his question.

'Because I could remember when I was a child,' said Smike, 'but that is very, very long ago, or at least it seems so. I was always confused and giddy at that place you took me from; and could never remember, and sometimes couldn't even understand what they said to me. I—let me see—let me see.'

'You are wandering now,' said Nicholas, touching him on the arm.

'No,' replied his companion, with a vacant look. 'I was only thinking how——' He shivered involuntarily as he spoke.

'Think no more of that place, for it is all over,' retorted Nicholas, fixing his eye full upon that of his companion, which was fast settling into an unmeaning stupified gaze, once habitual to him, and common even then. 'What of the first day you went to Yorkshire?'

'Eh!' cried the lad.

'That was before you began to lose your recollection, you know,' said Nicholas quietly. 'Was the weather hot or cold?'

'Wet,' replied the boy. 'Very wet. I have always said when it rained hard that it was like the night I came: and they used to crowd round and laugh to see me cry when the rain fell heavily. It was like a child they said, and that made me think of it more. I turned cold all over sometimes, for I could see myself as I was then, coming in at the very same door.'

'As you were then,' repeated Nicholas, with assumed carelessness; 'How was that?'

'Such a little creature,' said Smike, 'that they might have had pity and mercy upon me, only to remember it.'

'You didn't find your way there alone?' remarked Nicholas.

'No,' rejoined Smike, oh no.'

'Who was with you?'

'A man—a dark withered man; I have heard them say so at the school, and I remembered that before. I was glad to leave him, I was afraid of him; but they made me more afraid of them, and used me harder too.'

'Look at me,' said Nicholas, wishing to attract his full attention. 'There; don't turn away. Do you remember no woman, no kind gentle woman, who hung over you once, and kissed your lips, and called you her child?'

'No,' said the poor creature, shaking his head, 'no, never.'

'Nor any house but that house in Yorkshire?'

'No,' rejoined the youth, with a melancholy look: 'a room—I remember I slept in a room, a large lonesome room at the top of a house, where there was a trap-door in the ceiling. I have covered my head with the clothes often, not to see it, for it frightened me, a young child with no one near at night, and I used to wonder what was on the other side. There was a clock too, an old clock, in one corner. I remember that. I have never forgotten that room, for when I have terrible dreams, it comes back just as it was. I see things and people in it that I had never seen then, but there is the room just as it used to be; *that* never changes.'

'Will you let me take the bundle now?' asked Nicholas, abruptly changing the theme.

'No,' said Smike, 'no. Come, let us walk on.'

He quickened his pace as he said this, apparently under the impression that they had been standing still during the whole of the previous dialogue. Nicholas marked him closely, and every word of this conversation remained indelibly fastened in his memory.

It was by this time within an hour of noon, and although a dense vapour still enveloped the city they had left as if the very breath of its busy people hung over their schemes of gain and profit and found greater attraction there than in the quiet region above, in the open country it was clear and fair. Occasionally in some low spots they came upon patches of mist which the sun had not yet driven from their strongholds; but these were soon passed, and as they laboured up the hills beyond, it was pleasant to look down and see how the sluggish mass rolled heavily off before the cheering influence of day. A broad fine honest sun lighted up the green pastures and dimpled water with the semblance of summer, while it left the travellers all the invigorating freshness of that early time of year.

The ground seemed elastic under their feet; the sheep-bells were music to their ears; and exhilarated by exercise, and stimulated by hope, they pushed onwards with the strength of lions.

The day wore on, and all these bright colours subsided, and assumed a quieter tint, like young hopes softened down by time, or youthful features by degrees resolving into the calm and serenity of age. But they were scarcely less beautiful in their slow decline than they had been in their prime; for nature gives to every time and season some beauties of its own, and from morning to night, as from the cradle to the grave, is but a succession of changes so gentle and easy, that we can scarcely mark their progress.

To Godalming they came at last, and here they bargained for two humble beds, and slept soundly. In the morning they were astir, though not quite so early as the sun, and again afoot; if not with all the freshness of yesterday, still with enough of hope and spirit to bear them cheerily on.

It was a harder day's journey than that they had already performed, for there were long and weary hills to climb; and in journeys, as in life, it is a great deal easier to go down hill than up. However, they kept on with unabated perseverance, and the hill has not yet lifted its face to heaven that perseverance will not gain the summit of at last.

They walked upon the rim of the Devil's Punch Bowl, and Smike listened with greedy interest as Nicholas read the inscription upon the stone which, reared upon that wild spot, tells of a foul and treacherous murder committed there by night. The grass on which they stood had once been dyed with gore, and the blood of the murdered man had run down, drop by drop, into the hollow which gives the place its name. 'The Devil's Bowl,' thought Nicholas, as he looked into the void, 'never held fitter liquor than that!'

Onward they kept with steady purpose, and entered at length upon a wide and spacious tract of downs, with every variety of little hill and plain to change their verdant surface. Here, there shot up almost perpendicularly into the sky a height so steep, as to be hardly accessible to any but the sheep and goats that fed upon its sides, and there stood a huge mound of green, sloping and tapering off so delicately, and merging so gently into the level ground, that you could scarce define its limits. Hills swelling above each other, and undulations shapely and uncouth, smooth, and rugged, graceful and grotesque, thrown negligently side by side, bounded the view in each direction; while frequently, with unexpected noise, there uprose from the ground a flight of crows, who, cawing and wheeling round the nearest hills, as if uncertain of their course, suddenly poised themselves upon the wing and skimmed down the long vista of some opening valley with the speed of very light itself.

By degrees the prospect receded more and more on either hand, and as they had been shut out from rich and extensive scenery, so they emerged once again upon the open country. The knowledge that they were drawing near their place of destination, gave them fresh courage to proceed; but the way had been difficult, and they had loitered on the road, and Smike was tired. Thus twilight had already closed in, when they turned off the path to the door of a road-side inn, yet twelve miles short of Portsmouth.

'Twelve miles,' said Nicholas, leaning with both hands on his stick, and looking doubtfully at Smike.

'Twelve long miles,' repeated the landlord.

'Is it a good road?' inquired Nicholas.

'Very bad,' said the landlord. As of course, being a landlord, he would say.

'I want to get on,' observed Nicholas, hesitating.

'I scarcely know what to do.'

'Don't let me influence you,' rejoined the landlord.

'I wouldn't go on if it was me.'

'Wouldn't you?' said Nicholas, with the same uncertainty.

'Not if I knew when I was well off,' said the landlord. And having said it he pulled up his apron, put his hands into his pockets, and taking a step or two outside the door, looked down the dark road with an assumption of great indifference.

A glance at the toil-worn face of Smike determined Nicholas, so without any further consideration he made up his mind to stay where he was.

The landlord led them into the kitchen, and as there was a good fire he remarked that it was very cold. If there had happened to be a bad one he would have observed that it was very warm.

'What can you give us for supper?' was Nicholas's natural question.

'Why—what would you like?' was the landlord's no less natural answer.

Nicholas suggested cold meat, but there was no cold meat—poached eggs, but there were no eggs—mutton chops, but there wasn't a mutton chop within three miles, though there had been more last week than they knew what to do with, and would be an extraordinary supply the day after to-morrow.

'Then,' said Nicholas, 'I must leave it entirely to you, as I would have done at first if you had allowed me.'

'Why, then I'll tell you what,' rejoined the landlord. 'There's a gentleman in the parlour that's ordered a hot beef-steak pudding and potatoes at nine. There's more of it than he can manage, and I have very little doubt that if I ask leave, you can sup with him. I'll do that in a minute.'

'No, no,' said Nicholas, detaining him. 'I would rather not. I—at least—pshaw! why cannot I speak out. Here; you see that I am travelling in a very

humble manner, and have made my way hither on foot. It is more than probable, I think, that the gentleman may not relish my company; and although I am the dusty figure you see, I am too proud to thrust myself into his.'

'Lord love you,' said the landlord, 'it's only Mr. Crummles; he isn't particular.'

'Is he not?' asked Nicholas, on whose mind, to tell the truth, the prospect of the savoury pudding was making some impression.

'Not he,' replied the landlord. 'He'll like your way of talking, I know. But we'll soon see all about that. Just wait a minute.'

The landlord hurried into the parlour without staying for further permission, nor did Nicholas strive to prevent him: wisely considering that supper under the circumstances was too serious a matter to trifle with. It was not long before the host returned in a condition of much excitement.

'All right,' he said in a low voice. 'I knew he would. You'll see something rather worth seeing in there. Ecod, how they are a going of it!'

There was no time to inquire to what this exclamation, which was delivered in a very rapturous tone, referred, for he had already thrown open the door of the room; into which Nicholas, followed by Smike with the bundle on his shoulder (he carried it about with him as vigilantly as if it had been a purse of gold,) straightway repaired.

Nicholas was prepared for something odd, but not for something quite so odd as the sight he encountered. At the upper end of the room were a couple of boys, one of them very tall and the other very short, both dressed as sailors—or at least as theatrical sailors, with belts, buckles, pigtails, and pistols complete—fighting what is called in play-bills a terrific combat with two of those short broad-swords with basket hilts which are commonly used at our minor theatres. The short boy had gained a great advantage over the tall boy, who was reduced to mortal strait, and both were overlooked by a large heavy man, perched against the corner of a table, who emphatically adjured them to strike a little more fire out of their swords, and they couldn't fail to bring the house down on the very first night.

'Mr. Vincent Crummles,' said the landlord with an air of great deference. 'This is the young gentleman.'

Mr. Vincent Crummles received Nicholas with an inclination of the head, something between the courtesy of a Roman emperor and the nod of a pot companion; and bade the landlord shut the door and begone.

'There's a picture,' said Mr. Crummles, motioning Nicholas not to advance and spoil it. 'The little 'un has him; if the big 'un doesn't knock under in three seconds he's a dead man. Do that again, boys.'

The two combatants went to work afresh, and chop-

ped away until the swords emitted a shower of sparks, to the great satisfaction of Mr. Crummles, who appeared to consider this a very great point indeed. The engagement commenced with about two hundred chops administered by the short sailor and the tall sailor alternately, without producing any particular result until the short sailor was chopped down on one knee, but this was nothing to him, for he worked himself about on the one knee with the assistance of his left hand, and fought most desperately until the tall sailor chopped his sword out of his grasp. Now the inference was, that the short sailor, reduced to this extremity, would give in at once and cry quarter, but instead of that he all of a sudden drew a large pistol from his belt and presented it at the face of the tall sailor, who was so overcome by this (not expecting it) that he let the short sailor pick up his sword and begin again. Then the chopping recommenced, and a variety of fancy chops were administered on both sides, such as chops dealt with the left hand and under the leg and over the right shoulder and over the left, and when the short sailor made a vigorous cut at the tall sailor's legs, which would have shaved them clean off if it had taken effect, the tall sailor jumped over the short sailor's sword, wherefore to balance the matter and make it all fair, the tall sailor administered the same cut and the short sailor jumped over *his* sword. After this there was a good deal of dodging about and hitching up of the inexpressibles in the absence of braces, and then the short sailor, (who was the moral character evidently, for he always had the best of it) made a violent demonstration and closed with the tall sailor, who, after a few unavailing struggles, went down and expired in great torture as the short sailor put his foot upon his breast and bored a hole in him through and through.

'That'll be a double *encore* if you take care, boys,' said Mr. Crummles. 'You had better get your wind now, and change your clothes.'

Having addressed these words to the combatants, he saluted Nicholas, who then observed that the face of Mr. Crummles was quite proportionate in size to his body; that he had a very full under-lip, a hoarse voice, as though he were in the habit of shouting very much, and very short black hair, shaved off nearly to the crown of his head—to admit (as he afterwards learnt) of his more easily wearing character wigs of any shape or pattern.

'What did you think of that, Sir?' inquired Mr. Crummles.

'Very good, indeed—capital,' answered Nicholas.

'You won't see such boys as those very often, I think,' said Mr. Crummles.

Nicholas assented—observing, that if they were a little better match—

'Match!' cried Mr. Crummles.

'I mean if they were a little more of a size,' said Nicholas, explaining himself.

'Size!' repeated Mr. Crummles; 'why, it's the very essence of the combat that there should be a foot or two between them. How are you to get up the sympathies of the audience in a legitimate manner, if there isn't a little man contending against a great one—unless there's at least five to one, and we haven't hands enough for that business in our company.'

'I see,' replied Nicholas. 'I beg your pardon. That didn't occur to me, I confess.'

'It's the main point,' said Mr. Crummles. 'I open at Portsmouth the day after to-morrow. If you're going there, look into the theatre, and see how that'll tell.'

Nicholas promised to do so if he could, and drawing a chair near the fire, fell into conversation with the manager at once. He was very talkative and communicative, stimulated perhaps not only by his natural disposition, but by the spirits and water he sipped very plentifully, or the snuff which he took in large quantities from a piece of whitey-brown paper in his waistcoat pocket. He laid open his affairs without the smallest reserve, and descanted at some length upon the merits of his company, and the acquirements of his family, of both of which the two broad-sword boys formed an honourable portion. There was to be a gathering it seemed of the different ladies and gentlemen at Portsmouth on the morrow, whither the father and sons were proceeding (not for the regular season, but in the course of a wandering speculation), after fulfilling an engagement at Guilford with the greatest applause.

'You are going that way?' asked the manager.

'Ye-yes,' said Nicholas. 'Yes, I am.'

'Do you know the town at all?' inquired the manager, who seemed to consider himself entitled to the same confidence as he had himself exhibited.

'No,' replied Nicholas.

'Never there?'

'Never.'

Mr. Vincent Crummles gave a short dry cough, as much as to say, 'If you won't be communicative, you won't'; and took so many pinches of snuff from the piece of paper, one after another, that Nicholas quite wondered where it all went to.

While he was thus engaged, Mr. Crummles looked from time to time with great interest at Smeke, with whom he had appeared considerably struck from the first. He had now fallen asleep, and was nodding in his chair.

'Excuse my saying so,' said the manager, leaning over to Nicholas, and sinking his voice, 'but—what a capital countenance your friend has got!'

'Poor fellow!' said Nicholas, with a half smile, 'I wish it were a little more plump and less haggard.'



'Plump!' exclaimed the manager, quite horrified, 'you'd spoil it for ever.'

'Do you think so?'

'Think so, sir! Why, as he is now,' said the manager, striking his knee emphatically; 'without a pad upon his body, and hardly a touch of paint upon his face, he'd make such an actor for the starved business as was never seen in this country. Only let him be tolerably well up in the Apothecary in Romeo and Juliet with the slightest possible dab of red on the tip of his nose, and he'd be certain of three rounds the moment he put his head out of the practicable door in the front grooves O. P.'

'You view him with a professional eye,' said Nicholas, laughing.

'And well I may,' rejoined the manager, 'I never saw a young fellow so regularly cut out for that line since I've been in the profession, and I played the heavy children when I was eighteen months old.'

The appearance of the beef-steak pudding, which came in simultaneously with the junior Vincent Crummles, turned the conversation to other matters, and indeed for a time stopped it altogether. These two young gentlemen wielded their knives and forks with scarcely less address than their broad-swords, and as the whole party were quite as sharp set as either class of weapons, there was no time for talking until the supper had been disposed of.

The master Crummles had no sooner swallowed the last procurable morsel of food than they evinced, by various half-suppressed yawns and stretchings of their limbs, an obvious inclination to retire for the night, which Smike had betrayed still more strongly: he having, in the course of the meal, fallen asleep several times while in the very act of eating. Nicholas therefore proposed that they should break up at once, but the manager would by no means hear of it, vowing that he had promised himself the pleasure of inviting his new acquaintance to share a bowl of punch, and that if he declined, he should deem it very unhandsome behaviour.

'Let them go,' said Mr. Vincent Crummles, 'and we'll have it snugly and cosily together by the fire.'

Nicholas was not much disposed to sleep, being in truth too anxious, so after a little demur he accepted the offer, and having exchanged a shake of the hand with the young Crummles, and the manager having on his part bestowed a most affectionate benediction on Smike, he sat himself down opposite to that gentleman by the fire-side to assist in emptying the bowl, which soon afterwards appeared, steaming in a manner which was quite exhilarating to behold, and sending forth a most grateful and inviting fragrance.

But, despite the punch and the manager, who told a variety of stories, and smoked tobacco from a pipe, and inhaled it in the shape of snuff, with a most asto-

nishing power, Nicholas was absent and dispirited. His thoughts were in his old home, and when they reverted to his present condition, the uncertainty of the morrow cast a gloom upon him, which his utmost efforts were unable to dispel. His attention wandered; although he heard the manager's voice, he was deaf to what he said, and when Mr. Vincent Crummles concluded the history of some long adventure with a loud laugh, and an inquiry what Nicholas would have done under the same circumstances, he was obliged to make the best apology in his power, and to confess his entire ignorance of all he had been talking about.

'Why so I saw,' observed Mr. Crummles. 'You're uneasy in your mind. What's the matter?'

Nicholas could not refrain from smiling at the abruptness of the question, but thinking it scarcely worth while to parry it, owned that he was under some apprehensions lest he might not succeed in the object which had brought him to that part of the country.

'And what's that?' asked the manager.

'Getting something to do which will keep me and my poor fellow-traveller in the common necessities of life,' said Nicholas. 'That's the truth; you guessed it long ago, I dare say, so I may as well have the credit of telling it you with a good grace.'

'What's to be got to do at Portsmouth more than anywhere else?' asked Mr. Vincent Crummles, melting the sealing-wax on the stem of his pipe in the candle, and rolling it out afresh with his little finger.

'There are many vessels leaving the port, I suppose,' replied Nicholas. 'I shall try for a berth in some ship or other. There is meat and drink there, at all events.'

'Salt meat and new rum; pease-pudding and chaff-biscuits,' said the manager, taking a whiff at his pipe to keep it alight, and returning to his work of embellishment.

'One may do worse than that,' said Nicholas. 'I can rough it, I believe, as well as most men of my age and previous habits.'

'You need be able to,' said the manager, 'if you go on board ship; but you won't.'

'Why not?'

'Because there's not a skipper or mate that would think you worth your salt, when he could get a practised hand,' replied the manager; 'and they as plentiful there as the oysters in the streets.'

'What do you mean?' asked Nicholas, alarmed by this prediction, and the confident tone in which it had been uttered. 'Men are not born able seamen. They must be reared, I suppose?'

Mr. Vincent Crummles nodded his head. 'They must; but not at your age, or from young gentlemen like you.'

There was a pause. The countenance of Nicholas fell, and he gazed ruefully at the fire.

'Does no other profession occur to you, which a young man of your figure and address could take up easily, and see the world to advantage in?' asked the manager.

'No,' said Nicholas, shaking his head.

'Why, then, I'll tell you one,' said Mr. Crummles, throwing his pipe into the fire, and raising his voice. 'The stage.'

'The stage!' cried Nicholas, in a voice almost as loud.

'The theatrical profession,' said Mr. Vincent Crummles. 'I am in the theatrical profession myself, my wife is in the theatrical profession, my children are in the theatrical profession. I had a dog that lived and died in it from a puppy; and my chaise-pony goes on in Timour the Tartar. I'll bring you out, and your friend too. Say the word. I want a novelty.'

'I don't know anything about it,' rejoined Nicholas, whose breath had been almost taken away by this sudden proposal. 'I never acted a part in my life, except at school.'

'There's genteel comedy in your walk and manner, juvenile tragedy in your eye, and touch-and-go farce in your laugh,' said Mr. Vincent Crummles. 'You'll do as well as if you had thought of nothing else but the lamps, from your birth downwards.'

Nicholas thought of the small amount of small change there would remain in his pocket after paying the tavern bill; and he hesitated.

'You can be useful to us in a hundred ways,' said Mr. Crummles. 'Think what capital bills a man of your education could write for the shop-windows.'

'Well, I think I could manage that department,' said Nicholas.

'To be sure you could,' replied Mr. Crummles. 'For further particulars see small hand-bills—we might have half a volume in every one of them. Pieces too; why, you could write us a piece to bring out the whole strength of the company, whenever we wanted one.'

'I am not quite so confident about that,' replied Nicholas. 'But I dare say I could scribble something now and then that would suit you.'

'We'll have a new show-piece out directly,' said the manager. 'Let me see—peculiar resources of this establishment—new and splendid scenery—you must manage to introduce a real pump and two washing-tubs.'

'Into the piece!' said Nicholas.

'Yes,' replied the manager. 'I bought 'em cheap, at a sale the other day; and they'll come in admirably. That's the London plan. They look up some dresses and properties, and have a piece written to fit them. Most of the theatres keep an author on purpose.'

'Indeed!' cried Nicholas.

'Oh yes,' said the manager; 'a common thing. It'll

look very well in the bills in separate lines—Real pump!—Splendid tubs!—Great attraction! You don't happen to be anything of an artist, do you?'

'That is not one of my accomplishments,' rejoined Nicholas.

'Ah! Then it can't be helped,' said the manager. 'If you had been, we might have had a large woodcut of the last scene for the posters, showing the whole depth of the stage, with the pump and tubs in the middle; but however, if you're not, it can't be helped.'

'What should I get for all this?' inquired Nicholas, after a few moment's reflection. 'Could I live by it?'

'Live by it!' said the manager. 'Like a prince. With your own salary, and your friend's, and your writings, you'd make—ah! you'd make a pound a week!'

'You don't say so.'

'I do indeed, and if we had a run of good houses, nearly double the money.'

Nicholas shrugged his shoulders, but sheer destitution was before him; and if he could summon fortitude to undergo the extremes of want and hardship, for what had he rescued his helpless charge if it were only to bear as hard a fate as that from which he had wrested him? It was easy to think of seventy miles as nothing, when he was in the same town, with the man who had treated him so ill and roused his bitterest thoughts; but now it seemed far enough. What if he went abroad, and his mother or Kate were to die the while?

Without more deliberation he hastily declared that it was a bargain, and gave Mr. Vincent Crummles his hand upon it.

#### CHAPTER XXIII.

*Treats of the Company of Mr. Vincent Crummles, and of his affairs, domestic and theatrical.*

As Mr. Crummles had a strange four-legged animal in the inn stables, which he called a pony, and a vehicle of unknown design, on which he bestowed the appellation of a four-wheeled phaeton, Nicholas proceeded on his journey next morning with greater ease than he had expected: the manager and himself occupying the front seat, and the Master Crummles and Snike being packed together behind, in company with a wicker basket defended from wet by a stout oilskin, in which were the broad-swords, pistols, pigtails, nautical costumes, and other professional necessities of the aforesaid young gentlemen.

The pony took his time upon the road, and—possibly in consequence of his theatrical education—evinced every now and then a strong inclination to lie down. However, Mr. Vincent Crummles kept him up pretty

well, by jerking the rein, and plying the whip; and when these means failed, and the animal came to a stand, the elder Master Crummles got out and kicked him. By dint of these encouragements, he was persuaded to move from time to time, and they jogged on (as Mr. Crummles truly observed) very comfortably for all parties.

'He's a good pony at bottom,' said Mr. Crummles, turning to Nicholas.

He might have been at bottom, but he certainly was not at top, seeing that his coat was of the roughest and most ill-favoured kind. So, Nicholas merely observed, that he shouldn't wonder if he was.

'Many and many is the circuit this pony has gone,' said Mr. Crummles, flicking him skilfully on the eyelid for old acquaintance sake. 'He is quite one of us. His mother was on the stage.'

'Was she, indeed?' rejoined Nicholas.

'She ate apple-pie at a circus for upwards of fourteen years,' said the manager; 'fired pistols, and went to bed in a nightcap; and, in short, took the low comedy entirely. His father was a dancer.'

'Was he at all distinguished?'

'Not very,' said the manager. 'He was rather a low sort of pony. The fact is, that he had been originally jobbed out by the day, and he never quite got over his old habits. He was clever in melodrama too, but too broad—too broad. When the mother died, he took the port-wine business.'

'The port-wine business!' cried Nicholas.

'Drinking port-wine with the clown,' said the manager; 'but he was greedy, and one night bit off the bowl of the glass, and choked himself, so that his vulgarity was the death of him at last.'

The descendant of this ill-starred animal requiring increased attention from Mr. Crummles as he progressed in his day's work, that gentleman had very little time for conversation, and Nicholas was thus left at leisure to entertain himself with his own thoughts until they arrived at the drawbridge at Portsmouth, when Mr. Crummles pulled up.

'We'll set down here,' said the manager, 'and the boys will take him round to the stable, and call at my lodgings with the luggage. You had better let yours be taken there for the present.'

Thanking Mr. Vincent Crummles for his obliging offer, Nicholas jumped out, and, giving Smike his arm, accompanied the manager up High street on their way to the theatre, feeling nervous and uncomfortable enough at the prospect of an immediate introduction to a scene so new to him.

They passed a great many bills pasted against the walls and displayed in windows, wherein the names of Mr. Vincent Crummles, Mrs. Vincent Crummles, Master Crummles, Master P. Crummles, and Miss Crummles, were printed in very large letters, and

everything else in very small ones; and turning at length into an entry, in which was a strong smell of orange-peel and lamp-oil, with an under-current of saw-dust, groped their way through a dark passage, and, descending a step or two, threaded a little maze of canvass screens and paint pots, and emerged upon the stage of the Portsmouth Theatre.

'Here we are,' said Mr. Crummles.

It was not very light, but Nicholas found himself close to the first entrance on the prompter's side, among bare walls, dusty scenes, mildewed clouds, heavily daubed draperies, and dirty floors. He looked about him; ceiling, pit, boxes, gallery, orchestra, fittings, and decorations of every kind—all looked coarse, cold, gloomy, and wretched.

'Is this a theatre?' whispered Smike, in amazement; 'I thought it was a blaze of light and finery.'

'Why, so it is,' replied Nicholas, hardly less surprised; 'but not by day, Smike—not by day.'

The manager's voice recalled him from a more careful inspection of the building, to the opposite side of the proscenium, where, at a small mahogany table with rickety legs and of an oblong shape, sat a stout, portly female, apparently between forty and fifty, in a tarnished silk cloak, with her bonnet dangling by the strings in her hand, and her hair (of which she had a great quantity) braided in a large festoon over each temple.

'Mr. Johnson,' said the manager (for Nicholas had given the name which Newman Noggs had bestowed upon him in his conversation with Mrs. Kenwiga), 'let me introduce Mrs. Vincent Crummles.'

'I am glad to see you, Sir,' said Mrs. Vincent Crummles, in a sepulchral voice. 'I am very glad to see you, and still more happy to hail you as a promising member of our corps.'

The lady shook Nicholas by the hand as she addressed him in these terms; he saw it was a large one, but had not expected quite such an iron grip as that with which she honoured him.

'And this,' said the lady, crossing to Smike, as tragic actresses cross when they obey a stage direction, 'and this is the other. You, too, are welcome, Sir.'

'He'll do, I think, my dear?' said the manager, taking a pinch of snuff.

'He is admirable,' replied the lady. 'An acquisition, indeed.'

As Mrs. Vincent Crummles re-crossed back to the table, there bounded on to the stage from some mysterious inlet, a little girl in a dirty white frock with tucks up to the knees, short trousers, sandaled shoes, white spencer, pink gauze bonnet, green veil and curl-papers, who turned a pirouette, cut twice in the air, turned another pirouette, then looking off at the opposite wing shrieked, bounded forward to within six

inches of the footlights, and fell into a beautiful attitude of terror, as a shabby gentleman in an old pair of buff slippers came in at one powerful slide, and chattering his teeth, fiercely brandished a walking-stick.

'They are going through the Indian Savage and the Maiden,' said Mrs. Crummles.

'Oh!' said the manager, 'the little ballet interlude. Very good, go on. A little this way, if you please, Mr. Johnson. That'll do. Now.'

'The manager clapped his hands as a signal to proceed, and the Savage, becoming ferocious, made a slide towards the maiden, but the maiden avoided him in six twirls, and came down at the end of the last one upon the very points of her toes. This seemed to make some impression upon the savage, for, after a little more ferocity and chasing of the maiden into corners, he began to relent, and stroked his face several times with his right thumb, and four fingers, thereby intimating that he was struck with admiration of the maiden's beauty. Acting upon the impulse of this passion, he (the savage) began to hit himself severe thumps in the chest, and to exhibit other indications of being desperately in love, which being rather a prosy proceeding, was very likely the cause of the maiden's falling asleep; whether it was or not, asleep she did fall, sound as a church, on a sloping bank, and the savage perceiving it, leant his left ear on his left hand, and nodded sideways, to intimate to all whom it might concern that she *was* asleep, and no shamming. Being left to himself, the savage had a dance, all alone, and just as he left off the maiden woke up, rubbed her eyes, got off the bank, and had a dance all alone too—such a dance that the savage looked on in ecstasy all the while, and when it was done, plucked from a neighbouring tree some botanical curiosity, resembling a small pickled cabbage, and offered it to the maiden, who at first wouldn't have it, but on the savage shedding tears relented. Then the savage jumped for joy; then the maiden jumped for rapture at the sweet smell of the pickled cabbage. Then the savage and the maiden danced violently together, and, finally, the savage dropped down on one knee, and the maiden stood on one leg upon his other knee; thus concluding the ballet, and leaving the spectators in a state of pleasing uncertainty, whether she would ultimately marry the savage, or return to her friends.

'Very well indeed,' said Mr. Crummles; 'bravo!'

'Bravo!' cried Nicholas, resolved to make the best of everything. Beautiful!'

'This, Sir,' said Mr. Vincent Crummles, bringing the maiden forward; 'this is the infant phenomenon—Miss Ninetta Crummles.'

'Your daughter?' inquired Nicholas.

'My daughter—my daughter,' replied Mr. Vincent Crummles; 'the idol of every place we go into, Sir.

We have had complimentary letters about this girl, Sir, from the nobility and gentry of almost every town in England.'

'I am not surprised at that,' said Nicholas; 'she must be quite a natural genius.'

'Quite a ——! Mr. Crummles stopped; language was not powerful enough to describe the infant phenomenon. 'I'll tell you what, Sir,' he said; 'the talent of this child is not to be imagined. She must be seen Sir—seen—to be ever so faintly appreciated. There; go to your mother, my dear.'

'May I ask how old she is?' inquired Nicholas.

'You may, Sir,' replied Mr. Crummles, looking steadily in his questioner's face as some men do when they have doubts about being implicitly believed in what they are going to say. 'She is ten years of age, Sir.'

'Not more!'

'Not a day.'

'Dear me!' said Nicholas, 'it's extraordinary.'

It was; for the infant phenomenon, though of short stature, had a comparatively aged countenance, and had moreover been precisely the same age—not perhaps to the full extent of the memory of the oldest inhabitant, but certainly for five good years. But she had been kept up late every night, and put upon an unlimited allowance of gin and water from infancy, to prevent her growing tall, and perhaps this system of training had produced in the infant phenomenon these additional phenomena.

While this short dialogue was going on, the gentleman who had enacted the savage came up, with his walking-shoes on his feet, and his slippers in his hand, to within a few paces, as if desirous to join in the conversation, and deeming this a good opportunity he put in his word.

'Talent there, Sir,' said the Savage, nodding towards Miss Crummles.

Nicholas assented.

'Ah!' said the actor, setting his teeth together, and drawing in his breath with a hissing sound, 'she oughtn't to be in the provinces, she oughtn't.'

'What do you mean?' asked the manager.

'I mean to say,' replied the other, warmly, 'that she is too good for country boards, and that she ought to be in one of the large houses in London, or nowhere; and I tell you more, without mincing the matter, that if it wasn't for envy and jealousy in some quarter that you know of, she would be. Perhaps you'll introduce me here, Mr. Crummles.'

'Mr. Folair,' said the manager, presenting him to Nicholas.

'Happy to know you, Sir.' Mr. Folair touched the brim of his hat with his forefinger, and then shook hands. 'A recruit, Sir, I understand?'

'An unworthy one,' replied Nicholas.



'Did you ever see such a set-out as that?' whispered the actor, drawing him away, as Crummles left them to speak to his wife.

'As what?'

Mr. Folair made a funny face from his pantomime collection, and pointed over his shoulder.

'You don't mean the infant phenomenon?'

'Infant humbug, Sir,' replied Mr. Folair. 'There isn't a female child of common sharpness in a charity school that couldn't do better than that. She may thank her stars she was born a manager's daughter.'

'You seem to take it to heart,' observed Nicholas, with a smile.

'Yes, by Jove, and well I may,' said Mr. Folair, drawing his arm through his, and walking him up and down the stage. 'Isn't it enough to make a man crusty to see that little sprawler put up in the best business every night, and actually keeping money out of the house, by being forced down the people's throats, while other people are passed over? Isn't it extraordinary to see a man's confounded family conceit blinding him even to his own interest? Why I *know* of fifteen and sixpence that came to Southampton one night last month to see me dance the Highland Fling, and what's the consequence? I've never been put up in it since—never once—while the 'infant phenomenon' has been grinning through artificial flowers at five people and a baby in the pit, and two boys in the gallery, every night.'

'If I may judge from what I have seen of you,' said Nicholas, 'you must be a valuable member of the company.'

'Oh!' replied Mr. Folair, beating his slippers together, to knock the dust out; 'I *can* come it pretty well—nobody better perhaps in my own line—but having such business as one gets here, is like putting lead on one's feet instead of chalk, and dancing in fetters without the credit of it. Holloa, old fellow, how are you?'

The gentleman addressed in these latter words was a dark-complexioned man, inclining indeed to sallow, with long thick black hair, and very evident indications (although he was close shaved) of a stiff beard, and whiskers of the same deep shade. His age did not appear to exceed thirty, although many at first sight would have considered him much older, as his face was long and very pale, from the constant application of stage paint. He wore a checked shirt, an old green coat with new gilt buttons, a neckerchief of broad red and green stripes, and full blue trousers; he carried too a common ash walking-stick, apparently more for show than use, as he flourished it about with the hooked end downwards, except when he raised it for a few seconds, and throwing himself into a fencing attitude, made a pass or two at the side-scenes, or at any other object,

animate or inanimate, that chanced to afford him a pretty good mark at the moment.

'Well, Tommy,' said this gentleman, making a thrust at his friend, who parried it dexterously with his slipper, 'what's the news?'

'A new appearance, that's all,' replied Mr. Folair, looking at Nicholas.

'Do the honours, Tommy, do the honours,' said the other gentleman, tapping him reproachfully on the crown of the hat with his stick.

'This is Mr. Lenville, who does our first tragedy, Mr. Johnson,' said the pantomimist.

'Except when old bricks and mortar takes it into his head to do it himself, you should add, Tommy,' remarked Mr. Lenville. 'You know who bricks and mortar is, I suppose, Sir?'

'I do not, indeed,' replied Nicholas.

'We call Crummles that, because his style of acting is rather in the heavy and ponderous way,' said Mr. Lenville. 'I mustn't be cracking jokes though, for I've got a part of twelve lengths here which I must be up in to-morrow night, and I haven't had time to look at it yet; I'm a confounded quick study, that's one comfort.'

Consoling himself with this reflection, Mr. Lenville drew from his coat-pocket a greasy and crumpled manuscript, and having made another pass at his friend proceeded to walk to and fro, conning it to himself, and indulging occasionally in such appropriate action as his imagination and the text suggested.

A pretty general muster of the company had by this time taken place; for besides Mr. Lenville and his friend Tommy, there was present a slim young gentleman with weak eyes, who played the lowspirited lovers and sang tenor songs, and who had come arm-in-arm with the comic countryman—a man with a turned-up nose, large mouth, broad face, and staring eyes. Making himself very amiable to the infant phenomenon, was an inebriated elderly gentleman in the last depths of shabbiness, who played the calm and virtuous old men; and paying especial court to Mrs. Crummles was another elderly gentleman, a shade more respectable, who played the irascible old men—those funny fellows who have nephews in the army, and perpetually run about with thick sticks to compel them to marry heiresses. Besides these, there was a roving-looking person in a rough great-coat, who strode up and down in front of the lamps, flourishing a dress cane, and rattling away in an undertone with great vivacity for the amusement of an ideal audience. He was not quite so young as he had been, and his figure was rather running to seed; but there was an air of exaggerated gentility about him, which bespoke the hero of swaggering comedy. There was also a little group of three or four young men, with lantern jaws and thick eyebrows,

who were conversing in one corner; but they seemed to be of secondary importance, and laughed and talked together without attracting any very marked attention.

The ladies were gathered in a little knot by themselves round the rickety table before mentioned. There was Miss Snelvellicci, who could do anything from a medley dance to Lady Macbeth, and always played some part in blue silk knee-smalls at her benefit, glancing from the depths of her coal-scuttle straw bonnet at Nicholas, and affecting to be absorbed in the recital of a diverting story to her friend Miss Ledrook, who had brought her work, and was making up a ruff in the most natural manner possible. There was Miss Belvawney, who seldom aspired to speaking parts, and usually went on as a page in white silk hose, to stand with one leg bent and contemplate the audience, or to go in and out after Mr. Crummles in stately tragedy, twisting up the ringlets of the beautiful Miss Bravassa, who had once had her likeness taken 'in character' by an engraver's apprentice, whereof impressions were hung up for sale in the pastry-cook's window, and the green-grocer's, and at the circulating library, and the box-office, whenever the announce bills came out for her annual night. There was Mrs. Lenville in a very limp bonnet and veil, decidedly in that way in which she would wish to be if she truly loved Mr. Lenville; there was Miss Gazingi, with an imitation ermine boa tied in a loose knot round her neck, flogging Mr. Crummles, junior, with both ends in fun. Lastly, there was Mrs. Grudden in a brown cloth pelisse and a beaver bonnet, who assisted Mrs. Crummles in her domestic affairs, and took money at the doors, and dressed the ladies, and swept the house, and held the prompt book when everybody else was on for the last scene, and acted any kind of part on any emergency without ever learning it, and was put down in the bills under any name or names whatever that occurred to Mr. Crummles as looking well in print.

Mr. Folair having obligingly confided these particulars to Nicholas, left him to mingle with his fellows; the work of personal introduction was completed by Mr. Vincent Crummles, who publicly heralded the new actor as a prodigy of genius and learning.

'I beg your pardon,' said Miss Snelvellicci, sidling towards Nicholas, 'but did you ever play at Canterbury?'

'I never did,' replied Nicholas.

'I recollect meeting a gentleman at Canterbury,' said Miss Snelvellicci, 'only for a few moments, for I was leaving the company as he joined it, so like you that I felt almost certain it was the same.'

'I see you now for the first time,' rejoined Nicholas with all due gallantry. 'I am sure I never saw you before; I couldn't have forgotten it.'

'Oh, I'm sure—it's very flattering of you to say so,'

retorted Miss Snelvellicci with a graceful bend. 'Now I look at you again, I see that the gentleman at Canterbury, hadn't the same eyes as you—you'll think me very foolish for taking notice of such things, won't you?'

'Not at all,' said Nicholas. 'How can I feel otherwise than flattered by your notice in any way?'

'Oh!' you men, you are such vain creatures!' cried Miss Snelvellicci. Whereupon she became charmingly confused, and, pulling out her pocket handkerchief from a faded pink silk reticule with a gilt clasp, called to Miss Ledrook—

'Led, my dear,' said Miss Snelvellicci.

'Well, what is the matter?' said Miss Ledrook.

'It's not the same.'

'Not the same what?'

'Canterbury—you know what I mean. Come here, I want to speak to you.'

But Miss Ledrook wouldn't come to Miss Snelvellicci, so Miss Snelvellicci was obliged to go to Miss Ledrook, which she did in a skipping manner that was quite fascinating, and Miss Ledrook evidently joked Miss Snelvellicci about being struck with Nicholas, for, after some playful whispering, Miss Snelvellicci hit Miss Ledrook very hard on the backs of her hands, and retired up, in a state of pleasing confusion.

'Ladies and gentlemen,' said Mr. Vincent Crummles, who had been writing on a piece of paper, 'we'll call the Mortal Struggle to-morrow at ten; everybody for the procession. Intrigue, and Ways and Means, you're all up in, so we shall only want one rehearsal. Everybody at ten, if you please.'

'Everybody at ten,' repeated Mrs. Grudden, looking about her.

'On Monday morning we shall read a new piece,' said Mr. Crummles; 'the name's not known yet, but everybody will have a good part. Mr. Johnson will take care of that.'

'Hallo!' said Nicholas starting, 'I——'

'On Monday morning,' repeated Mr. Crummles, raising his voice, to drown the unfortunate Mr. Johnson's remonstrance; 'that'll do, ladies and gentlemen.'

The ladies and gentlemen required no second notice to quit, and in a few minutes the theatre was deserted, save by the Crummles' family, Nicholas and Smike.

'Upon my word,' said Nicholas, taking the manager aside, 'I don't think I can be ready by Monday.'

'Pooh, pooh,' replied Mr. Crummles.

'But really I can't,' returned Nicholas; 'my invention is not accustomed to these demands, or possibly I might produce ——'

'Invention! what the devil's that got to do with it!' cried the manager, hastily.

'Everything, my dear Sir.'

'Nothing, my dear Sir,' retorted the manager, with evident impatience. 'Do you understand French?'

‘Perfectly well.’

‘Very good,’ said the manager, opening the table-drawer, and giving a roll of paper from it to Nicholas. ‘There, just turn that into English, and put your name on the title-page. Damn me,’ said Mr. Crummles, angrily, ‘if I haven’t often said that I wouldn’t have a man or woman in my company that wasn’t master of the language, so that they might learn it from the original, and play it in English, and by that means save all this trouble and expense.’

Nicholas smiled, and pocketed the play.

‘What are you going to do about your lodgings?’ said Mr. Crummles.

Nicholas could not help thinking that for the first week it would be an uncommon convenience to have a turn-up bedstead in the pit, but he merely remarked that he had not turned his thoughts that way.

‘Come home with me then,’ said Mr. Crummles, ‘and my boys shall go with you after dinner, and show you the most likely place.’

The offer was not to be refused: Nicholas and Mr. Crummles gave Mrs. Crummles an arm each, and walked up the street in stately array. Smike, the boys, and the phenomenon, went home by a shorter cut, and Mrs. Grudden remained behind to take some cold Irish stew and a pint of porter in the box-office.

Mrs. Crummles trod the pavement as if she were going to immediate execution with an animating consciousness of innocence and that heroic fortitude which virtue alone inspires. Mr. Crummles, on the other hand, assumed the look and gait of a hardened despot; but they both attracted some notice from many of the passers-by, and when they heard a whisper of ‘Mr. and Mrs. Crummles,’ or saw a little boy run back to stare them in the face, the severe expression of their countenances relaxed, for they felt it was popularity.

Mr. Crummles lived in St. Thomas’s Street, at the house of one Bulph, a pilot, who sported a boat-green door, with window-frames of the same colour, and had the little finger of a drowned man on his parlour mantel-shelf, with other maritime and natural curiosities. He displayed also a brass knocker, a brass plate, and a brass bell-handle, all very bright and shining; and had a mast, with a vane on the top of it, in his back yard.

‘You are welcome,’ said Mrs. Crummles, turning round to Nicholas when they reached the bow-windowed front room on the first floor.

Nicholas bowed his acknowledgments, and was unfeignedly glad to see the cloth laid.

‘We have but a shoulder of mutton with onion sauce,’ said Mrs. Crummles, in the same charnel-house voice; ‘but such as our dinner is, we beg you to partake of it.’

‘You are very good,’ replied Nicholas, ‘I shall do it ample justice.’

‘Vincent,’ said Mrs. Crummles, ‘what is the hour?’

‘Five minutes past dinner-time,’ said Mr. Crummles. Mrs. Crummles rang the bell. ‘Let the mutton and onion sauce appear.’

The slave who attended upon Mr. Bulph’s lodgers disappeared, and after a short interval re-appeared with the festive banquet. Nicholas and the infant phenomenon opposed each other at the pembroke-table, and Smike and the master Crummleses dined on the sofa bedstead.

‘Are they very theatrical people here?’ asked Nicholas.

‘No,’ replied Mr. Crummles, shaking his head, ‘far from it—far from it.’

‘I pity them,’ observed Mrs. Crummles.

‘So do I,’ said Nicholas; ‘if they have no relish for theatrical entertainments, properly conducted.’

‘Then they have none, Sir,’ rejoined Mr. Crummles. ‘To the infant’s benefit, last year, on which occasion she repeated three of her most popular characters, and also appeared in the Fairy Porcupine, as originally performed by her, there was a house of no more than four pound twelve.’

‘Is it possible?’ cried Nicholas.

‘And two pound of that was trust, pa,’ said the phenomenon.

‘And two pound of that was trust,’ repeated Mr. Crummles. ‘Mrs. Crummles herself has played to mere handfuls.’

‘But they are always a taking audience, Vincent,’ said the manager’s wife.

‘Most audiences are, when they have good acting—real good acting—the real thing,’ replied Mr. Crummles, forcibly.

‘Do you give lessons, ma’am?’ inquired Nicholas.

‘I do,’ said Mrs. Crummles.

‘There is no teaching here, I suppose!’

‘There has been,’ said Mrs. Crummles. ‘I have received pupils here. I imparted tuition to the daughter of a dealer in ships’ provision; but it afterwards appeared that she was insane when she first came to me. It was very extraordinary that she should come, under such circumstances.’

Not feeling quite so sure of that, Nicholas thought it best to hold his peace.

‘Let me see,’ said the manager cogitating after dinner. ‘Would you like some nice little part with the infant?’

‘You are very good,’ replied Nicholas hastily; ‘but I think perhaps it would be better if I had somebody of my own size at first, in case I should turn out awkward. I should feel more at home perhaps.’

‘True,’ said the manager. ‘Perhaps you would, and you could play up to the infant in time you know.’

‘Certainly,’ replied Nicholas: devoutly hoping that it would be a very long time before he was honoured with this distinction.

'Then I'll tell you what we'll do,' said Mr. Crummles. 'You shall study Romeo when you've done that piece—don't forget to throw the pump and tubs in by-the-bye—Juliet, Miss Snevellicci, old Grudden the nurse.—Yes, that'll do very well. Rover too;—you might get up Rover while you were about it, and Cassio, and Jeremy Diddler. You can easily knock them off; one part helps the other so much. Here they are, cues and all.'

With these hasty general directions Mr. Crummles thrust a number of little books into the faltering hands of Nicholas, and bidding his eldest son go with him and show him where lodgings were to be had, shook him by the hand and wished him good night.

There is no lack of comfortable furnished apartments in Portsmouth, and no difficulty in finding some that are proportionate to very slender finances; but the former were too good, and the latter too bad, and they went into so many houses, and came out unsuited, that Nicholas seriously began to think he should be obliged to ask permission to spend the night in the theatre, after all.

Eventually, however, they stumbled upon two small rooms up three pair of stairs, or rather two pair and a ladder, at a tobaccoist's shop, on the Common Hard, a dirty street leading down to the dockyard. These Nicholas engaged, only too happy to have escaped any request for payment of a week's rent beforehand.

'There, lay down our personal property; Smike,' he said, after showing young Crummles down stairs. 'We have fallen upon strange times, and God only knows the end of them; but I am tired with the events of these three days, and will postpone reflection till to-morrow—if I can.'

*From Bentley's Miscellany.*

## OLIVER TWIST.

(CONTINUED.)

### BOOK THE THIRD.

#### CHAPTER THE THIRD.

*A strange interview, which is a sequel to the last chapter.*

It was fortunate for the girl that the possession of money occasioned Mr. Sikes so much employment next day in the way of eating and drinking, and withal had so beneficial an effect in smoothing down the asperities of his temper that he had neither time nor inclination to be very critical upon her behaviour and deportment. That she had all the abstracted and nervous manner of one who is on the eve of some bold and hazardous step, which it has required no

common struggle to resolve upon, would have been obvious to his lynx-eyed friend, the Jew, who would most probably have taken the alarm at once; but Mr. Sikes lacking the niceties of discrimination, and being troubled with no more subtle misgivings than those which resolve themselves into a dogged roughness of behaviour towards everybody; and being, furthermore, in an unusually amiable condition, as has been already observed, saw nothing unusual in her demeanour, and, indeed, troubled himself so little about her, that, had her agitation been far more perceptible than it was, it would have been very unlikely to have awakened his suspicions.

As the day closed in the girl's excitement increased, and, when night came on, and she sat by, watching till the housebreaker should drink himself asleep, there was an unusual paleness in her cheek, and fire in her eye, that even Sikes observed with astonishment.

Mr. Sikes, being weak from the fever, was lying in bed, taking hot water with his gin to render it less inflammatory, and had pushed his glass towards Nancy to be replenished for the third or fourth time, when these symptoms first struck him.

'Why, burn my body!' said the man, raising himself on his hands as he stared the girl in the face. 'You look like a corpse come to life again. What's the matter?'

'Matter!' replied the girl. 'Nothing. What do you look at me so hard for?'

'What foolery is this?' demanded Sikes, grasping her by the arm, and shaking her roughly. 'What is it? What do you mean? What are you thinking of, ha?'

'Of many things, Bill,' replied the girl, shuddering, and as she did so pressing her hands upon her eyes. 'But, Lord! what odds in that?'

The tone of forced gaiety in which the last words were spoken seemed to produce a deeper impression on Sikes than the wild and rigid look which had preceded them.

'I tell you wot it is,' said Sikes, 'if you havn't caught the fever and got it comin' on now, there's something more than usual in the wind, and something dangerous too. You're not a-going to—— No, damme! you wouldn't do that!'

'Do what?' asked the girl.

'There ain't,' said Sikes, fixing his eyes upon her, and muttering the words to himself, 'there ain't a stauncher-hearted gal going, or I'd have cut her throat three months ago. She's got the fever coming on; that's it.'

Fortifying himself with this assurance, Sikes drained the glass to the bottom, and then, with many grumbling oaths, called for his physic. The girl



jumped up with great alacrity, poured it quickly out, but with her back towards him: and held the vessel to his lips while he drank it off.

'Now,' said the robber, 'come and sit aside of me, and put on your own face, or I'll alter it so that you won't know it again when you *do* want it.'

The girl obeyed, and Sikes, locking her hand in his, fell back upon the pillow, turning his eyes upon her face. They closed, opened again; closed once more, again opened: the housebreaker shifted his position restlessly, and, after dozing again and again for two or three minutes, and as often springing up with a look of terror, and gazing vacantly about him, was suddenly stricken, as it were, while in the very attitude of rising, into a deep and heavy sleep. The grasp of his hand relaxed, the upraised arm fell languidly by his side, and he lay like one in a profound trance.

'The laudanum has taken effect at last,' murmured the girl as she rose from the bedside. 'I may be too late even now.'

She hastily dressed herself in her bonnet and shawl, looking fearfully round from time to time as if, despite the sleeping draught, she expected every moment to feel the pressure of Sikes's heavy hand upon her shoulder; then stooping softly over the bed, she kissed the robber's lips, and opening and closing the room-door with noiseless touch, hurried from the house.

A watchman was crying half-past nine down a dark passage through which she had to pass in gaining the main thoroughfare.

'Has it long gone the half hour?' asked the girl.

'It'll strike the hour in another quarter,' said the man, raising his lantern to her face.

'And I cannot get there in less than an hour or more,' muttered Nancy, brushing swiftly past him, and gliding rapidly down the street.

Many of the shops were already closing in the back lanes and avenues through which she tracked her way in making from Spitalfields towards the West-End of London. The clock struck ten, increasing her impatience. She tore along the narrow pavement, elbowing the passengers from side to side, and darting almost under the horses' heads, crossed crowded streets, where clusters of persons were eagerly watching their opportunity to do the like.

'The woman is mad!' said the people, turning to look after her as she rushed away.

When she reached the more wealthy quarter of the town, the streets were comparatively deserted, and here her headlong progress seemed to excite a greater curiosity in the stragglers whom she hurried past. Some quickened their pace behind, as though to see whither she was hastening at such an unusual rate; and a few made head upon her, and looked back, surprised at her undiminished speed, but they fell off

one by one; and when she neared her place of destination she was alone.

It was a family hotel in a quiet but handsome street near Hyde Park. As the brilliant light of the lamp which burnt before its door guided her to the spot, the clock struck eleven. She had loitered for a few paces as though irresolute, and making up her mind to advance; but the sound determined her, and she stepped into the hall. The porter's seat was vacant. She looked round with an air of incertitude, and advanced towards the stairs.

'Now, young woman,' said a smartly-dressed female, looking out from a door behind her, 'who do you want here?'

'A lady who is stopping in this house,' answered the girl.

'A lady!' was the reply, accompanied with a scornful look. 'What lady, pray?'

'Miss Maylie,' said Nancy.

The young woman, who had by this time noted her appearance, replied only by a look of virtuous disdain, and summoned a man to answer her. To him Nancy repeated her request.

'What name am I to say?' asked the waiter.

'It's of no use saying any,' replied Nancy.

'Nor business?' said the man.

'No, nor that neither,' rejoined the girl. 'I must see the lady.'

'Come,' said the man, pushing her towards the door, 'none of this! Take yourself off, will you?'

'I shall be carried out if I go!' said the girl violently, 'and I can make that a job that two of you won't like to do. Isn't there anybody here,' she said, looking round, 'that will see a simple message carried for a poor wretch like me?'

This appeal produced an effect on a good-tempered-faced man-cook, who with some other of the servants was looking on, and who stepped forward to interfere.

'Take it up for her, Joe, can't you?' said this person.

'What's the good?' replied the man. 'You don't suppose the young lady will see such as her, do you?'

This allusion to Nancy's doubtful character raised a vast quantity of chaste wrath in the bosoms of four housemaids, who remarked with great fervour that the creature was a disgrace to her sex, and strongly advocated her being thrown ruthlessly into the kennel.

'Do what you like with me,' said the girl, turning to the men again; 'but do what I ask you first; and I ask you to give this message for God Almighty's sake.'

The soft-hearted cook added his intercession, and the result was that the man who had first appeared undertook its delivery.

'What's it to be?' said the man, with one foot on the stairs.

'That a young woman earnestly asks to speak to

Miss Maylie alone,' said Nancy; 'and, that if the lady will only hear the first word she has to say, she will know whether to hear her business, or have her turned out of doors as an impostor.'

'I say,' said the man, 'you're coming it strong!'

'You give the message,' said the girl firmly, 'and let me hear the answer.'

The man ran up stairs, and Nancy remained pale and almost breathless, listening with quivering lip to the very audible expressions of scorn, of which the chaste housemaids were very prolific; and became still more so when the man returned, and said the young woman was to walk up stairs.

'It's no good being proper in this world,' said the first housemaid.

'Brass can do better than the gold what has stood the fire,' said the second.

The third contented herself with wondering 'what ladies was made of;' and the fourth took the first in a quartette of 'Shameful!' with which the Dianas concluded.

Regardless of all this—for she had weightier matters at heart—Nancy followed the man with trembling limbs to a small antichamber, lighted by a lamp from the ceiling, in which he left her, and retired.

The girl's life had been squandered in the streets, and the most noisome of the stews and dens of London, but there was something of the woman's original nature left in her still; and when she heard a light step approaching the door opposite to that by which she had entered, and thought of the wide contrast which the small room would in another moment contain, she felt burdened with the sense of her own deep shame, and shrunk as though she could scarcely bear the presence of her with whom she had sought this interview.

But struggling with these better feelings was pride—the vice of the lowest and most debased creatures no less than of the high and self-assured. The miserable companion of thieves and ruffians, the fallen outcast of low haunts, the associate of the scourings of the jails and hulks, living within the shadow of the gallows itself,—even this degraded being felt too proud to betray one feeble gleam of the womanly feeling which she thought a weakness, but which alone connected her with that humanity, of which her wasting life had obliterated all outward traces when a very child.

She raised her eyes sufficiently to observe that the figure which presented itself was that of a slight and beautiful girl, and then bending them on the ground, tossed her head with affected carelessness as she said,

'It's a hard matter to get to see you, lady. If I had taken offence, and gone away, as many would have done, you'd have been sorry for it one day, and not without reason either.'

'I am very sorry if any one has behaved harshly to you,' replied Rose. 'Do not think of it, but tell me why you wish to see me. I am the person you inquired for.'

The kind tone of this answer, the sweet voice, the gentle manner, the absence of any accent of haughtiness or displeasure, took the girl completely by surprise, and she burst into tears.

'Oh, lady, lady!' she said, clasping her hands passionately before her face, 'if there was more like you, there would be fewer like me,—there would—there would!'

'Sit down,' said Rose earnestly; 'you distress me. If you are in poverty or affliction I shall be truly happy to relieve you if I can,—I shall indeed. Sit down.'

'Let me stand, lady,' said the girl, still weeping; 'and do not speak to me so kindly till you know me better. It is growing late. Is—is—that door shut!'

'Yes,' said Rose, recoiling a few steps, as if to be nearer assistance in case she should require it. 'Why!'

'Because,' said the girl, 'I am about to put my life and the lives of others in your hands. I am the girl that dragged little Oliver back to old Fagin's, the Jew's, on the night he went out from the house in Pentonville.'

'You!' said Rose Maylie.

'I, lady,' replied the girl. 'I am the infamous creature you have heard of, that lives among the thieves, and that never from the first moment I can recollect my eyes and senses opening on London streets have known any better life, or kinder words than they have given me, so help me God! Do not mind shrinking openly from me, lady. I am younger than you would think, to look at me, but I am well used to it; the poorest women fall back as I make my way along the crowded pavement.'

'What dreadful things are these!' said Rose, involuntarily falling from her strange companion.

'Thank Heaven upon your knees, dear lady,' cried the girl, 'that you had friends to care for and keep you in your childhood, and that you were never in the midst of cold and hunger, and riot and drunkenness, and—something worse than all—as I have been from my cradle; I may use the word, for the alley and the gutter were mine, as they will be my beath-bed.'

'I pity you!' said Rose in a broken voice. 'It wrings my heart to hear you!'

'God bless you for your goodness!' rejoined the girl. 'If you knew what I am sometimes you would pity me; indeed. But I have stolen away from those who would surely murder me if they knew I had been here to tell you what I have overheard. Do you know a man named Monks?'

'No,' said Rose.

'He knows you,' replied the girl; 'and knew you

were here, for it was by hearing him tell the place that I found you out.'

'I never heard the name,' said Rose.

'Then he goes by some other amongst us,' rejoined the girl, 'which I more than thought before. Some time ago, and soon after Oliver was put into your house on the night of the robbery, I—suspecting this man—listened to a conversation held between him and Fagin in the dark. I found out from what I heard that Monks—the man I asked you about, you know—'

'Yes,' said Rose, 'I understand.'

'—That Monks,' pursued the girl, 'had seen him accidentally with two of our boys on the day we first lost him, and had known him directly to be the same child that he was watching for, though I couldn't make out why. A bargain was struck with Fagin, that if Oliver was got back he should have a certain sum; and he was to have more for making him a thief, which this Monks wanted for some purpose of his own.'

'For what purpose?' asked Rose.

'He caught sight of my shadow on the wall as I listened in the hope of finding out,' said the girl; 'and there are not many people besides me that could have got out of their way in time to escape discovery. But I did; and I saw him no more till last night.'

'And what occurred then?'

'I'll tell you, lady. Last night he came again. Again they went up stairs, and I, wrapping myself up so that my shadow should not betray me, again listened at the door. The first words I heard Monks say were these. "So the only proofs of the boy's identity lie at the bottom of the river, and the old hag that received them from the mother is rotting in her coffin. They laughed and talked of his success in doing this; and Monks, talking on about the boy, and getting very wild, said, that though he had got the young devil's money safely now, he'd rather have had it the other way; for, what a game it would have been to have brought down the boast of the father's will, by driving him through every jail in town, and then hauling him up for some capital felony, which Fagin could easily manage, after having made a good profit of him besides."

'What is all this?' said Rose.

'The truth, lady, though it comes from my lips,' replied the girl. 'Then he said, with oaths common enough in my ears, but strangers to yours, that if he could gratify his hatred by taking the boy's life without bringing his own neck in danger, he would; but, as he couldn't he'd be upon the watch to meet him at every turn in life, and if he took advantage of his birth and history, he might harm him yet. "In short, Fagin," he says, "Jew as you are, you never laid such snares as I'll contrive for my young brother, Oliver."

'His brother!' exclaimed Rose, clasping her hands.

'Those were his words,' said Nancy, glancing uneasily round, as she had scarcely ceased to do since she began to speak, for a vision of Sikes haunted her perpetually. 'And more. When he spoke of you and the other lady, and said it seemed contrived by heaven or the devil, against him, that Oliver should come into your hands, he laughed, and said there was some comfort in that too, for how many thousands and hundreds of thousands of pounds would you not give, if you had them, to know who your two-legged spaniel was.'

'You do not mean,' said Rose, turning very pale, 'to tell me that this was said in earnest.'

'He spoke in hard and angry earnest, if a man ever did,' replied the girl, shaking her head. 'He is an earnest man when his hatred is up. I know many who do worse things; but I'd rather listen to them all a dozen times than to that Monks once. It is growing late, and I have to reach home without suspicion of having been on such an errand as this. I must get back quickly.'

'But what can I do?' said Rose. 'To what use can I turn this communication without you? Back? Why do you wish to return to your companions you paint in such terrible colours. If you repeat this information to a gentleman whom I can summon in one instant from the next room, you can be consigned to some place of safety without half an hour's delay.'

'I wish to go back,' said the girl. 'I must go back, because—how can I tell such things to an innocent lady like you?—because among the men I have told you of, there is one the most desperate among them all that I can't leave; no—not even to be saved from the life I am leading now.'

'Your having interfered in this dear boy's behalf before, said Rose; 'your coming here at so great a risk to tell me what you have heard; your manner, which convinces me of the truth of what you say; your evident contrition, and sense of shame, all lead me to believe that you might be yet reclaimed. Oh!' said the earnest girl, folding her hands as the tears coursed down her face, 'do not turn a deaf ear to the entreaties of one of your own sex; the first—the first, I do believe, who ever appealed to you in the voice of pity and compassion. Do hear my words, and let me save you yet for better things.'

'Lady,' cried the girl, sinking on her knees, 'dear, sweet angel lady, you *are* the first that ever blessed me with such words as these, and if I had heard them years ago, they might have turned me from a life of sin and sorrow; but it is too late—it is too late.'

'It is never too late,' said Rose, 'for penitence and atonement.'

'It is,' cried the girl, writhing in the agony of her mind; 'I cannot leave him now—I could not be his death.'

'Why should you be?' asked Rose.

'Nothing could save him,' cried the girl. 'If I told others what I have told you, and led to their being taken, he would be sure to die. He is the boldest and has been so cruel.'

'Is it possible,' cried Rose, 'that for such a man as this you can resign every future hope, and the certainty of immediate rescue? It is madness.'

'I don't know what it is,' answered the girl; 'I only know that it is so, and not with me alone, but with hundreds of others as bad and as wretched as myself. I must go back. Whether it is God's wrath for the wrong I have done, I do not know; but I am drawn back to him through every suffering and ill usage, and should be, I believe, if I knew that I was to die by his hand at last.'

'What am I to do?' said Rose. 'I should not let you depart from me thus.'

'You should lady, and I know you will,' rejoined the girl, rising. 'You will not stop my going because I have trusted in your goodness, and forced no promise from you, as I might have done.'

'Of what use, then, is the communication you have made?' said Rose. 'This mystery must be investigated, or how will its disclosure to me benefit Oliver, whom you are anxious to serve?'

'You must have some kind gentleman about you, that will hear it as a secret, and advise you what to do,' rejoined the girl.

'But where can I find you again when it is necessary?' asked Rose. 'I do not seek to know where these dreadful people live, but where you will be walking or passing at any settled period from this time?'

'Will you promise me that you will have my secret strictly kept, and come alone, or with the only other person that knows it, and that I shall not be watched or followed?' asked the girl.

'I promise you solemnly,' answered Rose.

'Every Sunday night, from eleven until the clock strikes twelve,' said the girl without hesitation, 'I will walk on London Bridge if I am alive.'

'Stay another moment,' interposed Rose, as the girl moved hurriedly towards the door. 'Think once again on your own condition, and the opportunity you have of escaping from it. You have a claim on me: not only as the voluntary bearer of this intelligence, but as a woman lost almost beyond redemption. Will you return to this gang of robbers and to this man, when a word can save you? What fascination is it that can take you back, and make you cling to wickedness and misery? Oh! is there no chord in your heart that I can touch—is there nothing left to which I can appeal against this terrible infatuation?'

'When ladies as young, and good, and beautiful as you are,' replied the girl steadily, 'give away your hearts, love will carry you all lengths—even such as

you who have home, friends, other admirers, everything to fill them. When such as me, who have no certain roof but the coffin lid, and no friend in sickness or death but the hospital nurse, set our rotten hearts on any man, and let him fill the place that parents, home, and friends filled once, or that has been a blank through all our wretched lives, who can hope to cure us? Pity us, lady,—pity us for having only one feeling of the woman left, and for having that turned by a heavy judgment from a comfort and a pride into a new means of violence and suffering.'

'You will,' said Rose, after a pause, 'take some money from me, which may enable you to live without dishonesty—at all events until we meet again?'

'Not a penny,' replied the girl, waving her hand.

'Do not close your heart against all my efforts to help you,' said Rose, stepping gently forward. 'I wish to serve you indeed.'

'You would serve me best, lady,' replied the girl, wringing her hands, 'if you could take my life at once; for I have felt more grief to think of what I am to-night than I ever did before, and it would be something not to die in the same hell in which I have lived. God bless you sweet lady, and send as much happiness on your head as I have brought shame on mine!'

Thus speaking, and sobbing aloud, the unhappy creature turned away; while Rose Maylie, overpowered by this extraordinary interview, which bore more the semblance of a rapid dream than an actual occurrence, sank into a chair, and endeavoured to collect her wandering thoughts.

#### CHAPTER IV.

*Containing fresh discoveries, and showing that surprises, like misfortunes, seldom come alone.*

Her situation was indeed one of no common trial and difficulty, for while she felt the most eager and burning desire to penetrate the mystery in which Oliver's history was enveloped, she could not but hold sacred the confidence which the miserable woman with whom she had just conversed had reposed in her, as a young and guileless girl. Her words and manner had touched Rose Maylie's heart, and mingled with her love for her young charge, and scarcely less intense in its truth and fervour, was her fond wish to win the outcast back to repentance and hope.

They only proposed remaining in London three days, prior to departing for some weeks to a distant part of the coast. It was now midnight of the first day. What course of action could she determine upon which could be adopted in eight and-forty hours? or how could she postpone the journey without exciting suspicion?

Mr. Losberne was with them, and would be for the next two days; but Rose was too well acquainted with



the excellent gentleman's impetuosity, and foresaw too clearly the wrath with which, in the first explosion of his indignation, he would regard the instrument of Oliver's re-capture to trust him with the secret, when her representations in the girl's behalf could be seconded by no experienced person. These were all reasons for the greatest caution and most circumspect behaviour in communicating it to Mrs. Maylie, whose first impulse would infallibly be to hold a conference with the worthy doctor on the subject. As to resorting to any legal adviser, even if she had known how to do so, it was scarcely to be thought of, for the same reasons. Once the thought occurred to her of seeking assistance from Harry; but this awakened the recollection of their last parting, and it seemed unworthy of her to call him back, when—the tears rose to her eyes as she pursued this train of reflection—he might have by this time have learnt to forget her, and to be happier away.

Disturbed by these different reflections, and inclining now to one course and then to another, and again recoiling from all as each successive consideration presented itself to her mind, Rose passed a sleepless and anxious night, and, after more communing with herself next day, arrived at the desperate conclusion of consulting Harry Maylie.

'If it be painful to him,' she thought, 'to come back here, how painful will it be to me! But perhaps he will not come; he may write, or he may come himself, and studiously abstain from meeting me—he did when he went away. I hardly thought he would; but it was better for us both—a great deal better.' And here Rose dropped the pen and turned away, as though the very paper which was to be her messenger should not see her weep.

She had taken up the same and laid it down again fifty times, and had considered and re-considered the very first line of her letter without writing the first word, when Oliver who had been walking in the streets with Mr. Giles for a body-guard, entered the room in such breathless haste and violent agitation, as seemed to betoken some new cause of alarm.

'What makes you look so flurried!' asked Rose, advancing to meet him. 'Speak to me, Oliver.'

'I hardly know how; I feel as if I should be choked,' replied the boy. 'Oh dear! to think that I should see him at last, and you should be able to know that I have told you all the truth!'

'I never thought you had told us anything but the truth, dear,' said Rose, soothing him. 'But what is this?—of whom do you speak?'

'I have seen the gentleman,' replied Oliver, scarcely able to articulate, 'the gentleman who was so good to me—Mr. Brownlow, that we have so often talked about.'

'Where?' asked Rose.

'Getting out of a coach,' replied Oliver, shedding tears of delight, 'and going into a house. I didn't speak to him—I couldn't speak to him, for he didn't see me, and I trembled so, that I was not able to go up to him. But Giles asked for me whether he lived there, and they said he did. Look here,' said Oliver, opening a scrap of paper, 'here it is; here's where he lives—I'm going there directly. Oh, dear me, dear me! what shall I do when I come to see him and hear him speak again!'

With her attention not a little distracted by these and a great many other incoherent exclamations of joy, Rose read the address, which was Craven Street, in the Strand, and very soon determined upon turning the discovery to account.

'Quick!' she said, 'tell them to fetch a hackney-coach, and be ready to go with me. I will take you there directly, without a minute's loss of time. I will only tell my aunt that we are going out for an hour, and be ready as soon as you are.'

Oliver needed no prompting to despatch, and in little more than five minutes they were on their way to Craven Street. When they arrived there, Rose left Oliver in the coach under pretence of preparing the old gentleman to receive him, and sending up her card by the servant, requested to see Mr. Brownlow on very pressing business. The servant soon returned to beg that she would walk up stairs, and, following him into an upper room, Miss Maylie was presented to an elderly gentleman of benevolent appearance, in a bottle-green coat; at no great distance from whom was seated another old gentleman, in nankeen breeches and gaiters, who did not look particularly benevolent, and was sitting with his hands clasped on the top of a thick stick, and his chin propped thereupon.

'Dear me,' said the gentleman in the bottle-green coat, hastily rising with great politeness, 'I beg your pardon, young lady—I imagined it was some importunate person who—I beg you will excuse me. Be seated, pray.'

'Mr. Brownlow, I believe, sir?' said Rose, glancing from the other gentleman to the one who had spoken.

'That is my name,' said the old gentleman. 'This is my friend, Mr. Grimwig. Grimwig, will you leave us for a few minutes?'

'I believe,' interposed Miss Maylie, 'that at this period of our interview I need not give that gentleman the trouble of going away. If I am correctly informed, he is cognizant of the business on which I wish to speak to you.'

Mr. Brownlow inclined his head, and Mr. Grimwig, who had made one very stiff bow, and risen from his chair, made another very stiff bow, and dropped into it again.

'I shall surprise you very much, I have no doubt,' said Rose, naturally embarrassed; 'but you once show-

ed great benevolence and goodness to a very dear young friend of mine, and I am sure you will take an interest in hearing of him again.'

'Indeed!' said Mr. Brownlow. 'May I ask his name?'

'Oliver Twist you knew him as,' replied Rose.

The words no sooner escaped her lips than Mr. Grimwig, who had been affecting to dip into a large book that lay on the table, upset it with a great crash, and falling back in his chair, discharged from his features every expression but one of the most unmitigated wonder, and indulged in a prolonged and vacant stare; then, as if ashamed of having betrayed so much emotion, he jerked himself, as it were, by a convulsion into his former attitude, and looking out straight before him emitted a long, deep whistle, which seemed at last not to be discharged on empty air, but to die away in the inmost recesses of his stomach.

Mr. Brownlow was no less surprised, although his astonishment was not expressed in the same eccentric manner. He drew his chair nearer to Miss Maylie's, and said,

'Do me the favour, my dear young lady, to leave entirely out of the question that goodness and benevolence of which you speak, and of which nobody else knows anything, and if you have it in your power to produce any evidence which will alter the unfavourable opinion I was once induced to entertain of that poor child, in Heaven's name put me in possession of it.'

'A bad one—I'll eat my head if he is not a bad one,' growled Mr. Grimwig, speaking by some ventriloquial power, without moving a muscle of his face.

'He is a child of a noble nature and a warm heart,' said Rose, colouring; 'and that Power which has thought fit to try him beyond his years has planted in his breast affections and feelings which would do honour to many who have numbered his days six times over.'

'I'm only sixty-one,' said Mr. Grimwig with the same rigid face, 'and, as the devil's in it if this Oliver is not twelve at least, I don't see the application of that remark.'

'Do not heed my friend, Miss Maylie,' said Mr. Brownlow; 'he does not mean what he says.'

'Yes, he does,' growled Mr. Grimwig.

'No, he does not,' said Mr. Brownlow, obviously rising in wrath as he spoke.

'He'll eat his head if he doesn't,' growled Mr. Grimwig.

'He would deserve to have it knocked off, if he does,' said Mr. Brownlow.

'And he'd uncommonly like to see any man offer to do it,' responded Mr. Grimwig, knocking his stick upon the floor.

Having gone thus far, the two old gentlemen seve-

rally took snuff, and afterwards shook hands, according to their invariable custom.

'Now, Miss Maylie,' said Mr. Brownlow, 'to return to the subject in which your humanity is so much interested. Will you let me know what intelligence you have of this poor child: allowing me to premise that I exhausted every means in my power of discovering him, and that since I have been absent from this country, my first impression that he had imposed upon me, and been persuaded by his former associates to rob me, has been considerably shaken.'

Rose, who had had time to collect her thoughts, at once related in a few natural words all that had befallen Oliver since he left Mr. Brownlow's house, reserving Nancy's information for that gentleman's private ear, and concluding with the assurance that his only sorrow for some months past had been the not being able to meet with his former benefactor and friend.

'Thank God!' said the old gentleman; 'this is great happiness to me, great happiness. But you have not told me where he is now, Miss Maylie. You must pardon my finding fault with you,—but why not have brought him?'

'He is waiting in a coach at the door,' replied Rose.

'At this door!' cried the old gentleman. With which he hurried out of the room, down the stairs, up the coach-steps, and into the coach, without another word.

When the room-door closed behind him, Mr. Grimwig lifted up his head, and converting one of the hind legs of his chair into a pivot described three distinct circles with the assistance of his stick and the table: sitting in it all the time. After performing this evolution, he rose and limped as fast as he could up and down the room at least a dozen times, and then stopping suddenly before Rose, kissed her without the slightest preface.

'Hush!' he said, as the young lady rose in some alarm at this unusual proceeding, 'don't be afraid; I'm old enough to be your grandfather. You're a sweet girl—I like you. Here they are.'

In fact, as he threw himself at one dexterous dive into his former seat, Mr. Brownlow returned accompanied by Oliver, whom Mr. Grimwig received very graciously; and if the gratification of that moment had been the only reward for all her anxiety and care in Oliver's behalf, Rose Maylie would have been well repaid.

'There is somebody else who should not be forgotten, by the bye,' said Mr. Brownlow, ringing the bell. 'Send Mrs. Bedwin here, if you please.'

The old housekeeper answered the summons with all despatch, and dropping a curtsy at the door, waited for orders.

'Why, you get blinder every day, Bedwin,' said Mr. Brownlow, rather testily.

'Well, that I do, sir,' replied the old lady. 'People's eyes, at my time of life, don't improve with age, sir.'

'I could have told you that,' rejoined Mr. Brownlow; 'but put on your glasses, and see if you can't find out what you were wanted for, will you?'

The old lady began to rummage in her pocket for her spectacles; but Oliver's patience was not proof against this new trial, and yielding to his first impulse, he sprang into her arms.

'God be good to me!' cried the old lady, embracing him; 'it is my innocent boy!'

'My dear old nurse!' cried Oliver.

'He would come back—I knew he would,' said the old lady, holding him in her arms. 'How well he looks, and how like a gentleman's son he is dressed again. Where have you been this long, long while? Ah! the same sweet face, but not so pale; the same soft eye, but not so sad. I have never forgotten them or his quiet smile, but seen them every day side by side with those of my own dear children, dead and gone since I was a young lightsome creature.' Running on thus, and now holding Oliver from her to mark how he had grown, now clasping him to her and passing her fingers fondly through his hair, the poor soul laughed and wept upon his neck by turns.

Leaving her and Oliver to compare notes at leisure, Mr. Brownlow led the way into another room, and there heard from Rose a full narration of her interview with Nancy, which occasioned him no little surprise and perplexity. Rose also explained her reasons for not making a confidant of her friend Mr. Losberne in the first instance; the old gentleman considered that she had acted prudently, and readily undertook to hold solemn conference with the worthy doctor himself. To afford him an early opportunity for the execution of this design, it was arranged that he should call at the hotel at eight o'clock that evening, and that in the mean time Mrs. Maylie should be cautiously informed of all that had occurred. These preliminaries adjusted, Rose and Oliver returned home.

Rose had by no means overrated the measure of the good doctor's wrath, for Nancy's history was no sooner unfolded to him than he poured forth a shower of mingled threats and execrations; threatened to make her the first victim of the combined ingenuity of Messrs. Blathers and Duff, and actually put on his preparatory to sallying forth immediately to obtain the assistance of those worthies. And doubtless he would, in this first outbreak, have carried the intention into effect without a moment's consideration of the consequences if he had not been restrained, in part, by corresponding violence on the side of Mr. Brownlow, who was himself of an irascible temperament, and partly by such arguments and representations as seemed best

calculated to dissuade him from his hot-brained purpose.

'Then what the devil is to be done?' said the impetuous doctor, when they had rejoined the two ladies. 'Are we to pass a vote of thanks to all these vagabonds, male and female, and beg them to accept a hundred pounds or so apiece as a trifling mark of our esteem, and some slight acknowledgment of their kindness to Oliver?'

'Not exactly that,' rejoined Mr. Brownlow laughing, but we must proceed gently and with great care.'

'Gentleness and care!' exclaimed the doctor. 'I'd send them one and all to——'

'Never mind where,' interposed Mr. Brownlow. 'But reflect whether sending them anywhere is likely to attain the object we have in view.'

'What object?' asked the doctor.

'Simply the discovery of Oliver's parentage, and regaining for him the inheritance of which, if this story be true, he has been fraudulently deprived.'

'Ah!' said Mr. Losberne, cooling himself with his pocket-handkerchief; 'I almost forgot that.'

'You see,' pursued Mr. Brownlow, 'placing this poor girl entirely out of the question, and supposing it were possible to bring these scoundrels to justice without compromising her safety, what good should we bring about?'

'Hanging a few of them at least, in all probability,' suggested the doctor, 'and transporting the rest.'

'Very good,' replied Mr. Brownlow smiling, 'but no doubt they will bring that about themselves in the fulness of time, and if we step in to forestall them, it seems to me that we shall be performing a very Quixotic act in direct opposition to our own interest, or at least to Oliver's, which is the same thing.'

'How?' inquired the doctor.

'Thus. It is quite clear that we shall have the most extreme difficulty in getting to the bottom of this mystery, unless we can bring this man, Monks, upon his knees. That can only be done by stratagem, and by catching him when he is not surrounded by these people. For, suppose he were apprehended, we have no proof against him. He is not even (so far as we know, or as the facts appear to us,) concerned with the gang in any of their robberies. If he were not discharged, it is very unlikely that he could receive any further punishment than being committed to prison as a rogue and vagabond, and of course ever afterwards his mouth is so obstinately closed that he might as well, for our purposes, be deaf, dumb, blind, and an idiot.'

'Then,' said the doctor impetuously, 'I put it to you again, whether you think it reasonable that this promise to the girl should be considered binding; a promise made with the best and kindest intentions, but really—'

'Do not discuss the point, my dear young lady, pray,'

said Mr. Brownlow interrupting Rose as she was about to speak. 'The promise shall be kept. I don't think it will in the slightest degree interfere with our proceedings. But before we can resolve upon any precise course of action, it will be necessary to see the girl, to ascertain from her whether she will point out this Monks on the understanding that she is to be dealt with by us, and not by the law; or if she will not or cannot do that, to procure from her such an account of his haunts and description of his person as will enable us to identify him. She cannot be seen until next Sunday night; this is Tuesday. I would suggest that, in the mean time, we remain perfectly quiet, and keep these matters secret even from Oliver himself.'

Although Mr. Losberne received with many wry faces a proposal involving a delay of five whole days, he was fain to admit that no better course occurred to him just then; and as both Rose and Mrs. Maylie sided very strongly with Mr. Brownlow, that gentleman's proposition was carried unanimously.

'I should like,' he said, 'to call in the aid of my friend Grimwig. He is a strange creature, but a shrewd one, and might prove of material assistance to us; I should say that he was bred a lawyer, and quitted the bar in disgust because he had only one brief and a motion of course in ten years, though whether that is a recommendation or not, you must determine for yourselves.'

'I have no objection to your calling in your friend if I may call in mine,' said the doctor.

'We must put it to the vote,' replied Mr. Brownlow, 'who may he be?'

'That lady's son, and this young lady's—very old friend,' said the doctor, motioning towards Mrs. Maylie, and concluding with an expressive glance at her niece.

Rose blushed deeply, but she did not make any audible objection to this motion (possibly she felt in a hopeless minority) and Harry Maylie and Mr. Grimwig were accordingly added to the committee.

'We stay in town of course,' said Mrs. Maylie, 'while there remains the slightest prospect of prosecuting this inquiry with a chance of success. I will spare neither trouble nor expense in behalf of the object in whom we are all so deeply interested, and I am content to remain here, if it be for twelve months, so long as you assure me that any hope remains.'

'Good,' rejoined Mr. Brownlow, 'and as I see on the faces about me a disposition to inquire how it happened that I was not in the way to corroborate Oliver's tale, and had so suddenly left the kingdom, let me stipulate that I shall be asked no questions until such time as I may deem it expedient to forestall them by telling my own story. Believe me that I make this request with good reason, for I might otherwise excite hopes destined never to be realized, and only increase

difficulties and disappointments already quite numerous enough. Come; supper has been announced, and young Oliver, who is all alone in the next room, will have begun to think, by this time, that we have wearied of his company, and entered into some dark conspiracy to thrust him forth upon the world.'

With these words the old gentleman gave his hand to Mrs. Maylie, and escorted her into the supper room. Mr. Losberne followed, leading Rose, and the council was for the present effectually broken up.

*From the Dublin University Magazine.*

## FARDOROUGH, THE MISER.

(CONTINUED.)

### PART V.

On hearing his step she raised her head, and advancing towards the middle of the garden, took his arm, and led him towards the summer-house in which Connor and she had first acknowledged their love. She gazed wistfully upon it after they entered, and rung her hands, but still shed no tear.

'Una,' said her brother, 'you had something to say to me; what is it, darling?'

She glanced timidly at him, and blushed.

'You won't be angry with me, John,' she replied; 'would it be proper for me to—to go—?'

'What! to be present at the trial? Dear Una, you cannot think of it. It would neither be proper nor prudent, and you surely would not be considered indelicate? Besides, even were it not so, your strength is unequal to it. No, no, Una dear; dismiss it from your thoughts.'

'I fear I could not stand it, indeed, John, even if it were proper; but I know not what to do; there is a weight like death upon my heart. If I could shed a tear it would relieve me; but I cannot.'

'It is probably better you should feel so, Una, than to entertain hopes upon the matter that may be disappointed. It is always wisest to prepare for the worst, in order to avoid the shock that may come upon us, and which always falls heaviest when it comes contrary to our expectations.'

'I do not at all feel well,' she replied, 'and I have been thinking of the best way to break this day's tidings to me, when you come home. If he's cleared, say, goodhumoredly, 'Una, all's lost; and if—if not, oh, desire me—say to me, 'Una, you had better go to bed, and let your mother go with you; that will be enough; I will go to bed, and if ever I rise from it again, it will not be from a love of life.'

The brother seeing that conversation on the subject of her grief only caused her to feel more deeply, deem-



ed it better to terminate than to continue a dialogue which only aggravated her sufferings.

'I trust and hope, dear Una,' he said, 'that you will observe my father's advice, and make at least a worthy effort to support yourself, under what certainly is a heavy affliction to you, in a manner becoming your own character. For his sake—for my mother's, and for mine too, endeavour to have courage; be firm—and, Una, if you take my advice, you'll pray to God to strengthen you; for, after all, there is no support in the moment of distress and sorrow, like His.'

'I will take your advice,' she replied; 'but is it not strange, John, that such heavy misfortune should fall upon two persons so young, and who deserve it so little?'

'It may be a trial sent for your advantage and His; who can say but it may yet end for the good of you both. At present, indeed, there is no probability of its ending favourably, and, even should it not, we are bound to bear with patience such dispensations as the Great Being, to whom we owe our existence, and of whose ways we know so little, may think right to lay upon us. Now, God bless you, and support you, dear, till I see you again. I must go; don't you hear the jaunting-car driving up to the gate; be firm—dear Una—be firm, and good bye!'

Never was a day spent under the influence of a more terrible suspense than that which drank up the strength of this sinking girl during the trial of her lover. Actuated by a burning and restless sense of distraction, she passed from place to place with that mechanical step which marks those who seek for comfort in vain. She retired to her apartment and strove to pray; but the effort was fruitless; the confusion of her mind rendered connexion and continuity of thought and language impossible. At one moment she repaired to the scenes where they had met, and again with a hot and aching brain, left them with a shudder that arose from a withering conception of the loss of him whose image, by their association, was at once rendered more distinct and more beloved. Her poor mother frequently endeavoured to console her, but became too much affected herself to proceed. Nor were the servants less anxious to remove the heavy load of sorrow which weighed down her young spirit to the earth. Her brief, but affecting, reply was the same to each.

'Nothing can comfort me; my heart is breaking; oh, leave me—leave me to the sorrow that's upon me.'

Deep indeed was the distress felt on her account, even by the females of her father's house, who, that day, shed many bitter tears on witnessing the mute but feverish agony of her sufferings. As evening approached she became evidently more distracted and depressed; her head, she said, felt hot, and her temples occasionally throbbed with considerable violence.

The alternations of colour on her cheek were more frequent than before, and their pallid and carmine hues were more alarmingly contrasted. Her weeping mother took the stricken one to her bosom, and, after kissing her burning and passive lips, pressed her temples, with a hope that this might give her relief.

'Why don't you cry, *anien machree*? (daughter of my heart.) Thry and shed tears; it 'ill take away this burnin' pain that's in your poor head; oh, thry an' let down the tears, an' you'll see how it 'ill relieve you.'

'Mother, I can't,' she replied; 'I can shed no tear; I wish they were home, for the worst couldn't be worse than this.'

'No, asthore, it couldn't—it can't; hush!—do you hear it? There they are; that's the car; ay, indeed, it's at the gate.'

They both listened for a moment, and the voices of her father and brother were distinctly heard giving some necessary orders to the servant.

'Mother, mother,' exclaimed Una, pressing her hands upon her heart, 'my heart is bursting, and my temples—my temples—'

'Chierna yeelish,' said the mother, feeling its strong and rapid palpitations, 'you can't stand this. Oh, darlin' of my heart, for the sake of your own life, an' of the livin' God, be firm.'

At this moment their knock at the hall-door occasioned her to leap, with a sudden start, almost out of her mother's arms. But, all at once, the tumult of that heart ceased, and the vermillion of her cheek changed to the hue of death. With a composure probably more the result of weakness than fortitude, she clasped her hands, and giving a fixed gaze towards the parlour-door, that spoke the resignation of despair, she awaited the tidings of her lover's doom. They both entered, and after a cautious glance about the room, immediately perceived the situation in which, reclining on her mother's bosom, she lay, ghastly as a corpse, before them.

'Una, dear,' said John, approaching her, 'I am afraid you are ill.'

She rivetted her eyes upon him, as if she would read his soul, but she could not utter a syllable.

The young man's countenance became overshadowed by a deep and mournful sense of the task he found himself compelled to perform; his voice faltered, and his limbs trembled, as, in a low tone of heartfelt and profound sympathy, he exclaimed,

'Una dear, you had better go to bed, and let my mother stay with you.'

Calmly she heard him, and rising, she slowly but deliberately left the room, and proceeded up stairs with a degree of steadiness which surprised her mother. The only words she uttered on hearing this blighting communication, were, 'Come with me, mother.'

'Una, darling,' said the latter when they had reached the bed-room, 'why don't you spake to me? Let me hear your voice, jewel; only let me hear your voice.'

Una stooped and affectionately kissed her, but made no reply for some minutes. She then began to undress, which she did in fits and starts; sometimes pausing, in evident abstraction, for a considerable time, and again resuming the task of preparing for bed.

'Mother,' she at length said, 'my heart is as cold as ice; but my brain is burning; feel my temples, how hot they are, and how they beat.'

'I do, alanna dheelish; your body, as well as your mind, is sick; but we'll find for the doethor, darlin', and you'll soon be betther, I hope.'

'I hope so; and then Connor and I can be married in spite of them. Don't they say, mother, that marriages are made in heaven?'

'They do, darlin'.'

'Well, then, I will meet him there. Oh, my head—my head; I cannot bear—bear this racking pain.'

Her mother, who, though an uneducated woman, was by no means deficient in sagacity, immediately perceived that her mind was beginning to exhibit symptoms of being unsettled. Having, therefore, immediately called one of the maid-servants, she gave her orders to stay with Una, who had now gone to bed, until she herself could again return to her. She instantly proceeded to the parlour, where her husband and son were, and, with a face pale from alarm, told them that she feared Una's mind was going.

'May the Almighty forbid,' exclaimed her father, laying down his knife and fork, for they had just sat down to dinner; 'oh, what makes you say such a thing, Bridget? what on earth makes you think it?'

'For heaven's sake, mother, tell us at once,' inquired the son, rising from the table, and walking distractedly across the room.

'Why she's beginning to rave about him,' replied her mother; 'she's afther sayin' that she'll be married to him in spite o' them.'

'In spite o' who, Bridget?' asked the Bodagh, wiping his eyes—'in spite o' who does she mane?'

'Why, I suppose in spite of Flanagan an' thim that found him guilty,' replied his wife.

'Well, but what else did she say, mother?'

'She axed me if marriages warn't made in heaven, and I told her that the people said so; upon that she said she'd meet him there, an' then she complained of her head. The trewth is, she has a heavy load of sickness on her back, and the sorra hour should be lost till we get a doethor.'

'Yes, that *is* the truth, mother; I'll go this moment for Dr. H—. There's nothing like taking these things in time. Poor Una! God knows this trial is

a sore one upon a heart so faithful and affectionate as her's.'

'John, had you not betther ait something before you go?' said his father; 'you want it afther the trouble some day you had.'

'No, no,' replied the son; 'I cannot—I cannot; I will neither eat nor drink till I hear what the doctor will say about her. Oh, my God,' he exclaimed, whilst his eyes filled with tears, 'and is it come to this with you, our darling Una?—I won't lose a moment till I return,' he added, as he went out; 'nor will I, under any circumstances, come without medical aid of some kind.'

'Let these things be taken away, Bridget,' said the Bodagh; 'my appetite is gone, too; that last news is the worst of all. May the Lord of Heaven keep our child's mind right; for, oh, Bridget, wouldn't death itself be far afore *that*?'

'I'm going up to her,' replied his wife; 'and may Jasus guard her, and spare her safe and sound to us; for what—what kind of a house would it be if she—but I can't think of it. Oh, wurrah, wurrah, this night!'

Until the return of their son, with the doctor, both O'Brien and his wife hung in a state of alarm bordering on agony over the bed of their beloved daughter. Indeed the rapidity and vehemence with which incoherence, accompanied by severe illness, set in, were sufficient to excite the greatest alarm, and to justify their darkest apprehensions. Her skin was hot almost to burning; her temples throbbed terribly, and such were her fits of starting and raving, that they felt as if every minute were an hour, until the physician actually made his appearance. Long before this gentleman reached the house, the son had made him fully acquainted with what he looked upon as the immediate cause of her illness; not that the doctor himself had been altogether ignorant of it; for indeed there were few persons of any class or condition in the neighbourhood to whom that circumstance was unknown.

On examining the diagnostics that presented themselves, he pronounced her complaint to be brain fever of the most formidable class, to wit, that which arises from extraordinary pressure upon the mind, and unusual excitement of the feelings. It was a relief to her family, however, to know that beyond the temporary mental aberrations inseparable from the nature of her complaint, there was no evidence whatsoever of insanity. They felt grateful to God for this, and were consequently enabled to watch her sick-bed with more composure, and to look forward to her ultimate recovery with a hope less morbid and gloomy. In this state we are now compelled to leave them and her, and to beg the reader will accompany us to another house of sorrow, where the mourning was still more

deep, and the spirits that were wounded driven into all the wild and dreary darkness of affliction.

Our readers cannot forget the helpless state of intoxication, in which Fardorougha left his unhappy son on the evening of the calamitous day that saw him doomed to an ignominious death. His neighbours, as we then said, having procured a car, assisted him home, and would, for his wife's and son's sake, have afforded him all the sympathy in their power; he was, however, so completely overcome with the spirits he had drank, and an unconscious latent feeling of the dreadful sentence that had been pronounced upon his son, that he required little else at their hands than to keep him steady on the car. During the greater part of the journey home, his language was only a continuation of the incoherencies which Connor had, with such a humiliating sense of shame and sorrow, witnessed in his prison cell. A little before they arrived within sight of his house, his companions perceived that he had fallen asleep; but to a stranger, ignorant of the occurrences of the day, the car presented the appearance of a party returning from a wedding or from some other occasion equally festive and social. Most of them were the worse of liquor, and one of them in particular had reached a condition which may be too often witnessed in this country. I mean that in which the language becomes thick; the eye knowing but vacant; the face impudent but relaxed; the limbs tottering, and the voice inveterately disposed to melody. The general conversation, therefore, of those who accompanied the old man was, as is usual with persons so circumstanced, high and windy; but as far as could be supposed by those who heard them cheerful and amicable. Over the loudness of their dialogue might be heard, from time to time, at a great distance, the song of the drunken melodist just alluded to, rising into those desperate tones which borrow their drowsy energy from intoxication alone. Such was the character of those who accompanied the miser home; and such were the indications conveyed to the ears or eyes of those who either saw or heard them, as they approached Fardorougha's dwelling, where the unsleeping heart of the mother watched—and oh, with what a dry and burning anguish of expectation, let our readers judge—for the life or death of the only child that God had ever vouchsafed to that loving heart on which to rest all its tenderest hopes and affections.

The manner in which Honor O'Donovan spent that day was marked by an earnest and simple piety that would have excited high praise and admiration if witnessed in a person of rank or consideration in society. She was, as the reader may remember, too ill to be able to attend the trial of her son, or as she herself expressed it in Irish, to draw strength to her heart by one look at his manly face; by one glance from her boy's eye. She resolved, however, to draw consolation

from a higher source, and to rest the burthen of her sorrows, as far as in her lay, upon that being in whose hands are the issues of life and death; or if she descended from the elevation of true worship to supplicate the intercession of departed spirits, let us attribute this rather to the dogmas of her creed than the errors of her heart. From the moment her husband left the threshold of his childless house on that morning until his return, her prayers to God and the saints were truly incessant. And who is so well acquainted with the inscrutable ways of the Almighty, as to dare assert that the humble supplications of this pious and sorrowful mother were not heard and answered. Whether it was owing to the fervour of an imagination, wrought upon by the influence of a creed which nourishes religious enthusiasm in an extraordinary degree, or whether it was by direct support from that God who compassionated her affliction, let others determine; but certain it is, that in the course of that day she gained a calmness and resignation, joined to an increased serenity of heart, such as she had not hoped to feel under a calamity so black and terrible.

On hearing the approach of the car which bore her husband home, and on listening to the noisy mirth of those, who, had they been sober, would have sincerely respected her grief, she put up an inward prayer of thanksgiving to God for what she supposed to be the happy event of Connor's acquittal. Stunning was the blow, however, and dreadful the revulsion of feeling, occasioned by the discovery of this sad mistake. When they reached the door she felt still further persuaded that all had ended as she wished, for to nothing else, except the wildness of unexpected joy, could she think of ascribing her husband's intoxication.

'We must carry Fardorougha in,' said one of them to the rest; 'for the liquor has fairly overcome him—he's sound asleep.'

'He is cleared,' exclaimed the mother; 'he is cleared! My heart tells me he has come out without a stain. What else could make his father, that never tasted liquor for the last thirty years, be as he is?'

'Honor O'Donovan,' said one of them, wringing her hand as he spoke, 'this has been a black day to you all; you must prepare yourself for bad news.'

'Thin Christ and his blessed mother support me, and support us all—but what is the worst? oh what is the worst?'

'The *bharradh dhu*,' replied the man, alluding to the black cap which the judge puts on when passing sentence of death.

'Well,' said she, 'may the name of the Lord that sent this upon us be praised for ever! That's no reason why we shouldn't still put our trust and reliance in him. I will show them, by the help of God's grace, an' by the assistance of his blessed mother, who suffered herself,—an' oh, what is my sufferin's to her's!'

—I will show them I say, that I can bear, as a Christian ought, whatever hard fate it may plase the Saviour of the earth to lay upon us. I know my son is innocent, an' surely, although it's hard, hard to part with such a boy, yet it's a consolation to know that he'll be better wid God, who is takin' him, than ever he'd be wid us. So the Lord's will be done this night and for ever! amin'!

This noble display of glowing piety and fortitude was not lost upon those who witnessed it. After uttering these simple but exalted sentiments, she crossed herself devoutly, as is the custom, and bowed her head with such a vivid sense of God's presence, that it seemed as if she actually stood, as no doubt she did, under the shadow of his power. These men, knowing the force of her love to that son, and the consequent depth of her misery at losing him by a death so shameful and violent, reverently took off their hats as she bent her head to express this obedience to the decrees of God, and in a subdued tone and manner exclaimed, almost with one voice,—

'May God pity you, Honor; for who but yourself would or could act as you do this bittier, bittier night!'

'I'm only doin' what I ought to do,' she replied; 'what is religion good for if it doesn't keep the heart right an' support us undher thrills like this, what 'ud it be then but a name? But how, oh how, came *his* father to be in sich a state on this bittier, bittier night, as you say it is—an' oh! heaven above sees it's that—how came *his* father, I say, into such a state?'

They then related the circumstance as it actually happened; and she appeared much relieved to hear that his inebriety was only accidental.

'I am glad,' she said, 'that he got it as he did; for indeed if he had made himself dhrunk this day, as too many like him do on sich occasions, he never again would appear the same man in my eyes, nor would my heart ever more warm to him as it did. But thanks be to God that he didn't take it of himself.'

She then heard, with a composure that could result only from fortitude and resignation united, a more detailed account of her son's trial, after which she added—

'As God is above me this night I find it asier to lose Connor than to forgive the man that destroyed him; but this is a bad state of heart, that I trust my Saviour will give me grace to overcome; an' I know he will if I ax it as I ought; at all evints, I wont lay my side on a bed this night until I pray to God to forgive Bartle Flanagan, an' to turn his heart.'

She then pressed them with a heart, as hospitable as it was pious, to partake of food, which they declined, from a natural reluctance to give trouble where the heart is known to be pressed down by the violence of domestic calamity. These are distinctions which our humble countrymen draw with a delicacy that may

well shame those who move in a higher rank of life. Respect for unmerited affliction, and sympathy for the sorrows of the just and virtuous, are never withheld by the Irish peasant when allowed by those who can guide him either for good or evil to follow the impulses of his own heart. The dignity, for instance, of Honor O'Donovan's bearing under a trial so overwhelming in its nature, and the piety with which she supported it, struck them, half tipsy as they were, so forcibly, that they became sobered down—some of them into a full perception of her firmness and high religious feelings; and those who were more effected by drink into a maudlin gravity of deportment still more honourable to the admirable principles of the woman who occasioned it.

One of the latter, for instance, named Bat Hanratty, exclaimed, after they had bade her good night, and expressed their unaffected sorrow for the severe loss she was about to sustain,

'Well, well, you may all talk; but be the powdher o' delf nothin' barrin' the downright grace o' God could sup—sup—port that dacent mother of ould Fardorougha—I mane of his son, poor Connor. But the truth is, you see, that there's nothin'—nothin'—no, the devil saize the hap'o'rth at all, good, bad, or indifferent aquil to puttin' your trust in God; bekaise you see—Con Roach, I say—bekaise, you see, when a man does that as he ought to do it; for it's all faisthelagh if you go the wrong way about it; but Con—Condy, I say, you're a dacent man; an' it stands to raison—it does, boys—upon my sowl it does. It was't for nothin' that money was lost upon myself, when I was takin' in the edjigation; and maybe, if Connor O'Donovan, that is now goin' to suffer, poor fellow—

"For the villain swore away my life, an' all by perjuree; And for that same I die wid shame upon the gallows tree."

So, as I was sayin' why didn't Connor come in an' join the boys like another, an' then we could settle Bartle for staggin' against him. For you see, in regard o' that, Condy, it doesn't signify a tranee whether he put a match to the haggard or not; the thing is, you know, that even if he did, Bartle daren't swear against him widout breakin' his first oath to the boys; an' if he did it afther that, an' brought any of them into throuble contrairty to the articles, be gorra sure he'd be entitled to get a gusset opened undher one o' his ears, any how. But you see, Con, be the book—God pardon me for swearin'—but be the book, the mother has the thrue ralligion in her heart, or she'd never stand it the way she does, an' that proves what I was expoundin'; that afther all, the sorra hap'o'rth aquil to the grace o' God. I can repate the *conwheeture* in Latin myself, an' upon my sowl I find that afther a hard day's fightin' or drinkin' it aises my mind all to pieces. Sure they say one bout of it in



Latin is worth half a dozen rosaries; for, you see, the Latin bein' the mother tongue in heaven, that's what gives sich power entirely to prayers that's offered up in that langridge, an' what makes our clergy so powerful beyant all others.'

He then sang a comic song, and, having passed an additional eulogium on the conduct of Honor O'Donovan, concluded by exhibiting some rather unequivocal symptoms of becoming pathetic from sheer sympathy; after which the soporific effect of his libations soon hushed him into a snore that acted as a base to the shrill tones in which his companions addressed one another from each side of the ear.

Fardorougha, ever since the passion of avarice had established its accursed dominion in his heart, narrowed by degrees his domestic establishment, until, towards the latter years of his life, it consisted of only a labouring boy, as the term is, and a servant girl. Indeed, no miser ever was known to maintain a large household: and that for reasons too obvious to be detailed. Since Connor's incarceration, however, his father's heart had so far expanded, that he hired two men as inside servants, one of them, now the father of a large family, being the identical Nogher McCormick, who, as the reader remembers was in his service at the period of Connor's birth. The other was a young man named Thady Star, or Reillaghan, as it is called in Irish, who was engaged upon the recommendation of Biddy Nulty, then an established favourite with her master and mistress, in consequence of her faithful devotion to them and Connor, and her simple-hearted participation in their heavy trouble. The manner in which they received the result of her son's trial was not indeed calculated to sustain his mother. In the midst of the clamour, however, she was calm and composed; but it would have been evident, to a close observer, that a deep impression of religious duty alone sustained her, and that the yearnings of the mother's heart though stilled by resignation to the Divine Will, were yet more intensely agonised by the suppression of what she secretly felt. Such, however, is the motive of those heroic acts of self-denial, which religion only can enable us to perform. It does not harden the heart, or prevent it from feeling the full force of the calamity or sorrow which comes upon us; no, but whilst we experience it in all the rigour of distress, it teaches us to reflect that suffering is our lot, and that it is our duty to receive these severe dispensations, in such a manner, as to prevent others from being corrupted by our impatience, or by our open want of submission to the decrees of Providence. When the agony of the Man of Sorrows was at its highest, he retired to a solitary place, and whilst every pore exuded water and blood, he still exclaimed—'Not my will, but thine be done.' Here was resignation indeed, but at the same time a heart exquisitely sensible of all it

had to bear. And much, indeed, as yet lay before that of the pious mother of our unhappy hero, and severe was the trial which, on this very night, she was doomed to encounter.

When Fardorougha awoke, which he did not do until about three o'clock in the morning, he looked wildly about him, and, starting up in the bed, put his two hands on his temples, like a man distracted by acute pain; yet anxious to develope in his memory the proceedings of the foregoing day. The inmates, however, were startled from their sleep by a shriek or rather a yell, so loud and unearthly that, in a few minutes they stood collected about his bed. It would be impossible, indeed, to conceive, much less to describe such a picture of utter horror as then presented itself to their observation. A look that resembled the turbid glare of insanity, was rivetted upon them whilst he uttered shriek after shriek, without the power of articulating a syllable. The room, too, was dim and gloomy; for the light of the candle that was left burning beside him, had become ghastly for want of snuffing. There he sat—his fleshless hands pressed against his temples; his thin, grey hair standing out wildly from his head; his lips asunder; and his cheeks, sucked in so far, that the chasms occasioned in his jawbones, by the want of his back teeth, were plainly visible.

'Chiernah dheelish,' exclaimed Honor, 'what is this! as heaven's above me, I believe he's dyin'; see how he gasps. Here, Fardorougha,' she exclaimed, seizing a jug of water which had been left on a chair beside him, but which he evidently did not see; 'here, here, darlin, wet your lips; the cool wather will refresh you.'

He immediately clutched the jug with eager and trembling hands, and at one rapid draught, emptied it to the bottom.

'Now,' he shouted, 'I can spake, now I can spake. Where's my son? where's my son? an' what has happened *me*? how did I come here? was I mad? an I mad? but tell me, tell me first, where's Connor? Is it thue? is it all thue? or is it me that's mad?'

'Fardorougha, dear,' said his wife, 'be a man, or, rather, be a Christian. It was God gave Connor to us, and who has a better right to take him back from us? Don't be flyin' in His face, bekase he wont ordher everything as you wish. You have'nt taken off of you to-night, so rise, dear, and calm yourself; then go to your knees, lift your heart to God, and beg of him to grant you strinth and patience. Thry that coorse, avourneen, an' you'll find it the best.'

'How did I come home, I say; oh, tell me, Honor, tell me, was I out o' my wits?'

'You fainted,' she replied; 'and thin they gave you whiskey to support you; an' not bein' accustomed to it, it got into your head.'

'Oh, Honor, our son, our son,' he replied; then, starting out of the bed in a fit of the wildest despair,

he clasped his hands together, and shrieked out, 'oh, our son, our son, our son Connor. Merciful Saviour, how will I name it? to be hanged by the neck; oh Honor, Honor, dont you pity me? dont you pity me? Mother of heaven, this night! That *barradh dhu*, that *barradh dhu* put on for our boy, our innocent boy; who can undherstand it, Honor! It's not justice; there's no justice in heaven, or my son wouldn't be murdered, slaughtered down in the prime of his life, for no rason. But no matter; let him be taken; only hear this: if he goes, I'll never bend my knee to a single prayer, while I've life; for it's terrible, it's cruel, 'tisn't justice; nor do I care what becomes of me, either in this world or the other. All I want, Honor, is to folly *him* as soon as I can; my hopes, my happiness, my life, my everything is gone wid him; an' what need I care thin, what becomes of me? I don't, I don't.'

The faces of the domestics grew pale as they heard, with silent horror, the incoherent blasphemies of the frantic miser; but his wife, whose eyes were riveted on him, while he spoke, and paced, with a hurried step, up and down the room, felt at a loss, whether to attribute his impiety to an attack of insanity, or to a temporary fever, brought on by his late sufferings, and the intoxication of the preceding night.

'In the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, Fardorougha,' she said calmly, placing her hand upon his shoulder; 'are you sensible, that you're this minute afther blaspheming your Creator?'

He gave her a quick, disturbed, and peevish look; but made no reply. She then proceeded:

'Fardorougha, I thought the loss of Connor the greatest punishment that could be put upon me; but I find I was mistaken. I would rather see him dead to-morrow, wid, wid the rope about his neck, than to hear his father blaspheming the livin' God! Fardorougha, it's clear that you're not now fit to pray for yourself, but in the name of our Saviour, I'll go an pray for you. In the manetime, go to bed; sleep will settle your head, and you will be better, I trust, in the mornin'.'

The calm solemnity of her manner awed him, notwithstanding the vehemence of his grief. He stood and looked at her, with his hands tightly clasped, as she went to her son's bedroom, in order to pray for him. For a moment, he seemed abashed and stunned. While she addressed him, he involuntary ceased to utter those sounds of anguish, which were neither shrieks nor groans, but something between both. He then resumed his pace, but with a more settled step, and for some minutes maintained perfect silence.

'Get me,' said he, at length; 'get me a drink of wather; I'm in a flame wid drouth.'

When Biddy Nulty went out to fetch him this, he enquired of the rest, what Honor meant by charging him with blasphemy.

'Surely to God, I did'nt blasphame,' he said peevishly; 'no, no, I'm not that bad; but, any how, let her pray for me; *her* prayer will be heard, if ever woman's was.'

When Biddy returned, he emptied the jug of water with the same trembling eagerness as before; then clasped his hands again, and commenced pacing the room, evidently in a mood of mind about to darken into all the wildness of his former grief.

'Fardorougha,' said Nogher McCormick; 'I was undher this roof, the night your manly son was born. I remimber it well; an' I remimber more betoken, I had to check you for flying in the face o' God that sent him to you. Instead o' feelin' happy and delighted, as you ought to ha' done, an' as any other man but yourself would, you grew dark an' sulky, and grumbled bekase you thought there was a family comin'. I tould you that night to take care an' not be committin' sin; an' you may remimber, too, that I gev you chapter and verse for it out o' Scripthur; 'Voe be to the man that's born wid a millstone about his neck, especially, if he's to be cast into the say.' The truth is, Fardorougha, you war'nt thankful to God for him; and you see that afther all, it does'nt do to go to loggerheads wid the Almighty. Maybe, had you been thankful for him, he wouldn't be where he is this night. Millstone! Faith it was a home thrust that same verse; for if you did'nt carry the millstone about your neck, you had it in your heart; an' you now see and feel the upshot. I'm now goin' fast into age myself; my hair is greyer than your own, and I could take it to my death,' said the honest fellow, while a tear or two ran slowly down his cheek; 'that, exceptin' one o' my own childhre; an' may God spare them to me; I could'nt feel more sorrow at the fate of any one livin', than at Connor's. Many a time I held him in these arms, an' many a little play I made for him; an' many a time he axed me why his father did'nt nurse him as I did; 'bekase,' he used to say, 'I would rather he would nurse me, than any body else, barring my mother; an' afther him, you, Nogher.'

These last observations of his servant probed the heart of the old man to the quick; but the feeling which they excited was a healthy one; or, rather, the associations they occasioned threw Fardorougha's mind upon the memory of those affections, which avarice had suppressed, without destroying.

'I loved him, Nogher,' said he, deeply agitated; 'oh, none but God knows how I loved him, although I didn't, an' couldn't bring myself to show it at the time. There was something upon me; a curse, I think, that prevented me; an' now that I love him as a father ought to do, I will not have him. Oh, my son, my son, what will become of me, after you? heavenly Father, pity me and support me. Oh, Connor, my son, my son, what will become of me?'

He then sat down on the bed, and placing his hands upon his face, he wept long and bitterly. His grief now, however, was natural, for during the most violent of his paroxysms in the preceding hour, he shed not a tear; yet now they ran down his cheeks, and through his fingers in torrents.

'Cry on, cry on,' said Nogher, wiping his own eyes; 'it will lighten your heart; an' who knows but it's his mother's prayers that brought you to yourself, and got this relief for you. Go, Biddy,' said he, in a whisper, to the servant-maid; 'and tell the mistress to come here; she'll know best how to manage him, now that he's a little calm.'

'God be praised,' ejaculated Honor, on seeing him weep; 'these tears will cool your head, avourneen; an' now, Fardorougha, when you're tired cryin', if you take my advice, you'll go to your knees, an' offer up five pathers, five Aves, an' a creed, for the grace of the Almighty to direct and strengthen you; and thin, afther that, go to bed, as I sed, an' you'll find how well you'll be afther a sound sleep.'

'Honor,' replied her husband, 'avourneen machree, I think you'll save your husband's sowl yet, undher my marceful Saviour.'

'Your son, undher the same marceful God will do it. Your heart was hard and godless, Fardorougha, and surely, if Connor's death 'ill be the manes of savin' his father's sowl, wouldn't it be a blessin' instead of a misfortune? Think of it in that light, Fardorougha, and turn your heart to God. As for Connor, isn't it a comfort to know, that the breath wont be out of his body, till he's a bright angel in heaven?'

The old man wiped his eyes and knelt down, first having desired them to leave him. When the prayers were recited, he called in Honor.

'I'm afeard,' said he that my heart wasn't properly in them, for I couldn't prevent my mind from wanderin' to our boy.'

This touching observation took the mother's affections by surprise. A tear started to her eye, but after what was evidently a severe struggle she suppressed it.

'It's not at once you can do it, Fardorougha; so don't be cast down. Now, go to bed in the name of God, and sleep; and may the Lord in heaven support you—and support us both; for oh, it's we that want it this night of sorrow.'

She then stooped down and affectionately kissed him, and having wished him good night, she retired to Connor's bed, where, ever since the day of his incarceration, this well-tried mother, and enduring Christian, slept.

At this stage of our story, we will pause for a moment, to consider the state of mind and comparative happiness of the few persons who are actors in our humble drama.

To a person capable of observing only human action, independently of the motives by which it is regulated, it may appear that the day which saw Connor O'Donovan consigned to a premature and shameful death, was one of unmingled happiness to Bartle Flanagan. They know little of man's heart, however, who could suppose this to be the case, or who could even imagine that he was happier than those on whom his revenge and perfidy had entailed such a crushing load of misery. It is, indeed, impossible to guess what the nature of that feeling must be, which arises from the full gratification of mean and diabolical malignity. Every action of the heart at variance with virtue and truth, is forced to keep up so many minute and fearful precautions, all of which are felt to be of vast moment at the time, that we question if ever the greatest glut of vengeance produced, no matter what the occasion may have been, any satisfaction capable of counterbalancing all the contingencies and apprehensions by which the mind is distracted both before and after its perpetration. The plan and accomplishment must both be perfect in all their parts—for if either fail only in a single point, all is lost, and the pleasure arising from them resembles the fruit which is said to grow by the banks of the dead sea—it is beautiful and tempting to the eye, but bitterness and ashes to the taste.

The failing of the county treasurer, for instance, deprived Bartle Flanagan of more than one half his revenge. He was certainly far more anxious to punish the father than the son, and were it not that he saw no other mode of effecting his vengeance on Fardorougha, than by destroying the only object on earth that he loved next to his wealth, he would have never made the innocent pay the penalty of the guilty. As he had gone so far, however, self-preservation now made him anxious that Connor should die; as he knew his death would remove out of his way the only person in existence absolutely acquainted with his villany. One would think, indeed, that the sentence pronounced upon his victim ought to have satisfied him on that head. This, however, it failed to do. That sentence contained one clause, which utterly destroyed the completeness of his design, and filled his soul with a secret apprehension either of just retribution, or some future ill which he could not shake off, and for which the reward received for Connor's apprehension was but an ineffectual antidote. The clause alluded to in the judge's charge, viz,—the recommendation of the jury to the mercy of the crown, in consideration of your youth, and previous good conduct, shall not be overlooked—sounded in his ears like some mysterious sentence that involved his own fate, and literally filled his heart with terror and dismay. Independently of all this his villainous projects had involved him in a systematic course of guilt, which was yet far from being brought to a close. In fact, he now found by

experience how difficult it is to work out a bad action with success, and how the means, and plans, and instruments necessary to it must multiply and become so deep and complicated in guilt, that scarcely any single intellect, in the case of a person who can be reached by the laws, is equal to the task of executing a great crime against society, in a perfect manner. If this were so, discovery would be impossible, and revenge certain.

With respect to Connor himself it is only necessary to say that a short but well-spent life, and a heart naturally firm, deprived death of its greatest terrors. Still he felt it in some depressed moods a terrible thing indeed to reflect, that he, in the very fulness of strength and youth, should be cut down from among his fellows—a victim without a crime, and laid with shame in the grave of a felon. But he had witnessed neither his mother's piety nor her example in vain, and it was in the gloom of his dungeon that he felt the light of both upon his spirit.

'Surely,' said he, 'as I am to die, is it not better that I should die innocent than guilty? Instead of fretting that I suffer, a guiltless man, surely I ought to thank my God that I am so; an' that my soul hasn't to meet the sin of such a revengeful act as I'm now condemned for. I'll die, then, like a Christian man, putting my hope and trust in the mercy of my Redeemer—ever an' always hoping that by his assistance I will be enabled to do it.'

Different, indeed, was the moral state and position of these two young men; the one, though, lying in his prison cell, was sustained by the force of conscious innocence, and that reliance upon the mercy of God, which constitutes the highest order of piety, and the noblest basis for fortitude; the other, on the contrary, disturbed by the tumultuous and gloomy associations of guilt, and writhing under the conviction, that although he had revenge, he had not satisfaction. The terror of crime was upon him, and he felt himself deprived of that best and only security, which sets all vain apprehensions at defiance, the consciousness of inward integrity. Who, after all, would barter an honest heart for the danger arising from secret villany, when such an apparently triumphant villain as Bartle Flanagan felt a deadly fear of Connor O'Donovan in his very dungeon? Such, however, is guilt, and such are the terrors that accompany it.

The circumstances which, in Ireland usually follow the conviction of a criminal, are so similar to each other, that we feel it, even in this case, unnecessary to do more than give a mere sketch of Connor's brief life as a culprit. We have just observed that the only clause in the judge's charge which smote the heart of the traitor Flanagan with a presentiment of evil, was that containing the words in which something like a

hope of having his sentence mitigated was held out to him, in consequence of the recommendation to mercy by which the jury accompanied their verdict. It is very strange, on the other hand, that at the present stage of our story, neither his father nor mother knew any thing whatsoever of the judge having given expression to such a hope. The old man, distracted as he was at the time, heard nothing, or at least remembered nothing, but the awful appearance of the black cap, or as they term it in the country, the *barradh dhu*, and the paralysing words in which the sentence of death was pronounced upon his son. It consequently happened that the same clause in the charge actually, although in a different sense, occasioned the misery of Bartle Flanagan on the one hand, and of Connor's parents on the other.

The morning after the trial, Fardorougha was up as early as usual, but his grief was nearly as vehement and frantic as on the preceding night. It was observed, however—such is the power of sorrow to humanize and create sympathy in the heart—that when he arose, instead of peevishly and weakly obtruding his grief and care upon those about him, as he was wont to do, he now kept aloof from the room in which Honor slept, from an apprehension of disturbing her repose—a fact which none who knew his previous selfishness would have believed, had he not himself expressed in strong terms a fear of awakening her. Nor did this new trait of his character escape the observation of his own servants, especially of his honest monitor, Nogher McCormick.

'Well, well,' exclaimed this rustic philosopher; 'see what God's affliction does. Faith it has brought Fardorougha to feel a trifle for others, as well as for himself. Who knows, begad, but it may take the millstone out of his heart yet; and if it does, my word to you, he may thank his wife, under God, for it.'

Before leaving home that morning to see his son, he found with deep regret that Honor's illness had been so much increased by the events of the preceding day, that she could not leave her bed. And now, for the first time, a thought loaded with double anguish struck upon his heart.

'Saver of earth!' he exclaimed, 'what would become of me if both should go and lave me alone? God of heaven, ALONE! Ay, ay,' he continued, 'I see it. I see how asily God might make my situation still worse than I thought it *could* be. Oh God forgive me my sins; and may God soften my heart! Amen!'

He then went to see his wife ere he set out for his unhappy son; and it was with much satisfaction that Honor observed a changed and chastened tone in his manner, which she had never, except for a moment at the birth of his child, noticed before. Not that his grief was much lessened, but it was more rational, and



altogether free from the violence and impiety which had characterized it when he awoke from his intoxication.

'Honor,' said he, 'how do you find yourself this mornin', alanna? They tell me you're worse than you war yestherda.'

'Indeed, I'm wake enough,' she replied, 'and very much bate down, Fardorougha; but you know it's not our own stringth at any time that we're to depend upon, but God's. I'm not willing to attempt any thing beyant my power at present. My seeing him now would do neither of us any good, and might do me a great dale o' harm. I must see him, to be sure, and I'll strive, please God, to gather up a little strength for that.'

'My heart's breakin', Honor, and I'm beginnin' to see that I've acted a bad part to both of you all along. I feel it, indeed; and if it was the will o' God, I didn't care if—'

'Whisht, acushla, whisht—sich talk as that's not right. Think, Fardorougha, whether you acted a bad part towards God or not, and never heed uz; an' think too, dear, whether you acted a bad or a good part towards the poor, an' them that was in distress and hardship, an' that came to you for relief—they were your fellow-crathers, Fardorougha, at all evints. Think of these things I'm saying, and never heed us. You know that Connor and I forgive you, but you aren't so sure whether God and them will.'

These observations of this inestimable woman had the desired effect, which was, as she afterwards said, to divert her husband's mind as much as possible from the contemplation of Connor's fate, and to fix it upon the consideration of those duties in which she knew his conscience, now touched by calamity, would tell him he had been deficient.

Fardorougha was silent for some time after her last observations—but at length he observed:

'Would it be possible, Honor, that all this was brought upon us in ordher to punish me for—for—'

'To punish you, Fardorougha! *Fareer gairh, aourneen*, arn't we all punished; look at my worn face, and think of what ten days' sorrow can do in a mother's heart—think, too, of the boy. Oh no, no—do you think we have nothin' to be punished for? But we have all one comfort, Fardorougha, and that is, that God's ever and always willin' to resave us, when we turn to him wid a true heart. Nobody, avillish, can forget and forgive as he does.'

'Honor, why didn't you oftener spake to me this a-way than you did?'

'I often did, dear, an' you may remember it; but you were then strong; you had your wealth; every thing flowed wid you, an' the same wealth—the world's timplation—was strong in your heart; but God has taken it from you I hope as a blessing—for indeed,

Fardorougha, I'm afear'd if you had it now, that neither he nor—but I won't say it, dear, for God he sees I don't wish to say one word that 'ud distress you now, avourneen. Any how, Fardorougha, never despair in God's goodness—never do it; who can tell what may happen?'

Her husband's grief was thus checked, and a train of serious reflection laid, which like some of those self-evident convictions that fasten on the awakened conscience, the old man could not shake off.

Honor, in her further conversation with him, touching the coming interview with the unhappy culprit, desired him, above all things, to set 'their noble boy' an example of firmness, and by no means to hold out to him any expectation of life.

'It would be worse than murder,' she exclaimed, 'to do so. No—prepare him by your advice, Fardorougha, ay, and by your example, to be firm—and tell him that his mother expects he will die like an innocent man—noble and brave—and not like a guilty coward, afear'd to look up and meet his God.'

Infidels and hypocrites, so long as their career in vice is unchecked by calamity, will no doubt sneer when we assure them, that Fardorougha, after leaving his wife that morning once more to visit his son, felt a sense of relief, or, perhaps we should say, a breaking of faint light upon his mind, which, slight as it was, afforded him more comfort and support than he ever hoped to experience. Indeed it was almost impossible for any heart to exist within the influence of that piety which animated his admirable wife, and not catch the holy fire which there burned with such purity and brightness.

Ireland, however, abounds with such instances of female piety and fortitude, not, indeed, as they would be made to appear in the unfeminine violence of political turmoil, in which a truly pious female would not embroil herself; but in the quiet recesses of domestic life—in the hard struggles against poverty, and in those cruel visitations, where the godly mother is forced to see her innocent son corrupted by the dark influence of political crime, drawn within the vortex of secret confederacy, and subsequently yielding up his life to the outraged laws of that country which he assisted to distract. It is in scenes like these that the unostentatious magnanimity of the pious Irish wife or mother may be discovered; and it is here where as the night and storms of life darken her path, the holy fortitude of her heart shines with a lustre proportioned to the depth of the gloom around her.

When Fardorougha reached the town in which his ill-fated son occupied the cell of a felon, he found to his surprise that early as were his habits, there were others whose movements were still more early than his own. John O'Brien had come to town—been with his attorney—had got a memorial in behalf of Connor to

the Irish government, engrossed, and actually signed by more than one half of the jury who tried him—all before the hour of ten o'clock. A copy of this document, which was written by O'Brien himself, now lies before us, with the names of all the jurors attached to it; and a more beautiful or affecting piece of composition we have never read. The energy and activity of O'Brien were certainly uncommon, and so, indeed, were his motives. As he himself told Fardorougha, whom he met as the latter entered the town—

'I would do what I have done for Connor, although I have never yet exchanged a syllable with him. Yet, I do assure you, Fardorougha, that I have other motives—which you shall never know—far stronger than any connected with the fate of your son. Now, don't misunderstand me.'

'No,' replied the helpless old man, who was ignorant of the condition of his sister, 'I will not indeed—I'd be long sorry.'

O'Brien saw that any rational explanation he might give would be only thrown away upon a man who seemed to be so utterly absorbed and stupified by the force of his own sufferings.

'Poor old man,' he exclaimed, as Fardorougha left him, to visit Connor; 'see what affliction does! There are thousands now who pity you—even *you*, whom almost every one who knew you, cursed and detested.'

Such, indeed, was the fact. The old man's hardness of heart was forgotten in the pity that was produced by the dreadful fate which awaited his unhappy son. We must now pass briefly over occurrences which are better understood when left to the reader's imagination. John O'Brien was not the only one who interested himself in the fate of Connor. Fardorougha, as a matter of course, got the priest of the parish, a good and pious man, to draw up a memorial in the name, as he said, of himself and his wife. The gentry of the neighbourhood, also, including the members of the grand jury, addressed government on his behalf—for somehow there was created among those who knew the parties, or even who heard the history of their loves, a sympathy which resulted more from those generous impulses that intuitively perceive truth, than from the cooler calculations of reason. The heart never reasons—it is therefore the seat of feeling, and the fountain of mercy; the head does—and it is probably on that account the seat of justice, often of severity, and not unfrequently of cruelty and persecution. Connor himself was much relieved by that day's interview with his father. Even he could perceive a change for the better in the old man's deportment. Fardorougha's praises of Honor, and his strong allusions to the support and affection he experienced at her hands, under circumstances so trying, were indeed well calculated to prepare her 'noble boy,' as she truly called him, for the

reception of the still more noble message which she sent him.

'Father,' said he, as they separated that day, 'tell my mother that I will die as she wishes me; and tell her, too, that if I wasn't an innocent man, I could not do it. And oh, father,' he added, and he seized his hands, and fell upon his neck, 'oh father dear, if you love me, your own Connor—and I know you do—oh then, father dear, I say again, be guided in this heavy affliction by my dear mother's advice.'

'Connor,' returned the old man, deeply affected, 'I will. I had made my mind up to that afore I saw you at all to-day. Connor, do you know what I'm beginning to think?'

'No, father dear, I do not.'

'Why, then, it's this, that she'll be the manes of savin' your father's soul. Connor, I can look back now upon my money—all I lost—it was no doubt terrible—terrible all out. Connor, my rint is due, and I haven't the manes of meetin' it.'

Alas, thought the boy, how hard is it to root altogether out of the heart that principle which inclines it to the love of wealth.

'At any rate, I will take your advice, Connor, and be guided by your mother. She's very poorly, or she'd be wid you afore now; but, indeed, Connor her health is the occasion of it—it is—it is!'

Fardorougha's apology for his wife contained much more truth than he himself was aware of, at the time he made it. On returning home that night, he found her considerably worse, but as she had been generally healthy, he very naturally ascribed her illness to the affliction she felt for the fate of their son. In this, however, he was mistaken, as the original cause of it was unconnected with the heavy domestic dispensation which had fallen upon them. So far as she was concerned, the fate of her boy would have called up from her heart fresh energy, and if possible a higher order of meek but pious courage. She would not have left him unstained and uncherished, had the physical powers of the mother been able to second the sacred principles with which she met and triumphed over the trial that was laid upon her.

It was one evening about ten days after O'Donovan's conviction that Bodagh Buie O'Brien's wife sat by the bed-side of her enfeebled and languishing daughter. The crisis of her complaint had passed the day before; and a very slight improvement, visible only to the eye of her physician, had taken place. Her delirium remained much as before; sometimes returning with considerable violence, and again leaving reason, though feeble and easily disturbed, yet when unexcited by external causes, capable of applying its powers to the circumstances around her. On this occasion the mother, who watched every motion and anticipated every

wish of the beloved one, saw that she turned her eye several times upon her as if some peculiar anxiety distressed her.

'Una, jewel,' she at length inquired, 'is there any thing you want *colleen machree*; or any thing I can do for you?'

'Come near me, mother,' she replied, 'come near me.'

Her mother approached her still more nearly.

'I'm afraid,' she said, in a very low voice, 'I'm afraid to ask it.'

'Only wait for a minute or two,' said her mother, 'an' John will—but here's the docthor's foot; they wor spakin' a word or two below; an' whisper, darlin' o' my heart, sure John has something to tell you—something that will—'

She looked with a searching anxiety into her mother's face; and it might have been perceived that the morning twilight of hope beamed faintly but beautifully upon her pale features. The expression that passed over them was indeed so light and transient that one could scarcely say she smiled; yet that a more perceptible serenity diffused its gentle irradiation over her languid countenance was observed even by her mother.

The doctor's report was favourable.

'She is slowly improving, he said, on reaching the parlour, 'since yesterday; I am afraid, however, she's too weak at present to sustain this intelligence. I would recommend you to wait for a day or two, and in the mean time to assume a cheerful deportment, and break it to her rather by your looks and manner than by a direct or abrupt communication.'

They promised to observe his directions; but when her mother informed them of the hint she herself threw out to her, they resolved to delay the matter no longer; and John, in consequence of what his mother had led her to expect, went to break the intelligence to her as well as he could. An expectation had been raised in her mind, and he judged properly enough that there was less danger in satisfying it than in leaving her just then in a state of such painful uncertainty.

'Dear Una,' said he, 'I am glad to hear the doctor say that you are better.'

'I think I am a little,' said she.

'What was my mother saying to you, just now, before the doctor was with you? But why do you look at me so keenly, Una,' said he cheerfully; 'it's some time since you saw me in such a good humour—isn't it?'

She paused for a moment herself; and her brother could observe that the hope which his manner was calculated to awaken, lit itself into a faint smile rather visible in her eyes than on her features.

'Why, I believe you are smiling yourself, Una.'

'John,' said she, earnestly, 'is it good?'

'It is, darling—he won't die.'

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'Kiss me, kiss me,' she said; 'may eternal blessings rest upon you!'

She then kissed him affectionately, laid her head back upon the pillow, and John saw with delight that the large tears of happiness rolled in torrents down her pale cheeks.

It was indeed true that Connor O'Donovan was not to die. The memorials which had reached government from so many quarters, backed as they were by very powerful influence, and detailing as they did a case of such very romantic interest, could scarcely fail in arresting the execution of so stern and deadly a sentence. It was ascertained, too, by the intercourse of his friends with government that the judge who tried his case, notwithstanding the apparent severity of his charge, had been moved by an irresistible impulse to save him; and he actually determined from the beginning to have his sentence commuted to transportation for life.

The happy effect of this communication on Una O'Brien diffused a cheerful spirit among her family and relatives, who, in truth, had feared that her fate would ultimately depend upon that of her lover. After having been much relieved by the copious flood of tears she shed, and heard with composure all the details connected with the mitigation of his sentence, she asked her brother if Connor's parents had been yet made acquainted with it.

'I think not,' he replied; 'the time is too short.'

'John,' said the affectionate girl, 'oh, consider his mother; and think of the misery that one single hour's knowledge of this may take away from her heart. Go to her, my dear John, and may all the blessings of heaven rest upon you!'

'Good by, then, Una, dear; I will go.'

He took her worn hand in his, as he spoke, and looking on her with affectionate admiration, added—

'Yes! Good by my darling sister; believe me, Una, that I think if there's justice in heaven, you'll have a light heart yet.'

'It is very light now,' she returned, 'compared with what it was; but go, John, don't lose a moment; for I know what they suffer.'

Her mother, after John's departure for Fardoroughia's, went up to sit with her; but she found that the previous scene, although it relieved, had exhausted her. In the course of a few minutes, their limited dialogue ceased, and she sank into a sound and refreshing sleep, from which she did not awaken until her brother had some time returned from the execution of his pious message. And piously was that message received by her for whose misery the considerate heart of Una O'Brien felt so deeply. Fardoroughia had been out about the premises, mechanically looking to the manner in which the business of his farm had been of late managed by his two servants, when he descried O'Brien approaching the house at a quick if not a hur-

ried pace. He immediately went in and communicated the circumstance to his wife.

'Honor,' said he, 'here is Bodagh Buie's son comin' up to the house—what on earth can bring the boy here!'

This was the first day on which his wife had been able to rise from her sick bed. She was consequently feeble; and physically speaking capable of no domestic exertion. Her mind, however, was firm as ever, and prompt as before her calamity, to direct and overlook in her own sweet and affectionate manner, whatever required her superintendence.

'I'm sure I don't know, Fardorougha,' she replied. 'It can't, I hope, be wid bad news—they thravel fast enough—an' I'm sure the Bodagh's son wouldn't take pleasure in bein' the first to tell them to us.'

'But what can bring him, Honor? What on earth can bring the boy here now, that never stood undher our roof afore!'

'Three or four minutes, Fardorougha, will tell us. Let us hope in God it isn't bad. Eh, Saver above, it wouldn't be the death of his sister—of Connor's Oona? No,' she added, 'they wouldn't send, much less come, to tell us *that*, but sure we'll hear it—we'll hear it; and may God give us stringth to hear it right, whether it's good or bad! Amin, Jasus, this day!'

She had hardly uttered the last words when O'Brien entered.

'Young man,' said this superior woman, 'it's a poor welcome we can give you to a house of sorrow.'

'Ay,' said Fardorougha, 'his mother an' I's here, but where is he? Nine days from this; but it 'ill kill me—it will—it will. Whin he's taken from me I don't care how soon I folly him; God forgive me if it's a sin to say so!'

'Fardorougha,' said his wife, in a tone of affectionate reproof, 'remember what you promised me, an', at all events, you forget that Mr. O'Brien here may have his own troubles; I hard your sister was unwell. Oh, how is she, poor thing!'

'I thank you, a great deal better; I will not deny but she heard a piece of intelligence this day, that has relieved her mind and taken a dead weight off her heart.'

Honor, with uncommon firmness and solemnity of manner, placed her hand upon his shoulder, and, looking him earnestly in the face, said,

'That news is about our son.'

'It is,' replied O'Brien, 'and it's good; his sentence is changed, and he is not to die.'

'Not to die!' shrieked the old man, starting up, and clapping his hands frantically—not to die; our son—Connor, Connor—not to be hanged—not to be hanged; did you say that, son of O'Brien Buie, did you—did you!'

'I did,' replied the other; 'he will not suffer.'

'Now that's God;' ejaculated Fardorougha, wildly;

'that's God an' his mother's prayers. Boys,' he shrieked, 'come here; come here, Biddy Nulty, come here; Connor's not to die; he won't suffer—he won't suffer.'

He was rushing wildly to the door, but Honor placed herself before him, and said, in that voice of calmness which is uniformly that of authority and power.

'Fardorougha dear, calm yourself. If this is God's work, as you say, why not resave it as comin' from God; it's upon your two knees you ought to drop, an'—Saver above, what's the matter wid him?—He's off; keep him up. Oh, God bless you; that's it, avourneen; jist place him on the chair there forninst the door, where he can have air. Here, dear, said she to Biddy Nulty, who, on hearing herself called by her master, had come in from another room. Get some feathers Biddy, till we burn them undher his nose; but first fetch a jug of cold water.'

On looking at the face of the miser, O'Brien started, as indeed well he might, at such a pallid, worn, and death-like countenance; why, thought he to himself, surely this must be death, and the old man's cares, and sorrows, and hopes, are all passed for ever.

Honor now bathed his face, and wet his lips with water, and as she sprinkled and rubbed back the grey hair from his emaciated temples, there might be read there an expression of singular wildness that resembled the wreck produced by insanity.

'He looks ill,' observed O'Brien, who actually thought him dead; 'but I hope it won't signify.'

'I trust in God's mercy it won't,' replied Honor, 'for till his heart, poor man, is brought more to God—'

She paused with untaught delicacy, for she reflected that he was her husband.

'For that matter, who is there,' she continued, 'that is fit to go to their last account at a moment's warnin'? That's a good girl, Biddy; give me the feathers; there's nothing like them. *Dheah Grasthias! Dheah Grasthias!*' she exclaimed, 'he's not—he's not—an' I was afeared he was—no, he's recoverin'. Shake him; rouse him a little; Fardorougha, dear!'

'Where—where am I?' exclaimed her husband, 'what's this? what ails me?'

He then looked enquiringly at his wife and O'Brien; but it appeared that the presence of the latter revived in his mind the cause of his excitement.

'Is it—is it thrue, young man; tell me—tell me!'

'How, dear, can any one have spirits to tell you good news, when you can't bear it aither like a man or a Christian?'

'Good news! You say, then, it's thrue, an' he's not to be hanged by the neck, as the judge said; an' my curse—my heavy curse upon him for a judge!'

'I hate to hear the words of his sentence, Fardorougha,' said the wife; 'but if you have patience you'll



find that his life's granted to him; an', for heaven's sake, curse nobody. The judge only did his duty.'

'Well,' he exclaimed, sinking upon his knees, 'now, from this day out, let what will happen, I'll stick to my duty to God—I'll repent—I'll repent an' lead a new life. I will, an' while I'm alive I'll never say a word against the will of my heavenly Saviour; never, never.'

'Fardorougha,' replied his wife, 'it's good no doubt to have a grateful heart to God; but I'm afeared there's sin in what you're sayin', for you know, dear, that, whether it plased the Almighty to take our boy, or not, what you've promised to do is your duty. It's like sayin', I'll now turn my heart bekase God has deserved it at my hands. Still, dear, I'm not goin' to condemn you, only I think it's betther an' safer to love an' obey God for his own sake, blessed be his holy name!'

Young O'Brien was forcibly struck by the uncommon character of Honor O'Donovan. Her patience, good sense, and sincere acquiescence in the will of God, under so severe a trial, were such as he had never seen equalled. Nor could he help admitting to himself, while contemplating her conduct, that the example of such a woman was not only the most beautiful comment on religious truth, but the noblest testimony of its power.

'Yes, Honor,' said the husband, in reply, 'you're right, for I know that what you say is always true. It is indeed,' he added, addressing O'Brien, 'she's aquil to a prayer-book.'

'Yes, and far superior to any,' replied the latter; 'for she not only gives you the advice, but sets you the example.'

'Ay, the sorra lie in it; an', oh, Honor, he's not to die—he's not to be h——not to suffer. Our son's to live! Oh, Saver of earth, make me thankful this day!'

The tears ran fast from his eyes as he looked up to heaven, and uttered the last words. Indeed it was impossible not to feel deep compassion for this aged man, whose heart had been smote so heavily, and on the only two points where it was capable of feeling the blow.

After having indulged his grief for some time, he became considerably more composed, if not cheerful. Honor made many kind enquiries after Una's health, to which her brother answered with strict candour, for he had heard from Una that she was acquainted with the whole history of their courtship.

'Who knows,' said she, speaking with reference to their melancholy fate, 'but the God who has saved his life, an' most likely her's, may yet do more for them both; while there's life there's hope.'

'Young man,' said Fardorougha, 'you carry a blessing wid you wherever you go, an' may God bless you, for the news you have brought to us this day. I'll go to see him to-morrow, an' wid a light heart I'll go too, for my son is not to die.'

O'Brien then took his leave and returned home, pondering as he went, upon the singular contrast which existed between the character of the miser and that of his admirable wife. He was no sooner gone than Honor addressed her husband as follows:—

'Fardorougha, what do you think we ought both to do now afther the happy news we've hard?'

'I'll be guided by you, Honor; I'll be guided by you.'

'Then,' said she, 'go an' thank God that has taken the edge, the bitther, keen edge off' of our sufferin'; and the best way, in my opinion, for you to do it, is to go to the barn by yourself, and strive to put your whole heart into your prayers. You'll pray betther by yourself than wid me. An' in the name of God I'll do the same as well as I can in the house here. To-morrow, too, is Friday, an' please our Saviour, we'll both fast in honour of his goodness to us an' to our son.'

'We will, Honor,' said he, 'we will, indeed; for now I have spirits to fast, and spirits to pray, too. What will I say, now? Will I say the five Dickens (Decades) or the whole Rosary?'

'If you can keep your mind in the prayers, I think you ought to say the whole of it; but if you wandher don't say more than the five.'

Fardorougha then went to the barn, rather because his wife desired him, than from a higher motive, whilst she withdrew to her own apartment, there humbly to worship God in thanksgiving.

The next day had made the commutation of Connor's punishment a matter of notoriety through the whole parish, and very sincere indeed was the gratification it conveyed to all who heard it. Public fame, it is true, took her usual liberties with the facts. Some said he had got a free pardon, others that he was to be liberated after six months' imprisonment; and a third report asserted that the Lord Lieutenant sent him down a hundred pounds to fit him out for marriage with Una; and it further added that his Excellency wrote a letter with his own hand, to Bodagh Buie, desiring him to give his daughter to Connor on receipt of it, or if not, that the Knight of the Black Rod would come down, strip him of his property, and bestow it upon Connor and his daughter.

The young man himself was almost one of the first who heard of this favourable change in his dreadful sentence.

He was seated on his bedside reading, when the sheriff and jailer entered his cell, anxious to lay before him the reply which had that morning arrived from government.

'I'm inclined to think, O'Donovan, that your case is likely to turn out more favourably than we expected,' said the humane sheriff.

'I hope, with all my heart, it may,' replied the other; 'there is no denying, sir, that I'd wish it. Life is sweet, especially to a young man of my years.'

'But if we should fail,' observed the jailer, 'I trust you will act the part of a man.'

'I hope at all events that I will act the part of a Christian,' returned O'Donovan. 'I certainly would rather live; but I'm not afeared of death, and if it comes, I trust I will meet it humbly but firmly.'

'I believe,' said the sheriff, 'you need entertain little apprehension of death; I'm inclined to think that that part of your sentence is not likely to be put in execution. I have heard as much.'

'I think, sir, by your manner, that you have,' returned Connor; but I beg you to tell me without goin' about. Don't be afeared, sir, that I'm too wake to hear either good news or bad.'

The sheriff made no reply; but placed in his hands the official document which remitted to him the awful penalty of his life. Connor read it over slowly, and the other kept his eye fixed keenly upon his countenance, in order to observe his bearing under circumstances that are often known to test human fortitude as severely as death itself. He could, however, perceive no change; not even the unsteadiness of a nerve or muscle was visible, nor the slightest fluctuation in the hue of his complexion.

'I feel grateful to the lord lieutenant for his mercy to me,' said he, handing him back the letter, 'as I do to the friends who interceded for me; I never will or can forget their goodness. Oh never, never!'

'I believe it,' said the sheriff: 'but there's one thing that I am anxious to press upon your attention; and it's this, that no further mitigation of your punishment is to be expected from government; so that you must make up your mind to leave your friends and your country for life, as you now know.'

'I expect nothing more,' returned Connor, 'except this, that the hand of God may yet bring the guilt of the burning home to the man that committed it, and prove my innocence. I'm now not without some hope that such a thing may be brought about some how. I thank you, Misther Sheriff, for your kindness in coming to me with this good news so soon; all I can say is, that I thank you from my heart. I am bound to say, too, that any civility and comfort that could be shown was afforded me ever since I came here, an' I feel it, an' I am grateful for it.'

Both were deeply impressed by the firm tone of manly sincerity and earnestness with which he spoke, blended as it was by a melancholy which gave, at the same time a character of elevation and pathos to all he said. They then shook hands with him, after chatting for some time on indifferent subjects, the jailer promising to make his situation while he should remain in prison as easy as the regulations would allow him; or who knows,' he added, smiling, 'but we might make them a little easier.'

'That's a fine young fellow,' said he to the sheriff, after they had left him.'

'He is a gentleman,' replied the sheriff, 'by nature a gentleman; and a very uncommon one too. I defy a man to doubt a word that comes out of his lips; all he says is impressed with the stamp of truth itself, and by h——n's he never committed the felony he's in for. Keep him as comfortable as you can.'

They then separated.

The love of life is the first and strongest principle in our nature, and what man is there except some unhappy wretch pressed down by long and galling misery to the uttermost depths of despair, who, knowing that life was forfeited, whether justly or not matters little, to the laws of his country, will not feel the mercy which bids him live with a corresponding sense of gratitude! The son of the pious mother acted as if she were still his guide and monitress.

He knelt down and poured out his gratitude to that great Being who had the first claim upon it, and whose blessing he fervently invoked upon the heads of those true friends by whose exertions and influence he now felt that life was restored to him.

Of his life while he remained in this country there is little more to be said than what is usually known to occur in the case of other convicts similarly circumstanced, if we except his separation from the few persons who were dear to him. He saw his father the next day, and the old man felt almost disappointed on discovering that he was deprived of the pleasure which he proposed to himself of being the bearer of such glad tidings to him. Those who visited him, however, noticed, with a good deal of surprise that he appeared as if labouring under some secret anxiety, which, however, no tact or address on their part could induce him to disclose. Many of them, actuated by the best motives, asked him in distinct terms why he appeared to be troubled; but the only reply they received was a good-humoured remark that it was not to be expected he could leave for ever all that was dear to him on earth with a *very* cheerful spirit.

It was at this period that his old friend Nogher McCormick came to pay him a visit; it being the last time, as he said, that he would ever have an opportunity of seeing his face. Nogher, whose moral impressions were by no means so correct as Connor's, asked him, with a face of dry, peculiar mystery, if he had any particular wish unfulfilled; or if there remained behind him any individual against whom he entertained a spirit of enmity. If there were he begged him to make no scruple in entrusting to him a full statement of his wishes on the subject, adding that he might rest assured of having them accomplished.

'One thing you may be certain of, Nogher,' said he, to the affectionate fellow, 'that I have no secrets to tell; so don't let that go abroad upon me. I have hard to-day, he added, 'that the vessel we are to go in will sail on this day week. My father was here this mornin'; but I hadn't hard it then. Will you, Nogher,

tell my mother privately that she musn't come to see me on the day I appointed with my father. From the state of health she's in I'm tould she couldn't bear it. Tell her, then, not to come till the day before I sail; an' that I will expect to see her early on that day. And Nogher, as you know more about this unhappy business than any one else, except the O'Briens and ourselves, will you give this little packet to my mother? There's three or four locks of my hair in it: one of them is for Una; and desire my mother to see Una, and to get a link of her hair to wear next my heart. My poor father—now that he finds he must part with me—is so distracted and distressed, that I couldn't trust him with this message. I want it to be kept a sacret to every one but you, my mother, and Una; but my poor father would be apt to mention it in some fit of grief.'

'But is there nothin' else on your mind, Connor?'

'There's no heavy guilt on my mind, Nogher, I thank my God and my dear mother for it.'

'Well, I can tell you one thing before you go, Connor—Bartle Flanagan's well watched. If he has been guilty—if—derry downs, who doubts it?—well never mind; I'll hould a trifle we get him to show the cloven foot, and condemn himself yet.'

'The villain,' said Connor, 'will be too deep—too polished for you.'

'Ten to one he's not. Do you know what we've found out since this business?'

'No.'

'Why, the devil resave the squig of punch, whiskey, or liquor of any sort or size he'll allow to pass the lips of him. Now, Connor, aren't you up to the cunnin' villany of the traitor in that maynewvre?'

'I am, Nogher; I see his design in it. He is afeard if he got drunk that he mightn't be able to keep his own sacret.'

'Ah, thin by the holy Nelly, we'll *sleep* him yet, or he'll look sharp. Never you mind *him* Connor.'

'Nogher! stop,' said Connor, almost angrily, 'stop; what do you mane by them last words?'

'Divil a much; it's about the blaggard I'm spakin'; he'll be ped I can tell you. There's a few friends of yours that intinds, some o' these nights, to open a gusset under one of his ears only; the devil a thing more.'

'What! to take the unhappy man's life!—to murder him!'

'Hut, Connor; who's spakin' about murder?' No, only to make him miss his breath some night afore long. Does he desave mercy that 'ud swear away the life of an innocent man?'

'Nogher,' replied the other, rising up and speaking with the utmost solemnity—

'If one drop of his blood is spilled on my account, it

will bring the vengeance of heaven upon the head of every man havin' a hand in it. Will you, because he's a villain, make yourself murderers?—make yourselves blacker than he is!'

'Why, thin, death alive! Connor, have you your seven sinsis about you? Faith that's good; as if it was a sin to knock sich a white livered Judas upon the head! Sin!—oh hell resave the morsel o' sin in that, but the contrary. Sure its only sarvin' honest people right, to knock such a desaiver on the head. If he had parjured himself for the sake of the thruth, or to assist a brother in throuble—or to help on the good cause—it would be something; but to go to—but—arra, be me sowl, he'll sup sarra for it, sure enough! I thought it would make your mind aisy, or I wouldn't mintion it till we'd let the breath out of him.'

'Nogher,' said Connor, 'before you leave this unfortunate room, you must take the Almighty to witness that you'll have no hand in this bloody business, an' that you'll put a stop to it altogether. If you don't—and that his life is taken;—in the first place, I'll be miserable for life; and in the next, take my word for it, that the judgment of God will fall heavily upon every one consarned in it.'

'What for? Is it for slittin' the jugler of sich a rip? Isn't he as bad as a heretic, an' worse, for he turned against his own. He has got himself made the head of a lodge, too, and houlds Articles; but it's not bein' an Article-bearer that'll save him, an' he'll find that to his cost. But indeed, Connor, the villain's a double traitor, as you'd own, if you *knewn* what I hard a hint of?'

'Well, but you must lave him to God.'

'What do you think but I got a whisper that he has bad designs on her.'

'On who?' said O'Donovan, starting.

'Why, on your own girl, Oona, the Bodagh's daughter. He intinds, it's whispered, to take her off; an' it seems, as her father doesn't stand well with the boys, that Bartle's to get a great body of them to assist him in bringing her away.'

Connor paced his cell in deep and vehement agitation. His resentment against this double-eyed villain rose to a fearful pitch; his colour deepened—his eye shot fire, and, as he clenched his hand convulsively, Nogher saw the fury which this intelligence had excited in him.

'No,' he proceeded, 'it would be an open sin an' shame to let sich a netarnal limb of the devil escape.'

It may, indeed, be said that O'Donovan never properly felt the sense of his restraint until this moment. When he reflected on the danger to which his beloved Una was exposed from the dark plans of this detestable villain, and recollected that there existed in the

members of the illegal confederacy such a strong spirit of enmity against Bodagh Buie, as would induce them to support Bartle in his designs upon his daughter, he pressed his hand against his forehead, and walked about in a tumult of distress and resentment, such as he had never yet felt in his bosom.

'It's a charity it will be,' said Nogher, shrewdly availing himself of the commotion he had created, 'to stop the vagabone short in the coorse of his villany. He'll surely bring the darlin' young girl off, an' destroy her.'

For a few moments he felt as if his heart were disposed to rebel against the common ordinances of Providence, as they appeared to be manifested in his own punishment, and the successful villany of Bartle Flanagan. The reflection, however, of a strong and naturally pious mind soon enabled him to perceive the errors into which his passions would lead him, if not restrained and subjected. He made an effort to be calm, and in a considerable degree succeeded.

'Nogher,' said he, 'let us not forget that this Bartle—this—but I will not say it—let us not forget that God can aisily turn his plans against himself. To God, then, let us lave him. Now, hear me—you must swear in His Presence that you will have neither act nor part in doing him an injury—that you will not shed his blood, nor allow it to be shed by others, as far as you can prevent it.'

Nogher rubbed his chin gravely, and almost smiled at what he considered to be a piece of silly nonsense on the part of Connor. He determined therefore to satisfy his scruples as well as he could; but, let the consequence be what it might, to evade such an oath.

'Why, Connor,' said he, 'surely if you go to that, we can have no ill will against the d—n villain, an' as you don't wish it, we'll dthrop the thing; so now make your mind aisy, for another word you or any one else won't ever hear about it.'

'And you won't injure the man?'

'Hut! no,' replied Nogher with a gravity whose irony was barely perceptible, 'what would *we* murder him for, now that *you* don't wish it. I never had any particular wish to see my own funeral.'

'And, Nogher, you will do all you can to prevent him from being murdered?'

'To be sure, Connor—to be sure. By He that made me, we won't give pain to a *single hair of his head*: are you satisfied now?'

'I am,' replied the ingenuous young man, who was himself too candid to see through the sophistry of Nogher's oath.

'And now, Nogher,' he replied, 'many a day have we spent together—you are one of my oldest friends. I suppose this is the last time you will ever see Connor O'Donovan; however don't, man—don't be cast

down; you will hear from me, I hope, and hear that I am well too.'

He uttered this with a smile which cost him an effort; for on looking into the face of his faithful old friend, he saw its muscles working under the influence of strong feeling—or, I should rather say, deep sorrow—which he felt anxious, by a show of cheerfulness, to remove. The fountains, however, of the old servant's heart were opened, and, after some ineffectual attempts to repress his grief, he fell upon Connor's neck, and wept aloud.

'Tut, Nogher,' said Connor, 'surely it's glad you ought to be, instead of sorry. What would you have done if my first sentence had been acted upon?'

'I'm glad for your sake,' replied the other, 'but I'm now sorry for my own. You will live, Connor, and you may yet be happy; but he that often held you in his arms—that often played with you, and that next to your father and your mother, you loved better than any other livin'—he, poor Nogher, will never see his boy more.'

On uttering these words, he threw himself again upon Connor's neck, and we are not ashamed to say that their tears flowed together.

'I'll miss you, Connor, dear; I'll not see your face at fair or market, nor on the Chapel-green of a Sunday. Your poor father will break his heart, and the mother's eye will never more have an opportunity of being proud out of her son. It's hard upon me to part wid you, Connor, but it can't be helped; I only ax you to remember Nogher, that, you know, loved you as if you wor his own; remember me, Connor, of an odd time. I never thought—oh, God, I never thought to see this day. No wonder—oh, no wonder that the fair young crature should be pale and worn, an' sick at heart. I love her now, an' ever will, as well as I did yourself. I'll never see her, Connor, widout thinkin' heavily of him that her heart was set upon, an' that will then be far away from her an' from all that ever loved him.'

'Nogher,' replied Connor, 'I'm not without hope that—but this—this is folly. You know I have a right to be thankful to God and the goodness of government for sparin' my life. Now, farewell—it *is* for ever, Nogher, an' it *is* a tryin' word to-day; but you know that every one goin' to America must say it; so think that I'm goin' there, an' it won't signify.'

'Ah, Connor, I wish I could,' replied Nogher; 'but, to tell the truth, what breaks my heart is, to think of the way you are goin' from us. Farewell, then, Connor darlin'; an' may the blessin' of God, an' his holy mother, an' of all the saints be upon you, an' guard you now an' for ever. Amin!'

His tears flowed fast, and he sobbed aloud, whilst uttering the last words; he then threw his arms about



Connor's neck, and having kissed him, he again wrung his hand, and passed out of the cell, in an agony of grief.

Such is the anomalous nature of that peculiar temperament, which, in Ireland, combines within it the extremes of generosity and crime. Here was a man who had been literally affectionate and harmless during his whole past life, yet, who was now actually plotting the murder of a person who had never—except remotely, by his treachery to Connor, whom he loved—rendered him an injury, or given him any cause of offence. And what can shew us the degraded state of moral feeling among a people whose natural impulses are as quick to virtue as to vice, and the reckless estimate which the peasantry form of human life, more clearly than the fact, that Connor, the noble-minded, heroic, and pious peasant, could admire the honest attachment of his old friend, without dwelling upon the dark point in his character, and mingle his tears with a man who was deliberately about to join in, or encompass, the assassination of a fellow creature?

Even against persons of his own creed the Irishman thinks that revenge is a duty which he owes to himself—but against those of a different faith it is not only a duty but a virtue—and any man who acts out of this feeling, either as a juror, a witness, or an elector—for the principle is the same—must expect to meet such retribution as was suggested by a heart like Nogher M'Cormick's, which was otherwise affectionate and honest. In the secret code of perverted honour by which Irishmen are guided, he is undoubtedly the most heroic and manly, and the most worthy also of imitation, who indulges in, and executes his vengeance for injuries, whether real or supposed, with the most determined and unshrinking spirit; but the man who is capable of braving death, by quoting his own innocence as an argument against the justice of the law, even when notoriously guilty, is looked upon by the people, not as an innocent man—for his accomplices and friends know he is not—but as one who is a hero in his rank of life; and it is unfortunately a kind of ambition among too many of our ill-thinking but generous countrymen, to propose such men as the best models for imitation, not only in their lives, but in that hardened hypocrisy which defines and triumphs over the ordeal of death itself.

Connor O'Donnovan was a happy representation of all that is noble and pious in the Irish character, without one tinge of the crimes which darken or discolour it. But the heart that is full of generosity and fortitude, is generally most susceptible of the kinder and more amiable affections. The noble boy who could hear the sentence of death without the commotion of a nerve, was forced to weep the neck of an old and faithful follower who loved him, when he remembered that after that melancholy visit, he should see his

familiar face no more. When Nogher left him, a train of painful reflections passed through his mind. He thought of Una, of his father, of his mother, and for some time was more depressed than usual. But the gift of life to the young is ever a counterbalance to every evil that is less than death. In a short time he reflected that the same Providence which had interposed between him and his recorded sentence, had his future fate in its hands; and that he had health, and youth, and strength—and, above all, a good conscience—to bear him through the future vicissitudes of his appointed fate.

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*From the Athenæum.*

#### WRITINGS OF GEORGE WASHINGTON.

*The Writings of George Washington; being his Correspondence, Addresses, Messages, and other Papers, Official and Private, &c., with a Life of the Author.* By Jared Sparks. 12 vols. 8vo. London. J. M. Campbell.

This important national work is now complete, and the anticipations expressed long since in our notice of the first volume (No. 326) have been fully realized. The labour of making the collection must have been immense. Some idea of its extent may be formed from the statement, that the original papers, including both Washington's own letters and those received by him, amount to more than 200 folio volumes. Then there were all the extant records of the old congress in MS., the archives of all the original thirteen States of the union, the private collections of all the influential or intelligent persons, who had preserved anything worth, or perhaps *not* worth, looking over. Again, such a work was not to be written without European investigations—more than 600 French official despatches relating to the subject were, we understand, submitted to the author in Paris. Under such a burthen of preparation as this, ordinary industry might well have sunk exhausted, without adding the necessity of reading and studying everything in print which could be considered correlative with the more immediate authorities, or conducive to the complete comprehension of the latter. However, the work is done, and done well. The *Life*, which accompanies it, is, to us, the least interesting portion of it. We admit the general impartiality, the candour, and the judgment of the writer, but it is, and perhaps necessarily, too abstract and too bald—a mere guide as it were to the true *Life* which exists in the accompanying documents. A review of the *Life* of Washington, in all its relations and remote consequences, is too vast to be grappled with in a journal like ours; but it may not be without

interest if we give a summary recapitulation of the more notable points in the career and character of that illustrious man, having reference particularly, not to the *éclat* hitherto attached to them, but to their rocondite bearings, as a disinterested observer may be imagined to mark them at this distance of time and place.

The name of Washington is a rare one in this country, as we are told it is also in the United States. Mr. Sparks, following in the trail of the late Sir Isaac Heard, comes to the conclusion that the family were originally from the north. In the thirteenth century there was, and indeed there is now, in Durham, a manor of Washington, and here it is believed was seated the original stock of all who bear the name. We know not that it can at all effect the question, but Mr. Sparks does not appear to be aware that there is also a Washington in Sussex. However, three hundred years ago—in 1538,—a Lawrence Washington was settled in Northamptonshire, and served the office of Mayor of Northampton. Two of this gentleman's great-grandsons emigrated to Virginia about 1657, and became planters. The grandson of the younger married twice, and by the second lady had six children, of whom *George* was the eldest, being born in 1730. His father, who died when *George* was but ten years old, was a rich and respectable planter. The education of all the children devolved on the mother, an uncommonly intelligent and spirited woman. She executed her task most discreetly, and Mr. Sparks pays her a just compliment for training up the "Father of his country" that was to be, in the way he should go. She died, at an advanced age, while her distinguished son was President of the Union, and calling him "a good boy" to the last.

Education was not at that time so well provided for in the New World as in the Old. Washington, therefore, got but indifferent instruction at a common school. Here, it is said, he indulged freely in athletic and military exercises, of which he was always fond, gaining at the same time a good name among his comrades for his judgment, honesty, and manly demeanour. His MS. books, from the time he was thirteen, are yet preserved, and show these traits very forcibly; they include 'Rules of Behaviour' and 'Forms of Business,' of an uncommonly mature character, though formed at this early age. He chiefly applied himself at school to surveying, in which he made himself very perfect and adroit. Several quires of paper, filled with his figures as diagrams, remain, and among them we find laid down all the land contiguous to the school house. At plan-drawing he was always dexterous, and this afterwards proved serviceable, as did his general accuracy in business. He studied no foreign language: even the French he never learned to speak. In his own tongue, indeed, he was chiefly self-taught.

At fourteen, some of his relatives got him a midshipman's commission in the Royal Navy, and this he would willingly have accepted, but his mother objected. He resided a year or two with a brother at *Mount Vernon* (named from the admiral, a family friend). Here the surveying was again practised. He now became intimate with Lord Fairfax and his brothers, English cavaliers and scholars, settled as planters in Virginia; his lordship was an Oxford man, and wrote some papers in the *Spectator*; William had been Chief Justice of the Bahamas; thus motley was the Provincial Society at that time. The former owned immense tracts of wild land in the rich Alleghany valleys, and Washington,—such even then was his reputation,—was intrusted with the survey of them, though only sixteen years of age. One of the young Fairfaxes went with him. The task was arduous. We have seen letters of Washington's, written at this period (Mr. Sparks does not insert them), in which he describes himself as "camping out" for weeks together, lying down in his rude cabin at night with his feet to the fire and a buffalo-skin for a pillow. The work was ably finished, and led to more; he continued surveying for three years: by this time he stood so well with the public as to be named by the governor to a military command, with the rank of major, in the force raised against the Indians, being now but nineteen. Soon after, he lost a half-brother, and was left with the charge of his family and large estates, including *Mount Vernon*, which finally, though not at this period, came to himself. Here, again, his business faculties were severely tasked. In 1753 the French began to encroach on the English boundaries in the west, and here was a new theatre for his training; for more than twenty years from this date till the Revolution, Mr. Sparks shows how severe, yet how strangely fortunate, so to speak, was the apprenticeship Washington may be said to have served for the great after-work of his life. The governor now selected him for a mission into the wilderness to warn the French to withdraw. This was at the time a prodigious undertaking. The distance to the French post was 560 miles. The journey would now be accomplished probably in three or four days; Washington, though making all possible haste, was a fortnight in getting to Will's Creek, still in Virginia, and then twenty-seven days more to the end of his journey. Of course he became well acquainted with the country, encountered numerous Indians, made some useful acquaintances, and, above all, inured himself to habits of privation and severe toil. The errand was executed to the entire satisfaction of the governor, and the return tour safely accomplished, though not without many dangers. Imagine this first President of the Union in the wilderness—on foot—with a single companion—making his bed on the snow, with no covering but a blanket. They come to the







Alleghany river, expecting to cross it on the ice, but this resource fails:—

"There was no way of getting over," says Major Washington, "but on a raft; which we set about with but one poor hatchet, and finished just after sunset. This was a whole day's work. We next got it launched, and went on board of it; then set off. But before we were half way over, we were jammed in the ice in such a manner, that we expected every moment our raft would sink, and ourselves perish. I put out my setting-pole to try to stop the raft, that the ice might pass by; when the rapidity of the stream threw it with so much violence against the pole, that it jerked me out into ten feet water. But I fortunately saved myself by catching hold of one of the raft logs. Notwithstanding all our efforts we could not get the raft to either shore, but were obliged, as we were near an island, to quit our raft, and make to it."

"This providential escape from most imminent danger was not the end of their calamities. They were thrown upon a desert island; the weather was intensely cold; Mr. Gist's hands and feet were frozen; and their sufferings through the night were extreme. A gleam of hope appeared with the dawn of morning. Between the island and the eastern bank of the river, the ice had congealed so hard as to bear their weight. They crossed over without accident, and the same day reached a trading-post recently established by Mr. Frazier, near the spot where eighteen months afterwards was fought the memorable battle of the Monongahela."

Getting home, however, after eleven weeks' absence, he is appointed to the chief command of the force raised for the Western service. This being afterwards much increased, he served as Lieut.-Colonel, under one Fry. Prodigious difficulties are encountered on the march: roads and bridges were to be made—the forest felled—swamps filled. Provisions failed too. Finally, they meet a French force, and a skirmish ensues, in which the latter are beaten—remarkable, as the first encounter in the long war which was destined to follow. Great trouble subsequently ensued with his own troops, who were ill paid and provided. This, again, was but a prelude to the same trials, on a greater scale, during the revolution; and here was the experience gained by which the latter, formidable as they proved, were sustained. Another action occurs—forts are built, Indians engaged;—all in the way of practice. The success of the campaign was not signal, but Washington's conduct was the subject of general admiration. He was always accustomed so to act, as even in adversity to lose no reputation.

Another season, we find him a volunteer in Braddock's expedition, with a Colonel's rank. The unfortunate result is well known. Washington's plans were rejected; the army fell into an ambuscade; the commander was killed, and the remainder of his force drawn off by the young Virginian.

"Captains Orme and Morris, the two other aides-de-camp, were wounded and disabled, and the duty of distributing the general's orders devolved on him alone. He rode in every direction, and was a conspicuous mark

for the enemy's sharp shooters. 'By the all-powerful dispensations of Providence,' said he, in a letter to his brother, 'I have been protected beyond all human probability or expectation; for I had four bullets through my coat, and two horses shot under me, yet I escaped unhurt, although death was levelling my companions on every side of me.' So bloody a contest has rarely been witnessed. The number of officers in the engagement was 86, of whom 26 were killed, and 37 wounded. The killed and wounded of the privates amounted to 714. On the other hand, the enemy's loss was small. Their force amounted at least to 850 men, of whom 600 were Indians. According to the returns, not more than 40 were killed. They fought in deep ravines, concealed by the bushes, and the balls of the English passed over their heads."

It is related, that when, fifteen years after this battle, Washington went westward a second time on an exploring tour to the Ohio river,—

"A company of Indians came to them with an interpreter, at the head of whom was an aged and venerable chief. This personage made known to them by the interpreter, that, hearing Colonel Washington was in that region, he had come a long way to visit him, adding, that, during the battle of the Monongahela he had singled him out as a conspicuous object, fired his rifle at him many times, and directed his young warriors to do the same, but to his utter astonishment none of their balls took effect. He was then persuaded, that the youthful hero was under the special guardianship of the Great Spirit, and ceased to fire at him any longer. He was now come to pay homage to the man, who was the particular favourite of Heaven, and who could never die in battle."

This anecdote rests on the authority of Dr. Craik, who was intimate with Washington all his lifetime. Other curious details of this sadly celebrated affair of Braddock's, Mr. Sparks has derived from persons who were engaged in it; and there were at least two such, he tells us, in Pennsylvania 75 years after the battle!

It is a good proof of Washington's rank in public esteem, that after this expedition 300l. were granted him by the legislature, for his "gallant behaviour and losses," and that he was at once made Commander-in-Chief of the Virginian forces. There is scarcely so striking an instance on record of advancement, not merely in spite of disaster, but by dint of it,—that is, by virtue of the sterling qualities it brought out—qualities, indeed, in which his strength lay—heroic perseverance, self-possession, high integrity, and, above all, what Mr. Sparks justly calls an "incomparable judgment." This was always the greatness of Washington; not the brilliancy of any one trait in his character, but the rare combination and harmonious co-operation of all. Nothing was wanting which was necessary to true greatness; and the balance was exquisite and complete. Look at the practical test of this character. It may excite little enthusiasm at first blush, but how does it bear examination!—how does it come out on trial! No man ever undertook greater things than he did, yet he undertook nothing, not one

thing, in which he did not succeed; and he never violated, as the historian justly observes, a single principle of honour, justice, or the highest dignity of man. What can be greatness, if not this? Why institute a comparison between such a man and Napoleon Bonaparte? The latter was a great general, no doubt, and he was more or less great in other things; but he was a great man only to his flatterers—a few sincere enthusiasts—and a contemporary coterie. Will his title as such be recognised by posterity? Washington's name has risen on the world like the morning sun, growing more and more brilliant, and giving light and joy to the whole human race. The comet career of Napoleon is already past. The recollection of it is fast fading; and the time will soon come when few will remember him but with associations of the "pestilence and war" which he shook from his "horrid hair."

Washington's character was now so matured, and his reputation so diffused, that the public began almost to regard him with a kind of mysterious respect, as being reserved for some unknown, but signal and beneficent destiny. It was now, it appears, "that the accomplished and eloquent Samuel Davies pronounced the celebrated encomium in a single sentence, which has often been quoted as prophetic. After praising the zeal and courage, which had been shown by the Virginian troops, the preacher added, 'As a remarkable instance of this, I may point out to the public that heroic youth, Colonel Washington, whom I cannot but hope Providence has hitherto preserved in so signal a manner for some important service to his country.'"

We see Washington, now but twenty-three, at the head of the Virginian forces. We see him overcoming, too, the difficulties of that station, especially the want of proper discipline in the provincial militia, and all by mere force of reason and perseverance. It is curious to notice the chief source of these troubles. It was the same then with the Americans as now; the same on the Virginian as on the Canadian line—in the colonies as in the union. As Washington said, the people were "so tenacious of their liberty, as not to invest power were interest and policy so unanswerably demanded it." Here is the whole history of the late disturbance—of the principal weakness of the American government at all times. The people are too jealous of it: they restrict its agency, its discretion, its executive strength—a better fault, no doubt, than indifference or servility would be; but yet a fault, and one which, we perceive, their wiser men of all parties now begin, with Washington, to acknowledge, and, what is better, reform.

Washington has been, by some writers, accounted a man of little sensibility. They mistake his self-control for coldness, and there could not be a greater

mistake. No man was more alive to the nicest points of feeling. His sense of honour, for example, of military honour, was most keen. There was a Captain Dagworthy who, as a "regular," though of inferior rank, claimed precedence of him. Washington would not submit to it. He always insisted both on rigid discipline in the army, and strict justice in all things. He laid the matter before the provincial authorities: they feared some collision with higher powers, and blinked the question. At length, he got it referred to General Shirley, the Commander in Chief; and it shows his earnestness, that, in the depth of winter, he at once undertook a journey to see the General at Boston, the distance being 500 miles, and the whole tour (another curious reminiscence of travel) occupying about seven weeks. The affair was settled to his satisfaction. At another time, he resigned his commission on account of some irregular appointment, which he thought affected his honour, and retired into private life. On a later occasion, unjust rumours were circulated, prejudicial to him and his officers. This he took deeply to heart; but such censures only drew forth fresh proofs of the esteem he enjoyed. One of the leading members of the legislature wrote to him—

"From my constant attendance in the House, I can with great truth say, I never heard your conduct questioned. Whenever you are mentioned, it is with the greatest respect. Your orders and instructions appear in a light worthy of the most experienced officer. I can assure you, that a very great majority of the House prefer you to any other person."

"Colonel Fairfax, his early patron, and a member of the governor's Council, wrote in terms still more soothing. 'Your endeavours in the service and defence of your country must redound to your honour; therefore do not let any unavoidable interruptions sicken your mind in the attempts you may pursue. Your good health and fortune are the toast of every table. Among the Romans, such a general acclamation and public regard, shown to any of their chieftains, were always esteemed a high honour and gratefully accepted.'"

The Speaker of the House said that all the hopes of the country were fixed on him! and Washington was at that time but twenty-seven years of age. We need scarcely remark, that his duties continued to be most arduous. At the close of 1757, indeed, he broke down under them, and was confined at home four months with illness. A year afterwards, he distinguished himself in the expedition which ended in the capture of Fort Duquesne. At the close of that campaign—the object of the war being, in degree, accomplished by the possession of Ohio—he retired into private life, after a severe service of five years. Speaking of Washington's share in these struggles, and their result, so far as he was concerned, Mr. Sparks observes:

"While engaged in the last campaign, Colonel Washington had been elected a representative to the House of Burgesses, in Virginia, from Frederic county.

Having determined to quit the military line, and being yet inclined to serve his country in a civil capacity, this choice of the people was peculiarly gratifying to him. As this was the first time he had been proposed for the popular suffrages, his friends urged him to leave the army for a few days, and repair to Winchester, where the election was to be held. But, regarding his duties in the field as outweighing every other consideration, he remained at his post, and the election was carried without his personal solicitation or influence. There were four candidates, and he was chosen by a large majority over all his competitors. The success was beyond his most sanguine anticipations. One of his friends wrote to him immediately after the polls were closed; 'The punctual discharge of every trust, your humane and equitable treatment of each individual, and your ardent zeal for the common cause, have gained your point with credit; as your friends could, with the greatest warmth and truth, urge the worth of those noble endowments and principles, as well as your superior interest both here and in the House.' Considering the command, which he had been obliged to exercise in Frederic County for near five years, and the restraints, which the exigency of circumstances required him occasionally to put upon the inhabitants, this result was deemed a triumphant proof of his abilities, address, and power to win the affections and confidence of the people."

What a school was this on the Virginian frontiers, and among western wilds. And what was the result of such a training as manifested twenty years after! Let us look forward thus much. Behold him, in the winter of 1777-8, at Valley Forge. Here his wife joined him in February, and writing "to Mrs. Mercy Warren, the historian of the revolution, she said, 'The General's apartment is very small; he has had a log cabin built to diqe in, which has made our quarters much more tolerable than they were at first.'"

The next winter was more comfortable; but we probably see, in the following note to the Surgeon-General, inviting him to dinner, a specimen of the General's greatest luxuries. He says—

"I have asked Mrs. Cochran and Mrs. Livingston to dine with me to-morrow; but am I not in honour bound to apprise them of their fare? As I hate deception even where the imagination only is concerned, I will. It is needless to premise, that my table is large enough to hold the ladies. Of this they had ocular proof yesterday. To say how it is usually covered, is rather more essential; and this shall be the purport of my letter.

"Since our arrival at this happy spot, we have had a ham, sometimes a shoulder of bacon, to grace the head of the table; a piece of roast beef adorns the foot; and a dish of beans, or greens, almost imperceptible, decorates the centre. When the cook has a mind to cut a figure, which I presume will be the case to-morrow, we have two beef-steak pies, or dishes of crabs, in addition, one on each side of the centre-dish, dividing the space and reducing the distance between dish and dish to about six feet, which without them would be near twelve feet apart. Of late he has had the surprising sagacity to discover, that apples will make pies; and it is a question, if, in the violence of his efforts, we do not get one of apples, instead of having both of beef-

steaks. If the ladies can put up with such entertainment, and will submit to partake of it on plates, once tin but now iron (not become so by the labour of scouring,) I shall be happy to see them; and am, dear doctor, yours."

In fact, the mere physical and personal powers of Washington were severely tried in this seven years' war; and his constitution, without the previous discipline, could never have sustained the trial.

Even the life he led on his own plantation was one of preparation, as the following anecdote may explain, —premiting that he was six feet three inches in height, and stout in proportion:—

"A person of lawless habits and reckless character had frequently entered upon the grounds near Mount Vernon, and shot ducks and other game. More than once he had been warned to desist, and not to return. It was his custom to cross the Potomac in a canoe, and ascend the creeks to some obscure place, where he could be concealed from observation. One day, hearing the discharge of a musket, Washington mounted his horse, and rode in the direction of the sound. The intruder discovered his approach, and had just time to gain the canoe and push it from the shore, when Washington emerged from the bushes at a distance of a few yards. The man raised his gun, cocked it, pointed it at him, and took deliberate aim; but, without a moment's hesitation, he rode into the water, seized the prow of the canoe, drew it to land, disarmed his antagonist, and inflicted on him a chastisement, which he never again chose to run the hazard of encountering."

Besides these irregular and unexpected exercises, he delighted in the manliest sports. His character as a sportsman is not generally known:—

"His chief diversion was the chase. At the proper season, it was not unusual for him to go out two or three times in a week with horses, dogs and horns, in pursuit of foxes, accompanied by a small party of gentlemen, either his neighbours, or such visitors as happened to be at Mount Vernon. \* \* Another favourite exercise was fowling. His youthful rambles in the woods, on his surveying expeditions, had made him familiar with the use of his gun. Game of various kinds abounded on his plantations, particularly the species of wild duck, which at certain seasons resorts in great numbers to the waters of the Chesapeake, and is so much esteemed for its superior quality. He was expert in the art of duck-shooting, and often practised it."

The same vigorous spirit was displayed on all occasions. In 1770 we find him making a sort of pleasure trip on horseback to Pittsburg, and thence 300 miles down the Ohio, in a canoe:—

"At that time there were no inhabitants on the Ohio below Pittsburg, except the natives of the forest. A few traders had wandered into those regions, and land speculators had sent out emissaries to explore the country, but no permanent settlements had been formed. He was attended down the river by William Crawford, a person accustomed to the woods, and a part of the way by Colonel Croghan, distinguished for his know-



ledge of Indian affairs. The voyage was fatiguing and somewhat hazardous, as they were exposed without shelter to the inclemencies of the weather, and no one of the party was experienced in the navigation of the stream. At night they landed and encamped. Occasionally they walked through the woods, leaving the canoe in charge of the oarsmen. They were thus enabled to inspect the lands, and form a judgment of the soil. Washington was also gratified to meet several of his former Indian friends, who, hearing of his journey, came to see him at different places. Among others, he recognised a chief, who had gone with him to the fort on French Creek, sixteen years before. They all greeted him with much ceremonious respect, making speeches according to their manner, welcoming him to their country, exhibiting their usual tokens of friendship and hospitality, and expressing a desire to maintain a pacific intercourse with their white neighbours of Virginia.

"After arriving at the mouth of the Great Kenhawa, he ascended that river about fourteen miles, and examined the lands in the vicinity. He had an opportunity, likewise, to practice his favourite amusement of hunting. Buffaloes, deer, turkeys, ducks, and other wild game, were found in great abundance. Pleased with the situation, aspect, and resources of the country, he selected various tracts of land, which were ultimately surveyed and appropriated to fulfil the pledges to the army."

Mr. Sparks shows that Washington acquired, on these occasions, a vast deal of useful knowledge, as well as discipline. He early formed a comprehensive and just estimate of the worth of the great western country, which afterwards appeared in his strenuous recommendation of the immense system of improvements which have since been executed, or are now going on. Among these he particularly pointed out the importance of that connexion between the coast and the lakes, effected by the Erie Canal. With the Indian tribes, too, and with all classes of his own countrymen, he was completing a most useful acquaintance. All this was to come into play on a great scale. The *denouement* was yet mysterious, but the development of events and character continually went on.

So of his practice in the military sphere. It was not merely good soldiership, or even good generalship, he needed, but much more. He was destined to be most severely tried by the difficulty of getting or keeping an army together at all,—a condition of things for which the circumstances, habits, and feelings of the Americans, were, in almost every respect, most unfavourable. Whoever reads Washington's correspondence with Congress, during the war, will understand this—and nobody otherwise can. Take a specimen, at Boston, even in the first heat of 1775:—

"An incident is related as having occurred while he was in the Convention for forming the Constitution, which was probably suggested by his experience during the war. A member proposed to introduce a clause into the constitution, limiting a standing army to *five thousand* men. Washington observed, that he should have no objection to such a clause, if it were so amend-

ed as to provide, that no enemy should presume to invade the United States with more than *three thousand*. \* \* \*

"When General Washington complained to Governor Trumbull of the extraordinary conduct of the Connecticut troops, the latter replied; 'There is great difficulty to support liberty, to exercise government, and maintain subordination, and at the same time to prevent the operation of licentious and levelling principles, which many very easily imbibe. The pulse of a New England man beats high for liberty; his engagement in the service he thinks purely voluntary; therefore, when the time of enlistment is out, he thinks himself not holden without further engagement. This was the case in the last war. I greatly fear its operation amongst the soldiers of the other colonies, as I am sensible this is the genius and spirit of our people.' Another consideration had great weight, perhaps greater than all the rest. The men expected a bounty. A soldier's pay did not satisfy them, as they could obtain better wages in other employments, without the fatigues and privations of a camp. Congress had declared against bounties, and they could not be offered, unless the colonies should choose to do it individually on their own account.

"At the end of the year, when the old army was dissolved, the whole number of the new establishment was 9650. More than 1000 of these men were absent on furloughs, which it had been necessary to grant as a condition of reenlistment. This result was peculiarly discouraging. 'It is easier to conceive than describe,' said General Washington, 'the situation of my mind for some time past, and my feelings under our present circumstances. Search the volumes of history through, and I much question whether a case similar to ours is to be found; namely, to maintain a post against the flower of the British troops for six months together, without powder, and then to have one army disbanded and another to be raised within the same distance of a reinforced enemy.'"

These were the difficulties Washington had to contend against, and here was his real triumph. He accomplished little by *coup-de-main*, experiments, surprises, eccentricities, or brilliant outbursts of exertion or of genius, on particular occasions. He relied on general weight of character and reputation, and was willing to wait the result of it.

Mr. Sparks gives a very just account of his habits as a member of the legislature; but we have a glimpse of him at a parish meeting in his own neighbourhood, which curiously sustains the foregoing theoretical sketch:—

"The old church was falling to ruin, and it was resolved that another should be built. Several meetings were held, and a warm dispute arose respecting its location, the old one being remote from the centre, and inconveniently situated for many of the parishioners. A meeting for settling the question was finally held. George Mason, who led the party that adhered to the ancient site, made an eloquent harangue, in which he appealed with great effect to the sensibilities of the people, conjuring them not to desert the spot consecrated by the bones of their ancestors and the most hallowed associations. Mr. Massey said every one present seemed moved by this discourse, and, for the moment, he thought there would not be a dissenting



voice. Washington then rose, and drew from his pocket a roll of paper, containing an exact survey of Truro Parish, on which was marked the site of the old church, the proposed site of the new one, and the place where each parishioner resided. He spread this map before the audience, explained it in a few words, and then added, that it was for them to determine, whether they would be carried away by an impulse of feeling, or act upon the obvious principles of reason and justice. The argument, thus confirmed by ocular demonstration, was conclusive, and the church was erected on the new site."

Of the delicacy and high honour of Washington we have spoken before, but an illustration appears in his conduct as commander of the army. During the whole contest he received no pay for his services. During his whole public career he made great actual sacrifices of property, yet no authority could prevail on him to accept of the smallest remuneration. The legislature of Virginia, in 1785, tried hard, by every device, to get him to accept of 150 shares in a Canal Company, the existence of which was due to himself, and really worth from 5,000*l.* to 10,000*l.* But the most he would consent to, was, to accept the appropriation on condition of being allowed to devote the profit to *public objects*, at his discretion,—and this he did. Washington College is in this way largely indebted to him. He left a liberal sum, also, towards founding a great National University, in the capital; one of his favourite schemes, which is yet destined, we think, to be realized at no distant day. How little his equanimity was ever distracted by the temptations of office or power, is well known. Mr. Sparks discloses a combination, of some power, which was formed in the army, just after the surrender of Cornwallis, with the view of getting the Commander to assume monarchical power; and the notice *he* took of it was conclusive. In fact, he always preferred private to public life. The day of retirement was to him one of joy. The late Bishop White used to relate this anecdote:—

"On the day before he [President Washington] retired from office, a large company dined with him. Among them were the foreign ministers and their ladies, Mr. and Mrs. Adams, Mr. Jefferson, and other conspicuous persons of both sexes. During the dinner much hilarity prevailed; but, on the removal of the cloth, it was put an end to by the President, certainly without design. Having filled his glass, he addressed the company with a smile, as nearly as can be recollected in the following words; 'Ladies and gentlemen, this is the last time I shall drink your health as a public man. I do it with sincerity, wishing you all possible happiness.' There was an end of all pleasantries. He, who gives this relation, accidentally directed his eye to the lady of the British minister, Mrs. Liston, and tears were running down her cheeks."

Marshall's fine sketch of his farewell to his comrades, at the end of the war, is also quoted in the work before us:—

"This affecting interview took place on the 4th of December. At noon, the principal officers of the army assembled at Frances's tavern, soon after which, their beloved commander entered the room. His emotions were too strong to be concealed. Filling a glass, he turned to them and said, 'With a heart full of love and gratitude, I now take leave of you; I most devoutly wish, that your latter days may be as prosperous and happy, as your former ones have been glorious and honourable.' Having drank, he added, 'I cannot come to each of you to take my leave, but shall be obliged if each of you will come and take me by the hand.' General Knox, being nearest, turned to him. Washington, incapable of utterance, grasped his hand, and embraced him. In the same affectionate manner he took leave of each succeeding officer. The tear of manly sensibility was in every eye; and not a word was articulated to interrupt the dignified silence, and the tenderness of the scene. Leaving the room he passed through the corps of light infantry, and walked to White Hall, where a barge waited to convey him to Paulus Hook. The whole company followed in mute and solemn procession, with dejected countenances, testifying feelings of delicious melancholy, which no language can describe. Having entered the barge, he turned to the company, and, waving his hat, bade them a silent adieu. They paid him the same affectionate compliment; and, after the barge had left them, returned in the same solemn manner to the place where they had assembled."

Who can charge Washington with a want of sensibility, that reads this passage? An attempt has been made to raise a prejudice against him as a slave holder: it is enough to say, in regard to this silly charge, that he lived in a community and at a time when no exception was made to the institution;—that he was otherwise than a most kind master, nobody pretends. So long as he lived, he took care of his dependents according to his best discretion: and the following passage from his Will indicates their subsequent disposal. It will appropriately conclude our notice of this the greatest and the best of men:—

"Upon the decease of my wife, it is my will and desire that all the slaves whom I hold in *my own right* shall receive their freedom. To emancipate them during her life would, though earnestly wished by me, be attended with such insuperable difficulties, on account of their intermixture by marriage with the dower negroes, as to excite the most painful sensations, if not disagreeable consequences to the latter, while both descriptions are in the occupancy of the same proprietor; it not being in my power, under the tenure by which the dower negroes are held, to manumit them. And whereas, among those who will receive freedom according to this devise, there may be some, who, from old age or bodily infirmities, and others, who, on account of their infancy, will be unable to support themselves, it is my will and desire, that all, who come under the first and second description, shall be comfortably clothed and fed by my heirs while they live; and that such of the latter description as have no parents living, or, if living, are unable or unwilling to provide for them, shall be bound by the court until they shall arrive at the age of twenty-five years; and, in cases where no record can be produced, whereby

their ages can be ascertained, the judgment of the court, upon its own view of the subject, shall be adequate and final. The negroes thus bound, are (by their masters or mistresses) to be taught to read and write, and to be brought up to some useful occupation, agreeably to the laws of the Commonwealth of Virginia, providing for the support of orphan and other poor children. And I do hereby expressly forbid the sale or transportation out of the said Commonwealth, of any slave I may die possessed of, under any pretence whatsoever."

*On Storms.* By Mr. William C. Redfield of New York, and Lieutenant-Colonel Reid, Royal Engineers.

Colonel Capper of the East India Company's service, in a work on Winds and Monsoons, published in the year 1801, states it as his opinion, that hurricanes will be found to be great whirlwinds; and says, "It would not, perhaps, be a matter of great difficulty to ascertain the situation of a ship in a whirlwind, by observing the strength or changes of the wind. If the changes are sudden, and the wind violent, in all probability the ship must be near the centre of the vortex of the whirlwind; whereas, if the wind blows a great length of time from the same point, and the changes are gradual, it may reasonably be supposed that the ship is near the extremity of it."

This view of the nature of hurricanes appears to have been lost sight of for a long time, or to have been mentioned only in a very cursory manner, until an American observer, Mr. W. C. Redfield, published in the 20th volume of Silliman's well known American Journal of Science and Arts, a valuable memoir, entitled "*Remarks on the prevailing Storms of the Atlantic coast of North America*," in which he maintains (and we believe without any knowledge of Capper's work) that these storms are great whirlwinds. This memoir, inserted in the 18th vol. of the *Edinburgh New Philosophical Journal*, from its important details, and the general plausibility of the explanation offered, we esteemed a valuable contribution to the natural history of the winds. In the year 1834 we were again gratified by receiving from Mr. Redfield a copy of another memoir, entitled "*Observations on the Hurricanes and Storms of the West Indies and the coast of the United States, with a chart*," in which his opinion, as to the nature of storms, is farther enforced and supported by numerous additional observations. This memoir and the accompanying chart were also published in the 20th volume of *The Edinburgh New Philosophical Journal*. In this way we enabled British meteorologists to become acquainted with Mr. Redfield's observations and views. As our meteorologists generally had taken but little notice of these memoirs, we were rejoiced to find them brought prominently before the British Associa-

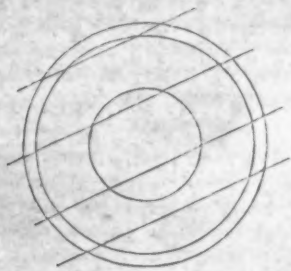
tion, at Newcastle, by a very intelligent officer and excellent observer, Lieut.-Col. Reid of the Royal Engineers, in a "*Report explaining the progress made towards developing the Law of Storms, and a statement of what seems desirable should be further done to advance our knowledge of the subject*." Colonel Reid, at the meeting of the Physical Section of the British Association, commenced by stating "that he had long been convinced that the operations of the Deity in the workings of his providential care over his creatures, were governed by fixed laws, designed by incomprehensible wisdom, arranged by supreme power, and tending to the most benevolent ends. That however irregular the tempest or the tornado might appear to the inobservant, yet our own day had seen some of these phenomena reduced to rule; and he doubted not soon to convince the Section that we were on the eve of advancing some steps farther towards this most desirable end. He felt confident, indeed, that the laws of atmospheric changes were dependent on such fixed principles, that nothing was wanting but a more intimate acquaintance with the subject, to render man's knowledge of these laws as perfect as that which he had attained in any of the sciences now called strict. His attention had been first directed to the subject in 1831. He arrived, on military service, at Barbadoes, immediately after the desolating hurricane of that year, which, in the short space of seven hours, destroyed 1477 persons on that island alone. He had been for two years and a half daily employed as an engineer officer amidst the ruined buildings, and was thus naturally led to the consideration of the phenomena of hurricanes. The first explanation which to him seemed reasonable, he found in a pamphlet by W. C. Redfield of New York, extracted from the American Journal of Science, a work much less known in this country than its value and great merits deserved. The north-east storms on the coast of America had attracted the attention of Franklin. He had been prevented by one of these storms from observing an eclipse of the moon at Philadelphia, which he was soon after astonished to find had been felt at Boston, although that town lay to the north-east of Philadelphia. This was a circumstance not to be lost on such an inquiring mind as Franklin's: he ascertained, upon inquiry, that the same north-east storm had not reached Boston for some hours after it had blown at Philadelphia; and that, although the wind blew from the north-east, yet the progress of the entire storm was from the south-west. He died, however, before he had made any further progress in this investigation. Col. Capper of the East India Company's service, after having studied meteorological subjects for twenty years in the Madras territory, published a work, in 1801, upon winds and monsoons, giving brief statements of their fatal effects, from Orme's '*History of Hindostan*.' In this work he

states his belief that hurricanes will be found to be great whirlwinds; and says, 'it would not, perhaps, be a matter of great difficulty to ascertain the situation of a ship in a whirlwind, by observing the strength and changes of the wind. If the changes are sudden, and the wind violent, in all probability the ship must be near the centre of the vortex of the whirlwind; whereas, if the wind blows a great length of time from the same point, and the changes are gradual, it may reasonably be supposed that the ship is near the extremity of it.' In this conjecture respecting the nature of hurricanes, Col. Reid conceived Col. Capper to be decidedly right, and the conclusion he drew from it has stood the test of close examination. Mr. Redfield, following up the observation of Franklin, and though probably unacquainted with the views or opinions of Capper, ascertained that, while the north-east storms were blowing on the shores of America, the wind was with equal violence blowing a south-west storm on the Atlantic. Tracking Franklin's storms from the southward, he found, throughout their course, that the wind on opposite sides of the shore, over which the storm prevailed, blew in opposite directions, and that, in fact, the entire storm was a progressive whirlwind, and that all these whirlwinds revolved constantly in the same direction. In one of the numbers of the American Journal of Science (for 1831), Colonel Reid found collected together by Mr. Redfield many records of the same storms, and a chart, on a very small scale, shewing the progress of one. Strongly impressed with the conviction that Mr. Redfield's views were correct, he determined to verify them by making charts on a large scale, and laying down on them the different reports of the directions of the wind at points given in the American Journal of Science; and the more exactly this was done, the nearer was the approximation to the tracks of a progressive whirlwind. He then exhibited to the Section a volume containing eight charts on a large scale, of which the first and second chart contained the result of this part of the examination; and he explained how the arrows shewing the direction of the wind at the several stations were all on the right hand side of the several circles flying from the south, while at the stations at the left hand, or towards the east of the chart, they were all coming from the north. Colonel Reid went on to explain, that as his object was not to establish or support any theory, but simply to arrange and record facts, he had only at present to give such a sketch of what had been done, as would turn the attention of abler men than himself to this investigation, and to impress upon commercial men the importance of carefully preserving the logs of their merchant ships: the practice was, he found, to return these logs to the brokers so soon as the vessel returned to her port, and after his accounts were balanced, they

were considered as of no further value. He had published at length the details of his examination of this question. He had procured the actual log-books of ships, and had combined their information with what he could obtain on land, thus comparing simultaneous observations over extended tracts. On the eighth chart he pointed out eight ships in several positions in the same storm, the tracks of several crossing the path of the storm, and the wind, as reported by the ships, corroborated by the reports from the land. The observations of ships possess this great advantage for meteorological research, that merchant-ships' log-books report the weather every two hours, and ships of war have hourly observations always kept up. After tracing a variety of storms in north latitudes, and being impressed with the regularity with which they appear to pass toward the North Pole, and always revolved in the same direction,—viz. opposite to the hands of a watch, or from the east round by the north, west, south, and east,—he was led to conclude, that, in accordance with the order of nature, storms in south latitudes would be found to revolve in a contrary direction to that which they take in the northern hemispheres. He earnestly sought for facts, to ascertain if this were really the case, and had obtained much information confirmatory of the truth of the conjecture, before he was aware that Mr. Redfield had formed the same conjecture, without, however, having traced any storms in south latitudes. The general phenomena of these storms will be understood, if the storm, as a great whirlwind, be represented by a circle, whose centre is made to progress along a curve, or part of a curve, which is, in most cases, of a form approaching the parabolic, the circles expanding as they advance from the point at which the storm begins to be felt, the rotatory motion in the northern hemisphere being in the contrary direction to that in which the hands of a watch go round; while, in the southern hemisphere, the rotation is in the same direction as that in which the hands of a watch revolve. He pointed out how his views were illustrated by the disastrous storm of 1809, experienced by the East India fleet, under the convoy of the *Culloden* line-of-battle ship, and the *Terpsichore* frigate, and four British men-of-war, which left the Cape of Good Hope about the same time, intending to cruise about the Mauritius. Some of these vessels scudded and ran in the storm for days; some, by lying to, got almost immediately out of it, while others, by taking a wrong direction, went into the heart of it, foundered, and were never heard of more: others, by sailing right across the calm space, met the same storm in different parts of its progress, and the wind blowing in opposite directions, and considered and spoke of it as two storms, which they encountered; while others, by cruising about within the bend of the curve, but beyond the circle of the great whirl, escaped



the storm altogether, which had been for days raging on all sides of them. This led him to draw the very important practical conclusion as to how a ship should act when she encountered a gale, so as to escape from it. By watching the mode of veering of the wind, the portion of a storm into which a ship is falling may be ascertained: if the ship be then so manœuvred as that the wind shall veer aft instead of ahead, and the vessel is made to come up, instead of being allowed to break off, she will run out of the storm altogether; but, if the contrary course be taken, either through chance or ignorance, she goes right into the whirl, and runs a great risk of being suddenly taken aback, but most assuredly will meet the opposite wind in passing out through the whirl. To accomplish her object, he showed, by a diagram, that it was necessary that the ship should be laid on opposite tacks, on opposite sides of a storm, as may be understood by drawing a number of concentric circles to represent the whirl of the hurricane, and then different lines across these, to represent the course of ships entering into, or going through the storm: but, to attempt the full explanation of even this, would extend much beyond our limits.



Colonel Reid illustrated his views by reference to various circumstances connected with the great hurricane of 1780, and the position of the several ships of Sir George Rodney's squadron, as also those of the East India convoys in the hurricanes of 1808 and 1809. He pointed out the effects of these storms on the barometer and sympiesometer, and the practical lessons to be derived from their indications. He highly eulogized the anemometers of Professor Whewell and Mr. Follett Ossler, and particularly dwelt upon the importance of having the latter instrument placed at various stations in the usual tracks of these great hurricanes, as a means of deciding several important questions connected with them. He likewise pointed out the value of inducing the several maritime nations to establish registers at their light-houses, and mutually to communicate their observations, from which would result a fund of most valuable information, which would doubtless throw light on this, and on other collateral subjects. He pointed out the coincidences which existed between the revolving motions of storms in the two hemispheres, and those which galvanism

caused around the poles of magnets; thus he saw the magnet, when in conjunction with the voltaic battery, making contrary revolutions around the two poles. He also stated, that where Major Sabine had found the magnetic intensity least, viz., at St. Helena, there were no violent storms, his line of least intensity appearing to be the true Pacific Ocean of the world. The lines of greatest magnetic intensity, on the contrary, seemed to correspond with the localities of hurricanes and typhoons; for we find the meridian of the American magnetic pole passing not far from the Caribbean sea, and that of the Siberian pole through the China sea. He shewed that the phenomena of water-spouts were exactly the reverse of those of hurricanes, and alluded to their electrical states. He mentioned two instances of water-spouts, one in the northern the other in the southern hemisphere, in which the revolutions were in opposite directions, but both in the contrary direction to great storms. He explained the variable high winds of our latitudes, by the storms expanding in size and diminishing in force as they approach the poles, and the meridians at the same time nearing each other, occasioning a huddling together of the gales. He further remarked, because the diameters of these circles, over which the whirl of the storm was spread, often extended from 1000 to 1800 miles, observations made in the meteorological stations in the British isles, however valuable for other purposes, would not, by themselves, suffice for throwing light on this question.

The celebrated American philosopher, Professor Bache of Philadelphia, brought forward a rival, but unsatisfactory theory of storms—that proposed by the ingenious Mr. Espy of Philadelphia. Sir John Herschel said he had received from Mr. Redfield his papers on this subject, and embraced this opportunity of publicly expressing his thanks, and of stating the great pleasure he had derived from their perusal. It was not only at sea that the practical value of this splendid discovery respecting hurricanes would develop itself in enabling the sailor to escape its violence, instead of running ignorantly into the very jaws of destruction, by attempting to run away; but even on land it would suggest invaluable hints for the securing of life and property. One or two circumstances connected with Colonel Reid's charts particularly impressed him. The first was the curious parabolic shape of the curves denoting the progress of these storms, so well calculated to give unfailing directions as to the nature and course of a storm when accidentally encountered at sea, as the sailor had only to consider the parts of these curves in which he was placed, and the veering of the wind, and he had almost placed before him a chart of the hurricane. He next threw out the suggestion for Colonel Reid's consideration, whether the Gulf Stream would not perhaps give a clue to the direction of these curves,



as so large a body of comparatively warm water must most materially tend to heat the air above it, and thus occasion disturbances of atmospheric equilibrium. Colonel Reid had stated that he had no theory: in this, no doubt, he was judicious as an observer; but, as in the present assembly, a theory, if it served no better purpose, helped memory, suggested views, and was even useful by affording matter for controversy, which might produce brilliant results by the very collision of intellect. In the second place, he remarked, that in the southern hemisphere the oscillations of the barometer, which were in an opposite direction to those of the northern, afforded a strong confirmation of the correctness of Colonel Reid's views. These revolving hurricanes reminded him, that on discharging a great gun unshotted, the mouth of which had been previously greased, a beautiful ring of smoke is formed, which passes to a considerable distance with much permanence, but enlarging constantly in diameter: upon attending closely to this, every part of the ring will be found to be in rapid revolving motion, thus exhibiting to the eye a hurricane in miniature, performing its evolutions. That water-spouts should deviate from the law of storms was to be expected. He supposed them to arise more from some local cause of disturbance, than from any great revolution in the currents of the atmosphere. Upon the land they might be produced by local circumstances, such as a heated space of ground, which would force the currents upwards; and he could imagine water-spouts revolving in either one direction or the other. As to Mr. Espy's theory, though he considered it ingenious, yet he did not see how it was tenable against the indications of the barometer.

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From the Athenæum.

*The Arabian Nights' Entertainments: with Copious Notes.* By E. W. Lane.

We make a selection from Mr. Lane's valuable and interesting Notes.

*On the Privacy of Arab Dwellings.*

"In a palace, or large house, there is generally a wide bench of stone, or a wooden sofa, within the outer door, for the accommodation of the door-keeper and other servants. The entrance-passage leads to an open court, and, for the sake of preventing persons at the entrance, or a little within it, from seeing into the court, it usually has two turnings. We may, therefore, understand the motive of the King in seating himself in the place here described to have been a desire that he might not, if discovered, be supposed to be prying impertinently into the interior of the palace. Re-

spect for the privacy of another's house is a point that is deemed of so much importance that it is insisted upon in the Kur-ân, in these words:—'O ye who have become believers, enter not any houses, besides your own houses, until ye shall have asked leave, and saluted their inhabitants; this will be better for you: peradventure ye will be admonished. And if ye find not in them any person, enter them not, until leave be granted you; and if it be said unto you, Return, then do ye return; this will be more decent for you; and God knoweth what ye do. But it shall be no crime in you that ye enter uninhabited houses wherein ye may find a convenience.' When a visitor finds the door open, and no servant below, he usually claps his hands as a signal for some person to come to him; striking the palm of his left hand with the fingers of the right: and even when leave has been granted him to enter, it is customary for him, if he has to ascend to an upper apartment, to repeat several times some ejaculation, such as 'Permission!' or, 'O Protector!' (that is, 'O protecting God!') as he goes up, in order that any female of the family, who may chance to be in the way, may have notice of his approach, and either retire or veil herself. Sometimes the servant who precedes him does this in his stead."

*On Wine, in Illustration of Arab Carousals.*

"The prohibition of wine, or, rather, of fermented and intoxicating liquors, being one of the most remarkable and important points of the Mohammadan religion, it might be imagined that the frequent stories in this work, describing parties of Muslims as habitually indulging in the use of forbidden beverages, are scandalous misrepresentations of Arab manners and customs. There are, however, many similar anecdotes interspersed in the works of Arab historians, which (though many of them are probably untrue in their application to particular individuals) could not have been offered to the public by such writers if they were not of a nature consistent with the customs of a considerable class of the Arab nation.

"In investigating this subject, it is necessary, in the first place, to state, that there is a kind of wine which Muslims are permitted to drink. It is properly called 'nebeedh' (a name which is now given to prohibited kinds of wine), and is generally prepared by putting dry grapes, or dry dates, in water, to extract their sweetness, and suffering the liquor to ferment slightly, until it acquires a little sharpness or pungency. The Prophet himself was in the habit of drinking wine of this kind, which was prepared for him in the first part of the night; he drank it on the first and second days following; but if any remained on the morning of the third day, he either gave it to his servants or ordered it to be poured out upon the ground. Such beverages have, therefore, been drunk by the

strictest of his followers; and Ibn Khaldoon strongly argues that nebeedh thus prepared from dates was the kind of wine used by the Khaleefehs Hároon Er-Rasheed and El-Ma-moon, and several other eminent men, who have been commonly accused of habitually and publicly indulging in d-bauches of wine properly so called; that is, of inebriating liquors.

"Nebeedh, prepared from raisins, is commonly sold in Arab towns, under the name of 'zebeeb,' which signifies 'raisins.' This I have often drunk in Cairo; but never could perceive that it was in the slightest degree fermented. Other beverages, to which the name of 'nebeedh' has been applied (though, like zebeeb, no longer called by that name), are also sold in Arab towns. The most common of these is an infusion of licorice, and called by the name of the root, 'erk-soos.' The nebeedh of dates is sold in Cairo with the dates themselves in the liquor; and in like manner is that of figs. Under the same appellation of 'nebeedh' have been classed the different kinds of beer now commonly called 'boozeh,' which have been mentioned in former pages. Opium, hemp, &c. are now more frequently used by the Muslims to induce intoxication or exhilaration. The young leaves of the hemp are generally used alone, or mixed with tobacco, for smoking; and the capsules, without the seeds, enter into the composition of several intoxicating conserves. Some remarks upon this subject have been inserted in a former note.

"By my own experience I am but little qualified to pronounce an opinion respecting the prevalence of drinking wine among the Arabs; for, never drinking it myself, I had little opportunity of observing others do so during my residence among Muslims. I judge, therefore, from the conversations and writings of Arabs, which justify me in asserting that the practice of drinking wine in private, and by select parties, is far from being uncommon among modern Muslims, though certainly more so than it was before the introduction of tobacco into the East, in the beginning of the seventeenth century of our era; for this herb, being in a slight degree exhilarating, and at the same time soothing, and unattended by the injurious effects that result from wine, is a sufficient luxury to many who, without it, would have recourse to intoxicating beverages merely to pass away hours of idleness. The use of coffee, too, which became common in Egypt, Syria, and other countries beside Arabia, a century earlier than tobacco, doubtless tended to render the habit of drinking wine less general. That it was adopted as a substitute for wine appears even from its name, 'kahweh,' an old Arabic term for wine; whence the Turkish 'kahveh,' the Italian 'caffè,' and our coffee."

"One of my friends, who enjoys a high reputation, ranking among the most distinguished of the 'Ulama

of Cairo, is well known to his intimate acquaintances as frequently indulging in the use of forbidden beverages with a few select associates. I disturbed him and his companions by an evening visit on one of these occasions, and was kept waiting within the street-door while the guests quickly removed everything that would give me any indication of the manner in which they had been employed; for the announcement of my (assumed) name, and their knowledge of my abstemious character, completely disconcerted them. I found them, however, in the best humour. They had contrived, it appeared, to fill with wine a *china* bottle, of the kind used at that season (winter) for water; and when any one of them asked the servant for water, this bottle was brought to him; but when I made the same demand, my host told me that there was a bottle of water on the sill of the window behind that part of the *deewan* upon which I was seated. The evening passed away very pleasantly, and I should not have known how unwelcome was my intrusion had not one of the guests with whom I was intimately acquainted, in walking part of the way home with me, explained to me the whole occurrence. There was with us a third person, who, thinking that my antipathy to wine was feigned, asked me to stop at his house on my way, and take a cup of 'white coffee,' by which he meant brandy.

"Another of my Muslim acquaintances in Cairo I frequently met at the house of a mutual friend, where, though he was in most respects very bigoted, he was in the habit of indulging in wine. For some time he refrained from this gratification when I was present; but at length my presence became so irksome to him, that he ventured to enter into an argument with me on the subject of the prohibition. The only answer I could give to his question, 'Why is wine forbidden?'—was in the words of the Kur-án, 'Because it is the source of more evil than profit.' This suited his purpose, as I intended it should; and he asked, 'What evil results from it?' I answered, 'Intoxication and quarrels,' &c.—'Then,' said he, 'if a man take not enough to intoxicate him there is no harm;'—and, finding that I acquiesced by silence, he added, 'I am in the habit of taking a little; but never enough to intoxicate. Boy, bring me a glass.'—He was the only Muslim, however, whom I have heard to argue against the absolute interdiction of inebriating liquors."

#### On Fruits and Flowers.

"The most common and esteemed fruits in the countries inhabited by the Arabs may here be mentioned.

"The date deserves the first place. The Prophet's favourite fruits were fresh dates and water-melons; and he ate them both together. 'Honour,' said he, 'your paternal aunt, the date-palm; for she was created of the earth of which Adam was formed,'

It is said that God hath given this tree as a peculiar favour to the Muslims; that He hath decreed all the date-palms in the world to them, and they have accordingly conquered every country in which these trees are found; and all are said to have derived their origin from the Hejáz. The palm-tree has several well known properties that render it an emblem of a human being; among which are these; that if the head be cut off, the tree dies; and if a branch be cut off, another does not grow in its place. Dates are preserved in a moist state by being merely pressed together in a basket or skin, and thus prepared are called 'ajweh.' There are many varieties of this fruit. The pith or heart of the palm is esteemed for its delicate flavour. The water-melon, from what has been said of it above, ought to be ranked next; and it really merits this distinction. 'Whoso eateth,' said the Prophet, 'a mouthful of water-melon, God writeth for him a thousand good works, and cancelleth a thousand evil works, and raiseth him a thousand degrees; for it came from Paradise;'—and again, 'The water-melon is food and drink, acid and alkali, and a support of life,' &c. The varieties of this fruit are very numerous. The banana is a delicious fruit. The Prophet pronounced the banana-tree to be the only thing on earth that resembles a thing in Paradise; because it bears fruit both in winter and summer. The pomegranate is another celebrated fruit. Every pomegranate, according to the Prophet, contains a fecundating seed from Paradise. The other most common and esteemed fruits are the following:—the apple, pear, quince, apricot, peach, fig, sycamore-fig, grape, lote, jujube, plum, walnut, almond, hazel-nut, pistachionut, orange, Seville orange, lime and lemon, citron, mulberry, olive, and sugar-cane.

"Though the Arabs are far from being remarkable for exhibiting taste in the planning of their gardens, they are passionately fond of flowers, and especially of the rose.—The Khaleefeh El-Mutawekkil monopolized roses for his own enjoyment; saying, 'I am the King of Sultans, and the rose is the king of sweet-scented flowers; therefore each of us is most worthy of the other for a companion.' The rose, in his time, was seen nowhere but in his palace; during the season of this flower he wore rose-coloured clothes; and his carpets, &c. were sprinkled with rose water. \* \* \*

"An anecdote may be added to show the estimation of the rose in the mind of an Arab. It is said that Rowh Ibn Hátim, the governor of the province of Northern Africa, was sitting one day, with a female slave, in an apartment of his palace, when a eunuch brought him a jar full of red and white roses, which a man had offered him as a present. He ordered the eunuch to fill the jar with silver in return; but his concubine said, 'O, my lord, thou hast not acted equitably towards the man; for his present to thee is of two

colours, red and white.' The Emeer replied, 'Thou hast said truly;' and gave orders to fill the jar for him with silver and gold (dirhems and *deenárs*) intermixed. Some persons preserve roses during the whole of the year, in the following manner. They take a number of rose-buds, and fill with them a new earthen jar, and, after closing its mouth with mud, so as to render it impervious to the air, bury it in the earth. Whenever they want a few roses, they take out some of these buds, which they find unaltered, sprinkle a little water upon them, and leave them for a short time in the air, when they open, and appear as if just gathered. \* \* \* Roses are announced for sale in the streets of Cairo by the cry of 'The rose was a thorn: from the sweat of the Prophet it blossomed!' in allusion to a miracle recorded of Mohammad. 'When I was taken up into heaven,' said the Prophet, 'some of my sweat fell upon the earth, and from it sprang the rose; and whoever would smell my scent, let him smell the rose.' In another tradition it is said, 'The white rose was created from my sweat on the night of the Mearáj; and the red rose, from the sweat of Jabrael; and the yellow rose, from the sweat of El-Burák.' The Persians take especial delight in roses; sometimes spreading them as carpets or beds on which to sit or recline in their revellings. But there is a flower pronounced more excellent than the rose; that of the Egyptian privet, or *Lawsonia inermis*. Mohammad said, 'The chief of the sweet-scented flowers of this world and of the next is the *fághiyeh*;' and this was his favourite flower. I approve of his taste; for this flower, which grows in clusters somewhat like those of the lilac, has a most delicious fragrance. But, on account of discrepancies in different traditions, a Muslim may, with a clear conscience, prefer either of the two flowers next mentioned. The Prophet said of the violet, 'The excellence of the extract of violets, above all other extracts, is as the excellence of me above all the rest of the creation: it is cold in summer, and hot in winter;' and, in another tradition, 'The excellence of the violet is as the excellence of el-Islám above all other religions.' A delicious sherbet is made of a conserve of sugar and violet-flowers. The myrtle is the rival of the violet. 'Adam,' said the Prophet, 'fell down from Paradise with three things; the myrtle, which is the chief of sweet-scented flowers in this world; an ear of wheat, which is the chief of all kinds of food in this world; and pressed dates, which are the chief of the fruits of this world.' The anemone was monopolized for his own enjoyment by Noamán Ibn El-Mundhir (King of El-Heereh, and contemporary of Mohammad,) as the rose was afterwards by El-Mutawekkil. Another flower much admired and celebrated in the East is the gilliflower. There are three principal kinds; the most esteemed is the yellow, or golden-coloured, which has a delicious scent both by night and day; the next, the purple, and

other dark kinds, which have a scent only in the night; the least esteemed, the white, which has no scent. The yellow gilliflower is an emblem of a neglected lover. The narcissus is very highly esteemed. Galen says, 'He who has two cakes of bread, let him dispose of one of them for some flowers of the narcissus; for bread is the food of the body, and the narcissus is the food of the soul.' Hippocrates, too, gave a similar opinion. The following flowers complete the list of those celebrated as most appropriate to add to the delights of wine:—the jasmine, eglantine, Seville-orange-flower, lily, sweet-basil, wild thyme, bupththalmum, chamomile, nenuphar, lotus, pomegranate-flower, poppy, kettmia, crocus or saffron, safflower, flax, the blossoms of different kinds of bean, and the almond. A sprig of Oriental willow adds much to the charms of a bunch of flowers, being the favourite symbol of a graceful female."

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#### MARSHAL SOULT'S RECEPTION.

As the principal equipages passed, and were recognised, the populace gave them huzzas, more or less loud according to their favouritism. The Duchess of Kent, as the Queen's mother, shared largely in the huzzas. The Duke of Sussex, as her uncle, shared still more largely, his relationship and his Radicalism combining. But among this moving panorama of princes, by far the most warmly applauded was Soult. My English friend looked at me with a face of triumph at the success of his prediction. "I told you how it would be," said he. "Yes," was my answer, "your nation knows how to pay the rights of hospitality." "Not an atom of it," said this intractable Cicerone. "Do you think that these fellows below are for anything of the kind. Not they; they are merely indulging in the national curiosity; and they are not the worse for that neither. Every man of them has heard of Soult, and every man is trying to get a sight of his weather-beaten face. They know him to be a brave old soldier, and they don't care a feather whether he fought against them or for them. To do them justice, they never think of the blow after the battle; and whether the affair is a boxing-match or a campaign, no people on earth are more ready to shake hands, when all is over, and say no more about it."—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

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#### THE ENGLISH FIRE BY FILES.

On the retreat of the cavalry, the field-batteries advanced, and kept up a perpetual roar, till the retreat

was effected, and a position, half a mile to the rear, had been taken up. The infantry were thrown into squares, to receive the attack of the supposed enemy's cavalry in pursuit. After firing from their several places, and the supposed repulse of the enemy's horse, the rifles were poured along the whole front, and while they kept up an incessant fire to mask the movement, the squares wheeled into line, and the whole force advanced. Nothing could be finer than the wheeling, the steadiness which the line adopted at the instant, and the solid regularity of the advance. After moving some hundred yards to the front, smooth and even as a wall, they halted, and began file-firing along their whole extent. This, from its nature, was the most effective and brilliant specimen of fire, as it is the most destructive in actual use. It was a continued explosion, without a moment's pause. The blaze was perpetual; I could now perfectly comprehend what I had so often heard of the weight of the British fire in action.—*Ibid*.

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#### THE ENGLISH ARTILLERY AND ENGLISH COMPOSURE VERSUS FOREIGN VEHEMENCE.

The English artillery, taken as a whole, is known to be one of the finest corps in their army. The English themselves speak of it as the finest corps in Europe. I had, accordingly, some curiosity to see its performances; not that I have quite got rid of that salutary idea which makes a Frenchman in every part of the globe think that France can do everything better than any other people, but that the remarkable calmness with which an Englishman generally makes an assertion has some effect in making you believe it to be a fact. The want of this calmness does us prodigious harm in the matter of imposing on mankind. We throw too much passion into our statement to win credulity. I never could fully believe an Italian upon any subject whatever; his visage worked too strongly for the purpose, his arms and legs were in too much muscular convulsion, his voice was too high; in short, he made my conviction so much an affair of his soul and body, that my confidence instinctively hung back; and when he proceeded to tear his hair, scream, and dance about the room, I set it down for a fiction at once. Why should any man put all this machinery in motion when the fact was strong enough of itself? Here the composure of the Englishman has all the advantage. If he acts the knave, he does it with all the look of perfect indifference to the effect; he tells his tale, and leaves you to take it just as you may; he suppresses all the advocate, and you accept him as the historian.—*Ibid*.



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